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TRUSTS AND PUBLIC POLICY.

I.

Although twenty years have passed since the first monopolistic combinations made their appearance in our manufacturing industries, and notwithstanding that discussion of the trust problem has been rife during the greater part of this period, it cannot be said that much progress has been made in the development of an intelligent public opinion upon this subject, or in the formulation of successful measures of legal repression or control. It is true that the owners and managers of these colossal enterprises have not wearied in singing the praises of the trust, and that radical opponents of the movement have not withheld their sweeping condemnations; while some of our courts and many of our legislatures have invoked the aid of the law against contracts and combinations in restraint of trade. But the work of industrial consolidation has steadily progressed, with a serene disregard of hostile opinion and legal restraints, and the average citizen has waited, helplessly or apathetically, for the question to settle itself, or, failing in this, to assume such a shape that the formation of a correct opinion would become a matter of comparative ease. Under such conditions, we have drifted to a point where the careful student must approach the trust problem with a full recognition of the following established facts.

He must understand, at the outset, that the policy of consolidation has gained at least a temporary control of the field of manufacturing industry, so that most staple products of the factory are now in the hands of the so-called trusts. Then it must be recognized that the important railways of the country have been brought under the control of five or six leading combinations, which are to be managed in complete harmony, and under the general direction of the same men who are the dominating spirits in the mining and manufacturing industries. It is evident, also, that such municipal industries as gas, electric lighting, and street railways are certain to be conducted as monopolistic undertakings, public or private; and that, where private ownership is permitted, there is a marked tendency toward the consolidation of plants situated in different localities under the control of large syndicates, upon the directorates of which we find many of the same capitalists who figure in the manufacturing and railroad consolidations. Finally, in the world of banking the process of centralization has begun; so that even now, in New York, Chicago, and perhaps Boston and other cities, there has been effected a union of financial interests sufficiently large to exert a material influence upon the bank statements, the supply of loanable capital, the rate of discount, and possibly the prices of stocks. It is almost needless to add that these financial consolidations have been brought about by the same capital that controls the manufacturing and transportation interests of the coun-

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try. At the present moment, therefore, the student must reckon with the fact that industrial consolidation has reached a stage of development beyond the wildest dreams ever entertained a few years ago, and that a small group of capitalists wields a power such as has never fallen to the lot of captains of industry in any other age.

Turning now from the existing facts of industry to the present state of opinion among professional economists and others who have made a study of the question, the student finds that, so far as railroads and municipal monopolies are concerned, there is a general agreement that competition is both impossible and undesirable, and that monopoly is the order of the day. The only questions that may be considered open to debate are, whether the monopoly should be public or private, and whether, in case private ownership is permitted, the extent of the control exercised by public authority should be greater or less than at present. Combinations in the world of banking are of such recent growth that they have received but little attention up to the present time; but concerning the trusts that control our manufacturing industries, a dozen years of debate have not produced anything that approaches substantial agreement of opinion. While this essay will be confined to a consideration of consolidation in the field of manufactures, the facts adduced in the previous paragraph will suffice to remind us that this particular question cannot be separated entirely from the problem of consolidation in other parts of the industrial world.

If differences of opinion exist upon other points, it is certain that disinterested students agree nearly unanimously that the trusts almost always attempt to secure a monopoly within their respective fields, and have actually secured monopolistic powers to a great degree. Prospectuses issued by promoters, and the admissions of a number of trust officials, show that the desire to secure control of the supply in order to regulate prices is one of the chief motives that have caused consolidation, while a study of price statistics proves that increased charges have certainly been exacted from the public. One still meets the reckless assertion that the trusts have not advanced prices; but the simple fact is that, in almost every case investigated, combination has been followed by an advance in charges.[1] Economists are agreed also that, in order to secure a monopoly, it is not necessary to obtain control of the entire supply. For this purpose, control of a decided majority of the factories — enough, for instance, to bring from seventy to ninety per cent of the product into the hands of the combination — is as good as mastery of the entire output. Indeed, in many cases it may be better; for the presence of a few smaller companies outside of the trust, which exist, perhaps, by mere tolerance and on condition that they shall not reduce prices, aids materially in throwing dust into the eyes of the public. We may therefore accept it as an established fact that the trust movement means, for the present, at any rate, the establishment of monopolistic power to control supply and fix prices at the point of highest net returns.

More than this, whenever trusts have been formed, prospective monopoly profits have been capitalized at very high figures. The Industrial Commission tells us that the issue of securities up to two

[1] It must be remembered that the only safe basis for a conclusion upon this point is a comparison of the margin between the cost of materials and the price of the finished product. Thus, while the prices of refined oil and sugar have shown a downward tendency, the margin of profit over the price of crude oil or sugar has shown a tendency to increase whenever market conditions have made this possible. See Report of Industrial Commission, i. 39–57; Bulletin of the Department of Labor, No. 29, pp. 708–765; Jenks, The Trust Problem, 130–170.

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or three times the actual cash value of the assets has been considered a "fairly conservative" basis of capitalization, and that this proportion has been exceeded in not a few instances. It would be a very considerable understatement of the truth to say that, in general, over one half of the capitalization of these combinations represents nothing more substantial than water. In most cases the preferred stock has equaled or exceeded the value of all tangible assets, and the common stock represents no actual investment of capital. Thus it is evident that the future has been heavily discounted; the more so, in fact, since the valuations at which the constituent plants have been turned over to the combinations have, in recent years, been based upon earnings realized in times of unusual prosperity. This is something that investors are likely to appreciate more keenly when the trusts come to the lean years which are sure to follow the speculative activity of recent times.

Concerning the permanence of these overcapitalized companies that are now grasping for monopoly gains, opinions have differed most materially; but one fact may be regarded as established. If the persistent growth of competitors or the approach of industrial depression ever results in financial embarrassments, it is not likely that the corporate existence of the trusts will terminate, and the constituent plants resume independent operations. Receiverships or eventual reorganizations are more likely to be the accepted forms of procedure, so that the enterprises now consolidated will probably remain under unified managements. Moreover, it must not be overlooked that the utter collapse of any considerable number of the combinations would shake the entire industrial structure to the utmost, producing a far-reaching series of disasters. In some form or other, in the shape of permanent monopolies or of organizations shorn of monopolistic power, the trusts are likely to remain with us, either as monuments of organizing talent, or as fatuous efforts to overreach the possible limits of capitalistic enterprise.

II.

Not a few of the advocates of industrial consolidation have told us that the trusts present a purely practical question, toward the solution of which the "theorist" and the "doctrinaire" can contribute nothing. But this distrust of theory has, obviously enough, been confined to reasonings based upon traditional economic principles, because these same writers have manifested little hesitation in advancing a number of new theories favorable to the principle of combination. We may proceed, therefore, to review some of these recent theories that are designed to allay popular discontent and gain a verdict favorable to the trusts.

In the first place, we are told that, under modern conditions, competition has become a "wasteful," "irrational," and "self-destructive" process. It is said that whenever an industry requires the investment of large amounts of fixed capital, it becomes impossible to decrease production if prices ever fall below a profitable level, since such a course would entail the sacrifice of enormously expensive plants. Under such conditions, it is argued, the only possible remedy is to combine the various establishments under a single management which can "adjust production to consumption" in a rational and scientific manner. Without doubt, some of the trusts have originated in periods of business depression caused by excessive investments in the industries in question; and the whiskey, sugar, and tin-plate combinations are the stock illustrations employed to enforce this point. But when the facts are examined more closely, one finds that the depressed conditions out of which these trusts developed cannot be attributed fairly to the workings of ordinary competition. In each case the overinvest-

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ment of capital of which writers complain was due to governmental interference, and not to the ordinary vicissitudes of business. The whiskey trust was formed because the federal duties on distilled spirits had been so manipulated and administered that enormous amounts of capital had been called into this industry,[1] producing conditions for which mere competition was in no wise responsible. And the same thing is true of the sugar and tin-plate industries. Here our protective duties had given an undue stimulus to investments, so that Mr. Havemeyer was entirely correct in calling the tariff the mother of trusts, so far, at least, as his own industry was concerned. In our iron and steel industries, it is possible to trace with special clearness the influence of governmental interference in producing those periodic fluctuations of which the advocates of trusts complain. In times of rising prices and increasing demand, our tariff serves to throw upon domestic producers nearly the whole task of supplying the expanding market. This may be the precise condition which the protectionist desires, but it produces effects which are not contemplated in the philosophy of protectionism. Since new plants cannot be erected promptly, prices rise very high, and stimulate new investments to a degree which the permanent needs of the market could never warrant. Then, when normal conditions return, it is found that there has been an excessive investment of new capital, and, the supply remaining unduly large, prices fall to an unremunerative figure. All of this would be avoided if the government did not interfere to prevent foreign producers from furnishing a portion of the supply needed to meet conditions of expanding demand; and we may insist that in such cases it is not competition, but the restriction which we place upon it, that is chiefly responsible for the depressed conditions that trusts are designed to remedy. Economists have long been aware that competition is not a perfect process, and have reckoned with the losses as well as the benefits that flow from its action. But until we give it a chance to demonstrate what its normal workings would be, it is premature to conclude that competition is either "irrational" or "self-destructive," and that monopoly is to be preferred to our traditional method of business rivalry.

A second theory is that a monopoly, producing upon the largest possible scale, can supply the market more cheaply than a number of independent concerns. An adequate discussion of this argument is impossible within the limits of the present essay, and attention can be called to only a few of the most important considerations. Advocates of the trusts have had no difficulty in showing that a modern combination can produce goods more cheaply than the *small* enterprises that used to control the field of manufacturing industry. But the trusts have, for the most part, substituted a single consolidated company for separate business undertakings that were already conducting their enterprises *upon a large scale;* and the question at issue is whether a combination can supply its product more cheaply than these *large* individual concerns could have continued to do. This is not an easy problem, and there is reason, doubtless, for considerable difference of opinion. In the matter of advertising and effecting sales, there is probably room for no little saving through the formation of a combination. But the opportunity for economy at this point does not always exist, and its extent is often exaggerated. Not all advertising is mere waste, because demand for

[1] When the duties were first imposed, lax enforcement enabled those distillers who evaded the exciseman to realize a profit of almost one thousand per cent. Later, the rate of taxation was repeatedly raised, without making the increased duties applicable to stocks on hand. This resulted in enormous profits to many distillers.

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commodities is aroused and stimulated by this means; and some of the trusts that at the outset discharged many salesmen and reduced the outlay for advertising have been obliged to increase their expenditures for such purposes, because it was found that sales fell off under the other policy. Moreover, whenever new rivals appear to dispute the possession of the field by the monopoly, it is necessary for the trust to make extraordinary efforts to retain its trade. In the mere work of producing the commodity at the factory, there is much less reason to believe that a monopoly is superior to independent enterprises of a sufficiently large size. It is tolerably certain that there is not to-day a single trust that can make a satisfactory profit by selling at prices that are so low as to make competition hopeless; and until some of the combinations are able to defeat all rival concerns in this the only legitimate way, we may continue to believe that a company that controls a factory or a few factories of reasonable size, under the supervision of an able manager, is not an inferior agent of production. If the trusts ever reduce their cost of production to a point that makes it hopeless for independent concerns to enter the field, all students must then agree that the case in favor of combination has been fully established; but so long as it is necessary to employ questionable tactics in order to stifle competition, we may safely conclude that the business world has not accepted the theory of the advocates of consolidation.

A third theory should be considered in connection with the two lines of argument already discussed. Whenever the critic urges that a monopoly possesses dangerous power of oppressing consumers with higher charges, the advocates of combination reply that all such objections will settle themselves, because the trusts will be restrained by the force of potential competition. Now the economist who believes that competition is not, under normal conditions, "irrational" and "self-destructive," and holds that a trust cannot produce goods more cheaply than independent concerns of a large size, can very properly argue that the present effort of combinations to exact monopoly prices will ultimately be defeated by competition, both potential and actual. But the advocate of trusts cannot, without manifest absurdity, endeavor to allay discontent by an appeal to competition. He has already demonstrated to his own satisfaction that competition is irrational, wasteful, and self-destructive; and we must insist that he shall not point to such an agency as this when pressed for remedies for the evils of monopoly. In the railroad industry and the field of municipal monopolies, we have come to recognize that competition is indeed an undesirable and illusory regulator of monopolistic power, and are now proceeding to develop methods of public control. This is precisely what must be done with the trusts if competition has now become a thing of the past. The advocates of trusts have further argued that a combination can produce its goods more cheaply than separate concerns. If this be true, the conclusion follows that it is useless to expect that competition in any form can oblige the trust to divide its savings with the public. If the price at which rival concerns can supply the product is one dollar, and the trust can produce for less, say eighty cents, — and this is precisely what these arguments go to prove, — then the combination will run no risk of competition if it places the price at ninety-nine and nine tenths cents. Thus the whole of the alleged economies of consolidation will accrue to the benefit of the trust. Manifestly, if competition is self-destructive, the evils of monopoly cannot be held in check by a force that annihilates itself; and if rival concerns cannot hope to produce at as low a cost as the trust, capitalists will soon learn not to meddle with enterprises that are

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foredoomed to failure. There can be no *potential* competition when *actual* competition is hopeless; and the last vestiges of the competitive régime must disappear from the industries controlled by trusts, if the advocates of combination can establish the truth of their theories. If the critic of trusts is to be told that his theories can contribute nothing to the solution of the question, which is a problem of a purely practical character, he may at least suggest that if the advocates of combination undertake to theorize, they should devote some attention to the logical connection of the theories which they advance.

A fourth theory which is supposed to add materially to the sum total of human contentment is found in the law of substitution. If the monopolist raises the price of his commodity unduly, the consumer may seek for substitutes, and may be able oftentimes to find them. It is certainly true that the exactions of the "coal barons" who control the output of the anthracite regions have increased the use of bituminous coal, or of such substitutes as oil, crushed coke, and fuel gas. It is well known that high duties upon wool have increased the use of cotton fabrics, that cotton-seed oil competes with linseed, and that the high charges fixed by the trust that controls writing paper have led to experiments with the pulp of the palmetto tree and the hull of the cotton seed. This is not a new principle, but is found in almost all of the discussions of the law of monopoly price. But what is it worth as a sedative for popular unrest or scientific skepticism? Comparatively little, we fear. First of all, even if the quest for substitutes were always easy and certain of success, it would not alter the fact that the monopolist may deprive the consumer of the opportunity of securing the precise article desired, at a reasonable price. This may be a short-sighted act on his part, but it is irritating, nevertheless. Then, as a matter of fact, it is not always easy to find an acceptable substitute, and monopoly charges must often be borne for a considerable time before relief can be secured. Moreover, since the range of monopolized industries is now so wide, and the tendency to exact monopoly prices so general, the law of substitution becomes little more than an invitation to consumers to devote an enormous amount of energy to the search for commodities which would be needless but for the presence of the trust. And, finally, would not the monopolist watch this process with serene confidence that, after a substitute should be discovered, he could find the capital and the persuasive arguments and the precise means needed to demonstrate that the march of industrial progress makes it desirable and more economical for him to take the newly established industry into his own hands? If combination is superior to competition, and therefore inevitable, is it not apparent that both substitutes and original products must be brought under the same control?

Another comforting theory is that the injurious results of monopoly may be avoided by bringing all people into the scheme of industrial combination. Let farmers and laborers and professional people adopt the same methods now introduced into manufactures, so that the power of the present trusts may be limited by the "universalization of the tendency to monopoly." All producers may thus be placed in a position to control the supply of their respective products, fix prices at the point of highest net returns, and enjoy the resulting monopoly profits. Then consumers may invest in the securities of all combinations, and receive back in the form of dividends what is taken from them in the shape of higher prices. In criticism of this theory three suggestions may be made. First, the power of all these combinations would not be the same. A monopoly based upon the

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ownership of mines or a few large factories would possess greater stability than a union of laborers or agricultural producers, so that monopolistic earnings would not be distributed with even proximate equality. Moreover, a trust that controlled an article of necessary use would make greater profits than one that monopolized the supply of a luxury. In the second place, the prospective monopoly earnings of our existing trusts have already been capitalized at very high figures, so that the lion's share of the advantage has been secured by the promoters and original owners, while subsequent purchasers can hope to receive only average returns. Finally, the whole scheme, if not entirely chimerical, is based upon the doctrine of universal scarcity. Monopoly means limitation of supply, as a necessary condition of obtaining higher prices and larger profits. By such devices a few trusts in selected industries can enrich their owners and managers; but this is done at the expense of society, which receives a smaller supply of commodities than would be produced under other conditions. If such a method could become universal, it would mean a lessened production in all branches of industry, and a general régime of scarcity, by which all members of society would lose. Scarcity is the necessary implication of monopoly; universal monopoly would, of necessity, connote universalized scarcity. In comparison with such a programme, Socialism would offer an attractive alternative. The competitive régime possesses the merit of making it advantageous for producers to furnish the largest possible supply of commodities that can be sold at prices sufficient to cover the costs of production. Socialism, also, would make an abundant production of commodities the ideal of social effort, even though it should weaken the industrial motive in the individual members of society. But universalized monopoly, — only a Bastiat could do justice to such an economic ideal.

A final theory must receive its share of attention. It is argued that the trusts will prove a remedy for the depressions which have constantly beset the path of modern industry. This theory is based upon the belief that a combination, controlling practically the entire supply, can adjust production to consumption, and avoid the mistakes which in former times caused periods of temporary overproduction and consequent business depression. This is a claim which probably cannot be definitely settled until we have had further experience both with trusts and with the inevitable reaction from the recent "flush times." If trusts can repress competition, and do not, by their high prices, call too much capital into their respective fields, it is conceivable that something may be done in the way of decreasing the severity of the next period of depression. Yet it must be remembered that a trust can decrease production only by methods that lessen industrial activity and react upon other trades, while it is not certain that outside capital will cease permanently from interfering with the fields now controlled by the combinations. In Germany, where industry is regulated to a considerable degree by various syndicates and agreements among producers, a somewhat prolonged period of gradual depression has not been avoided, and the end is not yet in sight. One other point should not be overlooked. If the consolidation of banking interests has proceeded, or shall yet proceed, far enough to establish a considerable degree of concerted action in our leading financial centres, it is conceivable that something may be done to avoid that acute monetary stringency which has played such an important part in previous periods of depression. Our system of independent banks has lacked that stability which a central, unifying agency might be able to supply in times of panic; and the issue of clearing-house certificates has served to mitigate disastrous effects ra-

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ther than guard against approaching dangers. In this direction, we shall have, before the expiration of many years, an opportunity to test the workings of financial consolidation.

III.

If, now, a critic professes inability to accept many of the theories that are current among the advocates of trusts, it is natural to inquire what suggestions he can offer in place of the views that he is compelled to reject. And it must be confessed that, with this problem, criticism is far easier than the formulation of positive opinions. But it can be suggested, also, that a critical attitude is much better than the uncritical acceptance of views that seem to require material qualification or radical modification in many particulars. Perhaps, too, such criticism may be a necessary condition for the development of more adequate and consistent theories.

As a preliminary consideration of great importance, it can be urged that grave dangers may attend the present attitude of many economists who counsel a policy of delay, and would postpone serious action until we have had time to gain fuller knowledge and greater experience. Existing trusts possess sufficient power to make the danger of ultraradical action decidedly small, while there is always a possibility that our final remedies may be postponed until they come too late. And even if one is optimistic concerning the ultimate outcome, there remains what Mr. Dooley has called "the annoyance of the meantime," and this is sufficient to make one dissatisfied with the policy of delay. It must not be forgotten that one important factor in recent consolidations has been the concentration of enormous wealth and power in the hands of a few men; and while the discussion of remedies continues, monopoly profits are flowing into the coffers of these same persons. When the Standard Oil Company can earn annual dividends that exceed thirty per cent, it is evident that a few years of further debate are almost as much as the monopolist could desire. It seems dangerous, therefore, to adopt an opportunist or a temporizing attitude.

In so far as our present trusts depend upon public or private privileges and favors, there can certainly be no excuse for delay. If the largest of all trusts is exacting monopoly charges from domestic consumers, and selling its products in foreign markets at lower rates, — and who can doubt that this is the case? — we have only ourselves to blame if we fail to apply the simple remedy of placing iron and steel upon the free list. And this trust is only one of many, the powers of which could be curbed by this course of action. If railroad rates are so manipulated that they sometimes favor the localities in which the plants owned by trusts are situated, — and what disinterested student can deny this? — why should we hesitate, in season and out of season, to agitate the question of the control of the national highways? If patent laws are another reliance of the trusts, why should we hesitate to throw open to general use, in return for a reasonable compensation, every patent that is employed hereafter for monopolistic ends? These remedies would at least moderate the exactions of many of the trusts, and no further experience or greater knowledge ought to be needed to demonstrate the wisdom of employing all such means that stand so near at hand.

Then it is evident that our corporation laws are in need of serious attention. Without the grant of a limited liability and unlimited control, by the directors, of the property of all the stockholders, the consolidations of recent years would have been an impossibility. Without the privilege of issuing watered stock, promoters and financiers might have found no profit in the work of consolidation, and the trust movement would not

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have assumed its present gigantic proportions. It is not to be expected that the states that now find it profitable to encourage the incorporation of these companies will change their policy in any future that we have a right to contemplate; nor can we hope that rational and uniform corporation laws can be secured soon in all of our various commonwealths. A national law, applicable to all companies doing business outside the state in which they are chartered, is almost certainly our only hope of securing an effectual control of corporate enterprise. Such a measure, to be sure, would be a step in the direction of political centralization; but the only alternative is irresponsible industrial centralization, and there should be no doubt as to which policy is preferable. For a dozen years or more we have been sowing the wind, and we have now reaped what might have been expected. We have thrown many of our manufacturing interests into a mad vortex of speculation, and have danced attendance upon a game in which entire industries have been the counters, and the rights of consumers or small investors the last consideration. Why should we longer delay concerted efforts to secure a national corporation law?

The simple fact is that existing laws relating to tariff duties, railroads, patents, and business corporations have offered every conceivable inducement to consolidation, and have complicated the existing situation to such an extent that we are often unable to distinguish the results of permanent economic principles or forces from the effects of our own unwise legislation. Until we remove the abuses caused by laws of our own making, we shall probably secure no general agreement upon the economic principles involved; but our doubts upon many of the economic aspects of the question should not serve as an excuse for delay in removing the evils caused by forces that are in our own control. These evils present practical issues that may well serve as a basis for immediate action; the decision of the complicated economic principles involved in the trust problem may then be reserved more safely for a time when we shall have greater experience and a clearer vision.

And the friend of private property and individual enterprise should not forget that awaiting the outcome of our dealings with the trust stands — Socialism. The "Billion Dollar Trust" seems to furnish a practical demonstration of the possibility of organizing the largest industries upon a national scale, and the Socialist applauds the efforts of Mr. Morgan and his associates. The concentration of all the railroads into a few groups, controlled by a single set of interests, is a brilliant triumph for the policy of centralization; and for this, too, Mr. Morgan has the gratitude of every Socialist. The popular discontent caused by the monopolization of one necessary of life after another prepares the soil in a manner ideally perfect for the sowing of socialistic seed; and it is a significant fact that American Socialism has first become an appreciable force in this era of trusts and combinations. When the people once gained an appreciation of the fact that monopoly is inevitable in the field of municipal service industries, the question immediately arose, Shall this monopoly be public or private? And the last ten years have witnessed a remarkable growth, among conservative people, of an opinion favorable to public ownership. The same question will certainly arise if thinking men ever become convinced that in manufacturing and other industries competition is impossible, and monopoly inevitable. Only two possible alternatives will then present themselves, — public or private monopoly; and those who are now occupied with the formation or justification of trusts will be the persons chiefly responsible in case the balance finally swings in the direction of Socialism.

Charles J. Bullock.

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AUDREY.[1]

IV.

THE ROAD TO WILLIAMSBURGH.

APRIL had gone out in rain, and though the sun now shone brightly from a cloudless sky, the streams were swollen and the road was heavy. The ponderous coach and the four black horses made slow progress. The creeping pace, the languid warmth of the afternoon, the scent of the flowering trees, the ceaseless singing of redbird, catbird, robin, and thrush, made it drowsy in the forest. In the midst of an agreeable dissertation upon May-Day sports of more ancient times the Colonel paused to smother a yawn; and when he had done with the clown, the piper, and the hobby-horse, he yawned again, this time outright.

"What with Ludwell's Burgundy, hazard, and the French peace, we sat late last night. My eyes are as heavy as the road. Have you noticed, my dear, how bland and dreamy is the air? On such an afternoon one is content to be in Virginia, and out of the world. It is a very land of the Lotophagi, — a lazy clime that Ulysses touched at, my love."

The equipage slowly climbed an easy ascent, and as slowly descended to the level again. The road was narrow, and now and then a wild cherry tree struck the coach with a white arm, or a grape-vine swung through the window a fragrant trailer. The woods on either hand were pale green and silver gray, save where they were starred with dogwood, or where rose the pink mist of the Judas tree. At the foot of the hill the road skirted a mantled pond, choked with broad green leaves and the half-submerged trunks of fallen trees. Upon these logs, basking in the sunlight, lay small black turtles by the score. A snake glided across the road in front of the horses, and from a bit of muddy ground rose a cloud of yellow butterflies.

The Colonel yawned for the third time, looked at his watch, sighed, lifted his finely arched brows with a whimsical smile for his own somnolence; then, with an "I beg your pardon, my love," took out a lace handkerchief, spread it over his face and head, and, crossing his legs, sunk back into the capacious corner of the coach. In three minutes the placid rise and fall of his ruffles bore witness that he slept.

The horseman, who, riding beside the lowered glass, had at intervals conversed with the occupants of the coach, now glanced from the sleeping gentleman to the lady, in whose dark, almond-shaped eyes lurked no sign of drowsiness. The pond had been passed, and before them, between low banks crowned with ferns and overshadowed by beech trees, lay a long stretch of shady road.

Haward drew rein, dismounted, and motioned to the coachman to check the horses. When the coach had come to a standstill, he opened the door with as little creaking as might be, and held out a petitionary hand. "Will you not walk with me a little way, Evelyn?" he asked, speaking in a low voice that he might not wake the sleeper. "It is much pleasanter out here, with the birds and the flowers."

His eyes and the smile upon his lips added, "and with me." From what he had been upon a hilltop, one moonlight night eleven years before, he had become a somewhat silent, handsome gentleman, composed in manner, experienced, not unkindly, looking abroad from his ap-

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portioned mountain crag and solitary fortress upon men, and the busy ways of men, with a tolerant gaze. That to certain of his London acquaintance he was simply the well-bred philosopher and man of letters; that in the minds of others he was associated with the peacock plumage of the world of fashion, with the flare of candles, the hot breath of gamesters, the ring of gold upon the tables; that one clique had tales to tell of a magnanimous spirit and a generous hand, while yet another grew red at mention of his name, and put to his credit much that was not creditable, was perhaps not strange. He, like his neighbors, had many selves, and each in its turn — the scholar, the man of pleasure, the indolent, kindly, reflective self, the self of pride and cool assurance and stubborn will — took its place behind the mask, and went through its allotted part. His self of all selves, the quiet, remote, crowned, and inscrutable *I*, sat apart, alike curious and indifferent, watched the others, and knew how little worth the while was the stir in the ant-hill.

But on a May Day, in the sunshine and the blossoming woods and the company of Mistress Evelyn Byrd, it seemed, for the moment, worth the while. At his invitation she had taken his hand and descended from the coach. The great, painted thing moved slowly forward, bearing the unconscious Colonel, and the two pedestrians walked behind it: he with his horse's reins over his arm and his hat in his hand; she lifting her silken skirts from contact with the ground, and looking, not at her companion, but at the greening boughs, and at the sunlight striking upon smooth, pale beech trunks and the leaf-strewn earth beneath. Out of the woods came a sudden medley of bird notes, clear, sweet, and inexpressibly joyous.

"That is a mocking bird," said Haward. "I once heard one of a moonlight night, beside a still water" —

He broke off, and they listened in silence. The bird flew away, and they came to a brook traversing the road, and flowing in wide meanders through the forest. There were stepping-stones, and Haward, crossing first, turned and held out his hand to the lady. When she was upon his side of the streamlet, and before he released the slender fingers, he bent and kissed them; then, as there was no answering smile or blush, but only a quiet withdrawal of the hand and a remark about the crystal clearness of the brook, looked at her, with interrogation in his smile.

"What is that crested bird upon yonder bough," she asked, — "the one that gave the piercing cry?"

"A kingfisher," he answered, "and cousin to the halcyon of the ancients. If, when next you go to sea, you take its feathers with you, you need have no fear of storms."

A tree, leafless, but purplish pink with bloom, leaned from the bank above them. He broke a branch and gave it to her. "It is the Judas tree," he told her. "Iscariot hanged himself thereon."

Around the trunk of a beech a lizard ran like a green flame, and they heard the distant barking of a fox. Large white butterflies went past them, and a humming bird whirred into the heart of a wild honeysuckle that had hasted to bloom. "How different from the English forests!" she said. "I could love these best. What are all those broad-leaved plants with the white, waxen flowers?"

"May apples. Some call them mandrakes, but they do not rise shrieking, nor kill the wight that plucks them. Will you have me gather them for you?"

"I will not trouble you," she answered, and presently turned aside to pull them for herself.

He looked at the graceful, bending figure and lifted his brows; then, quickening his pace until he was up with the coach, he spoke to the negro upon the box. "Tyre, drive on to that big pine,

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and wait there for your mistress and me. Sidon," — to the footman, — "get down and take my horse. If your master wakes, tell him that Mistress Evelyn tired of the coach, and that I am picking her a nosegay."

Tyre and Sidon, Haward's steed, the four black coach horses, the vermilion-and-cream coach, and the slumbering Colonel, all made a progress of an hundred yards to the pine tree, where the cortége came to a halt. Mistress Evelyn looked up from the flower-gathering to find the road bare before her, and Haward, sitting upon a log, watching her with something between a smile and a frown.

"You think that I, also, weigh true love by the weight of the purse," he said. "I do not care overmuch for your gold, Evelyn."

She did not answer at once, but stood with her head slightly bent, fingering the waxen flowers with a delicate, lingering touch. Now that there was no longer the noise of the wheels and the horses' hoofs, the forest stillness, which is composed of sound, made itself felt. The call of birds, the whir of insects, the murmur of the wind in the treetops, low, grave, incessant, and eternal as the sound of the sea, joined themselves to the slow waves of fragrance, the stretch of road whereon nothing moved, the sunlight lying on the earth, and made a spacious quiet.

"I think that there is nothing for which you care overmuch," she said at last. "Not for gold or the lack of it, not for friends or for enemies, not even for yourself."

"I have known you for ten years," he answered. "I have watched you grow from a child into a gracious and beautiful woman. Do you not think that I care for you, Evelyn?"

Near where he sat so many violets were blooming that they made a purple carpet for the ground. Going over to them, she knelt and began to pluck them.

"If any danger threatened me," she began, in her clear, low voice, "I believe that you would step between me and it, though at the peril of your life. I believe that you take some pleasure in what you are pleased to style my beauty, some pride in a mind that you have largely formed. If I died early, it would grieve you for a little while. I call you my friend."

"I would be called your lover," he said.

She laid her fan upon the ground, heaped it with violets, and turned again to her reaping. "How might that be," she asked, "when you do not love me? I know that you would marry me. What do the French call it, — *mariage de convenance?*"

Her voice was even, and her head was bent so that he could not see her face. In the pause that followed her words treetop whispered to treetop, but the sunshine lay very still and bright upon the road and upon the flowers by the wayside.

"There are worse marriages," Haward said at last. Rising from the log, he moved to the side of the kneeling figure. "Let the violets rest, Evelyn, while we reason together. You are too clear-eyed. Since they offend you, I will drop the idle compliments, the pretty phrases, in which neither of us believes. What if this tinted dream of love does not exist for us? What if we are only friends — dear and old friends" —

He stooped, and, taking her by the busy hands, made her stand up beside him. "Cannot we marry and still be friends?" he demanded, with something like laughter in his eyes. "My dear, I would strive to make you happy; and happiness is as often found in that temperate land where we would dwell as in Love's flaming climate." He smiled and tried to find her eyes, downcast and hidden in the shadow of her hat. "This is no flowery wooing such as women love," he said; "but then you are like no other

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woman. Always the truth was best with you."

Upon her wrenching her hands from his, and suddenly and proudly raising her head, he was amazed to find her white to the lips.

"The truth!" she said slowly. "Always the truth was best! Well, then, take the truth, and afterwards and forever and ever leave me alone! You have been frank; why should not I, who, you say, am like no other woman, be so, too? I will not marry you, because — because" — The crimson flowed over her face and neck; then ebbed, leaving her whiter than before. She put her hands, that still held the wild flowers, to her breast, and her eyes, dark with pain, met his. "Had you loved me," she said proudly and quietly, "I had been happy."

Haward stepped backwards until there lay between them a strip of sunny earth. The murmur of the wind went on and the birds were singing, and yet the forest seemed more quiet than death. "I could not guess," he said, speaking slowly and with his eyes upon the ground. "I have spoken like a brute. I beg your pardon."

"You might have known! you might have guessed!" she cried, with passion. "But you walk an even way; you choose nor high nor low; you look deep into your mind, but your heart you keep cool and vacant. Oh, a very temperate land! I think that others less wise than you may also be less blind. Never speak to me of this day! Let it die as these blooms are dying in this hot sunshine! Now let us walk to the coach and waken my father. I have gathered flowers enough."

Side by side, but without speaking, they moved from shadow to sunlight, and from sunlight to shadow, down the road to the great pine tree. The white and purple flowers lay in her hand and along her bended arm; from the folds of her dress, of some rich and silken stuff, chameleon-like in its changing colors, breathed the subtle fragrance of the perfume then most in fashion; over the thin lawn that half revealed, half concealed, neck and bosom was drawn a long and glossy curl, carefully let to escape from the waved and banded hair beneath the gypsy hat. Exquisite from head to foot, the figure had no place in the unpruned, untrained, savage, and primeval beauty of those woods. Smooth sward, with jets of water and carven nymphs embowered in clipped box or yew, should have been its setting, and not this wild and tangled growth, this license of bird and beast and growing things. And yet the incongruous riot, the contrast of profuse, untended beauty, enhanced the value of the picture, gave it piquancy and a completer charm.

When they were within a few feet of the coach and horses and negroes, all drowsing in the sunny road, Haward made as if to speak, but she stopped him with her lifted hand. "Spare me," she begged. "It is bad enough as it is, but words would make it worse. If ever a day might come — I do not think that I am unlovely; I even rate myself so highly as to think that I am worthy of your love. If ever the day shall come when you can say to me, 'Now I see that love is no tinted dream; now I ask you to be my wife indeed,' then, upon that day — But until then ask not of me what you asked back there among the violets. I, too, am proud" — Her voice broke.

"Evelyn!" he cried. "Poor child — poor friend" —

She turned her face upon him. "Don't!" she said, and her lips were smiling, though her eyes were full of tears. "We have forgot that it is May Day, and that we must be light of heart. Look how white is that dogwood tree! Break me a bough for my chimney-piece at Williamsburgh."

He brought her a branch of the starry blossoms. "Did you notice," she asked, "that the girl who ran — Audrey —

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wore dogwood in her hair? You could see her heart beat with very love of living. She was of the woods, like a dryad. Had the prizes been of my choosing, she should have had a gift more poetical than a guinea."

Haward opened the coach door, and stood gravely aside while she entered the vehicle and took her seat, depositing her flowers upon the cushions beside her. The Colonel stirred, uncrossed his legs, yawned, pulled the handkerchief from his face, and opened his eyes.

"Faith!" he exclaimed, straightening himself, and taking up his radiant humor where, upon falling asleep, he had let it drop. "The way must have suddenly become smooth as a road in Venice, for I 've felt no jolting this half hour. Flowers, Evelyn? and Haward afoot? You 've been on a woodland saunter, then, while I enacted Solomon's sluggard!" The worthy parent's eyes began to twinkle. "What flowers did you find? They have strange blooms here, and yet I warrant that even in these woods one might come across London pride and none-so-pretty and forget-me-not" —

His daughter smiled, and asked him some idle question about the May apple and the Judas tree. The master of Westover was a treasure house of sprightly lore. Within ten minutes he had visited Palestine, paid his compliments to the ancient herbalists, and landed again in his own coach, to find in his late audience a somewhat *distraite* daughter and a friend in a brown study. The coach was lumbering on toward Williamsburgh, and Haward, with level gaze and hand closed tightly upon his horse's reins, rode by the window, while the lady, sitting in her corner with downcast eyes, fingered the dogwood blooms that were not paler than her face.

The Colonel's wits were keen. One glance, a lift of his arched brows, the merest ghost of a smile at the corners of his lips, and, dragging the younger man with him, he plunged into politics. Invective against a refractory House of Burgesses brought them a quarter of a mile upon their way; the necessity for an act to encourage adventurers in iron works carried them past a milldam; and frauds in the customs enabled them to reach a crossroads tavern, where the Colonel ordered a halt, and called for a tankard of ale. A slipshod, blue-eyed Cherry brought it, and spoke her thanks in broad Scotch for the shilling which the gay Colonel flung tinkling into the measure.

That versatile and considerate gentleman, having had his draught, cried to the coachman to go on, and was beginning upon the question of the militia, when Haward, who had dismounted, appeared at the coach door. "I do not think that I will go on to Williamsburgh with you, sir," he said. "There 's some troublesome business with my overseer that ought not to wait. If I take this road and the planter's pace, I shall reach Fair View by sunset. You do not return to Westover this week? Then I shall see you at Williamsburgh within a day or two. Evelyn, good-day."

Her hand lay upon the cushion nearest him. He would have taken it in his own, as for years he had done when he bade her good-by; but though she smiled and gave him "Good-day" in her usual voice, she drew the hand away. The Colonel's eyebrows went up another fraction of an inch, but he was a discreet gentleman who had bought experience. Skillfully unobservant, his parting words were at once cordial and few in number; and after Haward had mounted and had turned his horse's head down the side road, he put his handsome, periwigged head out of the coach window and called to him some advice about the transplanting of tobacco. This done, and the horseman out of sight, and the coach once more upon its leisurely way to Williamsburgh, the model father pulled out of his pocket a small book, and, after affection-

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ately advising his daughter to close her eyes and sleep out the miles to Williamsburgh, himself retired with Horace to the Sabine farm.

V.

THE STOREKEEPER.

It was now late afternoon, the sun's rays coming slantingly into the forest, and the warmth of the day past and gone. To Haward, riding at a gallop down the road that was scarce more than a bridle path, the rush of the cool air was grateful; the sharp striking of protruding twigs, the violent brushing aside of hanging vines, not unwelcome.

It was of the man that the uppermost feeling in his mind was one of disgust at his late infelicity of speech, and at the blindness which had prompted it. That he had not divined, that he had been so dull as to assume that as he felt, or did not feel, so must she, annoyed him like the jar of rude noises or like sand blowing into face and eyes. It was of him, too, that the annoyance was purely with himself; for her, when at last he came to think of her, he found only the old, placid affection, as far removed from love as from hate. If he knew himself, it would always be as far removed from love as from hate.

All the days of her youth he had come and gone, a welcome guest at her father's house in London. He had grown to be her friend, watching the crescent beauty of face and mind with something of the pride and tenderness which a man might feel for a young and favorite sister; and then, at last, when some turn of affairs sent them all home to Virginia to take lot and part there, he had thought of marriage.

His mind had turned, not unwillingly, from the town and its apples of Sodom to his Virginia plantation that he had not seen for more than ten years. It was his birthplace, and there he had spent his boyhood. Sometimes, in heated rooms, when the candles in the sconces were guttering down, and the dawn looked palely in upon gaming tables and heaped gold, and seamed faces, haggardly triumphant, haggardly despairing, determinedly indifferent, there had come to him visions of cool dawns upon the river, wide, misty expanses of marsh and forest, indistinct and cold and pure. The lonely "great house," too, — the house which his father had built with so much love and pains, that his son and his son's sons should have a worthy home, — appealed to him, and the garden, and the fishing boats, and the old slaves in the quarters. He told himself that he was glad to go back.

Had men called him ambitious, he would have smiled, and felt truly that they had bungled in the word. Such and such things were simply his appurtenances · in London, the regard due to a gentleman who to a certain distinction in his manner of amusing himself added the achievement of a successful comedy, three lampoons quoted at all London tea tables, and a piece of Whig invective, so able, stern, and sustained that many cried that the Dean had met his match; in Virginia, the deferential esteem of the colony at large, a place in the Council, and a great estate. An alliance with the master of Westover was in itself a desirable thing, advantageous to purse and to credit; his house must have a mistress, and that mistress must please at every point his fastidious taste.

What better to do than to give it for mistress Evelyn Byrd? Evelyn, who had had for all her suitors only a slow smile and shake of the head; Evelyn, who was older than her years; Evelyn, who was his friend as he was hers. Love! He had left that land behind, and she had never touched its shores; the geography of the poets to the contrary, it did not lie in the course of all who passed through life. He made his suit, and now he had his answer.

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If he did not take trouble to wonder at her confession, or to modestly ask himself how he had deserved her love, neither did he insult her with pity or with any lightness of thought. Nor was he ready to believe that his rejection was final. Apparently indifferent as he was, it was yet his way to move steadily and relentlessly, if very quietly, toward what goal he desired to reach. He thought that Fair View might yet call Evelyn Byrd its mistress.

Since turning into the crossroad that, running south and east, would take him back to the banks of the James and to his own house, he had not slackened speed, but now, as he saw through the trees before him a long zigzag of rail fence, he drew rein. The road turned, and a gate barred his way. When he had opened it and passed through, he was upon his own land.

He had ridden off his irritation, and could now calmly tell himself that the blunder was made and over with, and that it was the duty of the philosopher to remember it only in so far as it must shape his future course. His house of cards had toppled over; but the profound indifferentism of his nature enabled him to view the ruins with composure. After a while he would strive to build the selfsame house again. The image of Evelyn, as she had stood, dark-eyed and pale, with the flowers pressed to her bosom, he put from him. He knew her strength of soul; and with the curious hardness of the strong toward the strong, and also not without the delicacy which, upon occasion, he could both feel and exhibit, he shut the door upon that tragedy. Who knew? Perhaps, after all, it might turn into a comedy; but until then he would not look. Of course they must meet, and that often. Well, there were masks enough to choose from; doubtless the one that most closely resembled the old, real face would be best.

He had left the woods, and was now riding through a field of newly planted tobacco. It and the tobacco house in the midst of it were silent, deserted, bathed in the late sunshine. The ground rose slightly, and when he had mounted with it he saw below him the huddle of cabins which formed the ridge quarter, and winding down to it a string of negroes. One turned his head, and saw the solitary horseman upon the summit of the slope behind him; another looked, and another, until each man in line had his head over his shoulder. They knew that the horseman was their master. Some had been upon the plantation when he was a boy; others were more recent acquisitions, who knew not his face; but alike they grinned and ducked. The white man walking beside the line took off his hat and pulled a forelock. Haward raised his hand that they might know he saw, and rode on.

Another piece of woods where a great number of felled trees cumbered the ground, more tobacco, and then, in worn fields where the tobacco had been, knee-deep wheat rippling in the evening breeze. The wheat ran down to a marsh, and to a wide, slow creek that, save in the shadow of its reedy banks, was blue as the sky above. Haward, riding slowly beside his green fields and still waters, noted with quiet, half-regretful pleasure this or that remembered feature of the landscape. There had been little change. Here, where he remembered deep woods, tobacco was planted; there, where the tobacco had been, were now fields of wheat or corn, or wild tangles of vine-rid saplings and brushwood: but for this, it might have been yesterday that he had last ridden that way.

Presently he saw the river, and then the marshes with brown dots that were his cattle straying over them, and beyond these the home landing and the masts of the Golden Rose. The sun was near its setting; the men had left the fields; over all things were the stillness and peace, the encroaching shadows, the dwindling light, so golden in its qual-

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ity, of late afternoon. When he crossed the bridge over the creek, the hollow sound that the boards gave forth beneath his horse's hoofs had the depth and resonance of drumbeats, and the cry of a solitary heron in the marsh seemed louder than its wont. He passed the rolling-house and drew near to the river, riding again through tobacco. These plants were Orenoko; the mild sweet-scented took the higher ground. Along the river bank grew a row of tall and stately trees: passing beneath them, he saw the shining water between brown columns or through a veil of slight, unfolding leaves. Soon the trees fell away, and he came to a stretch of bank, — here naked earth, there clad in grass and dewberry vines. Near by was a small landing, with two or three boats fastened to its piles; and at a little distance beyond it, shadowed by a locust tree, a strongly built, two-roomed wooden house, with the earth around it trodden hard and bare, and with two or three benches before its open door. Haward recognized the store which his father — after the manner of his kind, merchant and trader as well as planter and maker of laws — had built, and which, through his agent in Virginia, he had maintained.

Before one of the benches a man was kneeling, with his back to Haward, who could only see that his garb was that of a servant, and that his hands were busily moving certain small objects this way and that upon the board. At the edge of the space of bare earth were a horse block and a hitching post. Haward rode up to them, dismounted, and fastened his horse, then walked over to the man at the bench.

So intent was the latter upon his employment that he heard neither horse nor rider. He had some shells, a few bits of turf, and a double handful of sand, and he was arranging these trifles upon the rough, unpainted boards in a curious and intricate pattern. He was a tall man, with hair that was more red than brown, and he was dressed in a shirt of dowlas, leather breeches, and coarse plantation-made shoes and stockings.

"What are you doing?" asked Haward, after a moment's silent watching of the busy fingers and intent countenance.

There was no start of awakened consciousness upon the other's part. "Why," he said, as if he had asked the question of himself, "with this sand I have traced the shores of Loch-na-Keal. This turf is green Ulva, and this is Gometra, and the shell is Little Colonsay. With this wet sand I have moulded Ben Grieg, and this higher pile is Ben More. If I had but a sprig of heather, now, or a pebble from the shore of Scridain!"

The voice, while harsh, was not disagreeably so, and neither the words nor the manner of using them smacked of the rustic.

"And where are Loch-na-Keal and Ulva and Scridain?" demanded Haward. "Somewhere in North Britain, I presume?"

The second question broke the spell. The man glanced over his shoulder, saw that he was not alone, and with one sweep of his hand blotting loch and island and mountain out of existence, rose to his feet, and opposed to Haward's gaze a tall, muscular frame, high features slightly pockmarked, and keen dark blue eyes.

"I was dreaming, and did not hear you," he said, civilly enough. "It 's not often that any one comes to the store at this time of day. What d' ye lack?"

As he spoke he moved toward the doorway, through which showed shelves and tables piled with the extraordinary variety of goods which were deemed essential to the colonial trade. "Are you the storekeeper?" asked Haward, keeping pace with the other's long stride.

"It 's the name they call me by," answered the man curtly; then, as he chanced to turn his eyes upon the landing, his tone changed, and a smile irradiated his countenance. "Here comes a

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customer," he remarked, "that 'll make you bide your turn."

A canoe, rowed by a young boy and carrying a woman, had slipped out of the creek, and along the river bank to the steps of the landing. When they were reached, the boy sat still, the oars resting across his knees, and his face upturned to a palace beautiful of pearl and saffron cloud; but the woman mounted the steps, and, crossing the boards, came up to the door and the men beside it. Her dress was gray and unadorned, and she was young and of a quiet loveliness.

"Mistress Truelove Taberer," said the storekeeper, "what can you choose, this May Day, that 's so fair as yourself?"

A pair of gray eyes were lifted for the sixth part of a second, and a voice that had learned of the doves in the forest proceeded to rebuke the flatterer. "Thee is idle in thy speech, Angus MacLean," it declared. "I am not fair; nor, if I were, should thee tell me of it. Also, friend, it is idle and tendeth toward idolatry to speak of the first day of the fifth month as May Day. My mother sent me for a paper of Whitechapel needles, and two of manikin pins. Has thee them in thy store of goods?"

"Come you in and look for yourself," said the storekeeper "There 's woman's gear enough, but it were easier for me to recount all the names of all the children of Gillean-ni-Tuiodh than to remember how you call the things you wear."

So saying he entered the store. The Quakeress followed, and Haward, tired of his own thoughts, and in the mood to be amused by trifles, trod in their footsteps.

Door and window faced the west, and the glow from the sinking sun illumined the thousand and one features of the place. Here was the glint of tools and weapons; there pewter shone like silver, and brass dazzled the eyes. Bales of red cotton, blue linen, flowered Kidderminster, scarlet serge, gold and silver drugget, all sorts of woven stuffs from lockram to brocade, made bright the shelves. Pendent skins of buck and doe showed like brown satin, while looking-glasses upon the wall reflected green trees and painted clouds. In one dark corner lurked kegs of powder and of shot; another was the haunt of aqua vitæ and right Jamaica. Playing cards, snuffboxes, and fringed gloves elbowed a shelf of books, and a full-bottomed wig ogled a lady's headdress of ribbon and malines. Knives and hatchets and duffel blankets for the Indian trade were not wanting.

Haward, leaning against a table laden with so singular a miscellany that a fine saddle with crimson velvet holsters took the head of the board, while the foot was set with blue and white china, watched the sometime moulder of peak and islet draw out a case filled with such small and womanish articles as pins and needles, tape and thread, and place it before his customer. She made her choice, and the storekeeper brought a great book, and entered against the head of the house of Taberer so many pounds of tobacco; then, as the maiden turned to depart, heaved a sigh so piteous and profound that no tender saint in gray could do less than pause, half turn her head, and lift two compassionate eyes.

"Mistress Truelove, I have read the good book that you gave me, and I cannot deny that I am much beholden to you," and her debtor sighed like a furnace.

The girl's quiet face flushed to the pink of a seashell, and her eyes grew eager.

"Then does thee not see the error of thy ways, Angus MacLean? If it should be given me to pluck thee as a brand from the burning! Thee will not again brag of war and revenge, nor sing vain and ruthless songs, nor use dice or cards, nor will thee swear any more?"

The voice was persuasion's own. "May I be set overtide on the Lady's Rock, or spare a false Campbell when I meet him, or throw up my cap for the damned

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Hogan Mogan that sits in Jamie's place, if I am not entirely convert!" cried the neophyte. "Oh, the devil! what have I said? Mistress Truelove — Truelove" —

But Truelove was gone, — not in anger or in haste, for that would have been unseemly, but quietly and steadily, with no looking back. The storekeeper, leaping over a keg of nails that stood in the way, made for the door, and together with Haward, who was already there, watched her go. The path to the landing and the boat was short; she had taken her seat, and the boy had bent to the oars, while the unlucky Scot was yet alternately calling out protestations of amendment and muttering maledictions upon his unguarded tongue. The canoe slipped from the rosy, unshadowed water into the darkness beneath the overhanging trees, reached the mouth of the creek, and in a moment disappeared from sight.

VI.

MASTER AND MAN.

The two men, left alone, turned each toward the interior of the store, and their eyes met. Alike in gray eyes and in dark blue there was laughter. "Kittle folk, the Quakers," said the storekeeper, with a shrug, and went to put away his case of pins and needles. Haward, going to the end of the store, found a row of dusty bottles, and breaking the neck of one with a report like that of a pistol set the Madeira to his lips, and therewith quenched his thirst. The wine cellar abutted upon the library. Taking off his riding glove he ran his finger along the bindings, and plucking forth The History of a Coy Lady looked at the first page, read the last paragraph, and finally thrust the thin brown and gilt volume into his pocket. Turning, he found himself face to face with the storekeeper.

"I have not the honor of knowing your name, sir," remarked the latter dryly. "Do you buy at this store, and upon whose account?"

Haward shook his head, and applied himself to the remainder of the Madeira.

"Then you carry with you coin of the realm with which to settle?" continued the other. "The wine is two shillings; the book you may have for twelvepence."

"Here I need not pay, good fellow," said Haward negligently, his eyes upon a row of dangling objects. "Fetch me down yonder cane; 't is as delicately tapered and clouded as any at the Exchange."

"Pay me first for the wine and the book," answered the man composedly. "It 's a dirty business enough, God knows, for a gentleman to put finger to; but since needs must when the devil drives, and he has driven me here, why, I, Angus MacLean, who have no concerns of my own, must e'en be faithful to the concerns of another. Wherefore put down the silver you owe the Sassenach whose wine you have drunken and whose book you have taken."

"And if I do not choose to pay?" asked Haward, with a smile.

"Then you must e'en choose to fight," was the cool reply. "And as I observe that you wear neither sword nor pistols, and as jack boots and a fine tight-buttoned riding coat are not the easiest clothes to wrestle in, it appears just possible that I might win the cause."

"And when you 've thrown me, what then?"

"Oh, I would just draw a rope around you and yonder cask of Jamaica, and leave you to read your stolen book in peace until Saunderson (that 's the overseer, and he 's none so bad if he was born in Fife) shall come. You can have it out with him; or maybe he 'll hale you before the man that owns the store. I hear they expect him home."

Haward laughed, and abstracting another bottle from the shelf broke its

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neck. "Hand me yonder cup," he said easily, "and we 'll drink to his home-coming. Good fellow, I am Mr. Marmaduke Haward, and I am glad to find so honest a man in a place of no small trust. Long absence and somewhat too complaisant a reference of all my Virginian affairs to my agent have kept me much in ignorance of the economy of my plantation. How long have you been my storekeeper?"

Neither cup for the wine nor answer to the question being forthcoming, Haward looked up from his broken bottle. The man was standing with his body bent forward and his hand pressed against the wood of a great cask behind him until the finger nails showed white. His head was high, his face dark red and angry, his brows drawn down until the gleaming eyes beneath were like pin points.

So sudden and so sinister was the change that Haward was startled. The hour was late, the place deserted; as the man had discovered, he had no weapons, nor, strong, active, and practiced as he was, did he flatter himself that he could withstand the length of brawn and sinew before him. Involuntarily, he stepped backward until there was a space between them, casting at the same moment a glance toward the wall where hung axe and knife and hatchet.

The man intercepted the look, and broke into a laugh. The sound was harsh and gibing, but not menacing. "You need not be afraid," he said. "I do not want the feel of a rope around my neck, — though God knows why I should care! Here is no clansman of mine, and no cursed Campbell either, to see my end!"

"I am not afraid," Haward answered calmly. Walking to the shelf that held an array of drinking vessels, he took two cups, filled them with wine, and, going back to his former station, set one upon the cask beside the storekeeper. "The wine is good," he said. "Will you drink?"

The other loosened the clasp of his hand upon the wood and drew himself upright. "I eat the bread and drink the water which you give your servants," he answered, speaking with the thickness of hardly restrained passion. "The wine cup goes from equal to equal."

As he spoke he took up the peace offering, eyed it for a moment with a bitter smile, then flung it with force over his shoulder. The earthen floor drank the wine; the china shivered into a thousand fragments. "I have neither silver nor tobacco with which to pay for my pleasure," continued the still smiling storekeeper. "When I am come to the end of my term, then, an it please you, I will serve out the damage."

Haward sat down upon a keg of powder, crossed his knees, and, with his chin upon his hand, looked from between the curled lengths of his periwig at the figure opposite. "I am glad to find that in Virginia, at least, there is honesty," he said dryly. "I will try to remember the cost of the cup and the wine against the expiry of your indenture. In the meantime, I am curious to know why you are angry with me whom you have never seen before to-day."

With the dashing of the wine to earth the other's passion had apparently spent itself. The red slowly left his face, and he leaned at ease against the cask, drumming upon its head with his fingers. The sunlight, shrinking from floor and wall, had left but a single line of gold. In the half light strange and sombre shapes possessed the room; through the stillness, beneath the sound of the tattoo upon the cask head, the river made itself heard.

"For ten years and more you have been my — master," said the storekeeper. "It is a word for which I have an invincible distaste. It is not well — having neither love nor friendship to put in its place — to let hatred die. When I came first to this slavery, I hated all Campbells, all Whigs, Forster that

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betrayed us at Preston, and Ewin Mor Mackinnon. But the years have come and the years have gone, and I am older than I was at twenty-five. The Campbells I can never reach: they walk secure, overseas, through Lorn and Argyle, couching in the tall heather above Etive, tracking the red deer in the Forest of Dalness. Forster is dead. Ewin Mackinnon is dead, I know; for five years ago come Martinmas night I saw his perjured soul on its way to hell. All the world is turning Whig. A man may hate the world, it is true, but he needs a single foe."

"And in that capacity you have adopted me?" demanded Haward.

MacLean let his gaze travel over the man opposite him, from the looped hat and the face between the waves of hair to the gilt spurs upon the great boots; then turned his eyes upon his own hand and coarsely clad arm stretched across the cask. "I, too, am a gentleman, the brother of a chieftain," he declared. "I am not without schooling. I have seen something of life, and of countries more polite than the land where I was born, though not so dear. I have been free, and have loved my freedom. Do you find it so strange that I should hate you?"

There was a silence; then, "Upon my soul, I do not know that I do," said Haward slowly. "And yet, until this day I did not know of your existence."

"But I knew of yours," answered the storekeeper. "Your agent hath an annoying trick of speech, and the overseers have caught it from him. 'Your master' this, and 'your master' that; in short, for ten years it hath been, 'Work, you dog, that your master may play!' Well, I have worked; it was that, or killing myself, or going mad. I have worked for you in the fields, in the smithy, in this close room. But when you bought my body, you could not buy my soul. Day after day, and night after night, I sent it away; I would not let it bide in these dull levels, in this cursed land of heat and stagnant waters. At first it went home to its own country, — to its friends and its foes, to the torrent and the mountain and the music of the pipes; but at last the pain outweighed the pleasure, and I sent it there no more. And then it began to follow you."

"To follow me!" involuntarily exclaimed Haward.

"I have been in London," went on the other, without heeding the interruption. "I know the life of men of quality, and where they most resort. I early learned from your other servants, and from the chance words of those who had your affairs in charge, that you were young, well-looking, a man of pleasure. At first when I thought of you the blood came into my cheek, but at last I thought of you constantly, and I felt for you a constant hatred. It began when I knew that Ewin Mackinnon was dead. I had no need of love; I had need of hate. Day after day, my body slaving here, my mind has dogged your footsteps. Up and down, to and fro, in business and in pleasure, in whatever place I have imagined you to be, there have I been also. Did you never, when there seemed none by, look over your shoulder, feeling another presence than your own?"

He ceased to speak, and the hand upon the cask was still. The sunshine was clean gone from the room, and outside the wind in the locust tree answered the voice of the river. Haward rose from his seat, but made no further motion toward departing. "You have been frank," he said quietly. "Had you it in mind, all this while, so to speak to me when we should meet?"

"No," answered the other. "I thought not of words, but of" —

"But of deeds," Haward finished for him. "Rather, I imagine, of one deed."

Composed as ever in voice and manner, he drew out his watch, and held it aslant that the light might strike upon the dial. "'T is after six," he remarked

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as he put it away, "and I am yet a mile from the house." The wine that he had poured for himself had been standing, untouched, upon the keg beside him. He took it up and drank it off; then wiped his lips with his handkerchief, and, passing the storekeeper with a slight inclination of his head, walked toward the door. A yard beyond the man who had so coolly shown his side of the shield was a rude table, on which were displayed hatchets and hunting knives. Haward passed the gleaming steel; then, a foot beyond it, stood still, his face to the open door, and his back to the storekeeper and the table with its sinister lading.

"You do wrong to allow so much dust and disorder," he said sharply. "I could write my name in that mirror, and there is a piece of brocade fallen to the floor. Look to it that you keep the place more neat."

There was dead silence for a moment; then MacLean spoke in an even voice: "Now a fool might call you as brave as Hector. For myself, I only give you credit for some knowledge of men. You are right. It is not my way to strike in the back an unarmed man. When you are gone, I will wipe off the mirror and pick up the brocade."

He followed Haward outside. "It 's a brave evening for riding," he remarked, "and you have a bonny bit of horseflesh there. You 'll get to the house before candlelight."

Beside one of the benches Haward made another pause. "You are a Highlander and a Jacobite," he said. "From your reference to Forster, I gather that you were among the prisoners taken at Preston and transported to Virginia."

"In the Elizabeth and Anne of Liverpool, *alias* a bit of hell afloat; the master, Captain Edward Trafford, *alias* Satan's first mate," quoth the other grimly.

He stooped to the bench where lay the débris of the coast and mountains he had been lately building, and picked up a small, deep shell. "My story is short," he began. "It could be packed into this. I was born in the island of Mull, of my father a chieftain, and my mother a lady. Some schooling I got in Aberdeen, some pleasure in Edinburgh and London, and some service abroad. In my twenty-third year — being at home at that time — I was asked to a hunting match at Braemar, and went. No great while afterwards I was bidden to supper at an Edinburgh tavern, and again I accepted the invitation. There was a small entertainment to follow the supper, — just the taking of Edinburgh Castle. But the wine was good, and we waited to powder our hair, and the entertainment could hardly be called a success. Hard upon that convivial evening, I, with many others, was asked across the Border to join a number of gentlemen who drank to the King after our fashion, and had a like fancy for oak boughs and white roses. The weather was pleasant, the company of the best, the roads very noble after our Highland sheep tracks. Together with our English friends, and enlivened by much good claret and by music of bagpipe and drum, we strolled on through a fine, populous country until we came to a town called Preston, where we thought we would tarry for a day or two. However, circumstances arose which detained us somewhat longer. (I dare say you have heard the story?) When finally we took our leave, some of us went to heaven, some to hell, and some to Barbadoes and Virginia. I was among those dispatched to Virginia, and to all intents and purposes I died the day I landed. There, the shell is full!"

He tossed it from him, and going to the hitching post loosed Haward's horse. Haward took the reins from his hand. "It hath been ten years and more since Virginia got her share of the rebels taken at Preston. If I remember aright, their indentures were to be made for

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seven years. Why, then, are you yet in my service?"

MacLean laughed. "I ran away," he replied pleasantly, "and when I was caught I made off a second time. I wonder that you planters do not have a Society for the Encouragement of Runaways. Seeing that they are nearly always retaken, and that their escapades so lengthen their term of service, it would surely be to your advantage! There are yet several years in which I am to call you master."

He laughed again, but the sound was mirthless, and the eyes beneath the half-closed lids were harder than steel. Haward mounted his horse and gathered up the reins. "I am not responsible for the laws of the realm," he said calmly, "nor for rebellions and insurrections, nor for the practice of transporting overseas those to whom have been given the ugly names of 'rebel' and 'traitor.' Destiny that set you there put me here. We are alike pawns; what the player means we have no way of telling. Curse Fate and the gods, if you choose, — and find that your cursing does small good, — but regard me with indifference, as one neither more nor less the slave of circumstances than yourself. It has been long since I went this way. Is there yet the path by the river?"

"Ay," answered the other. "It is your shortest way."

"Then I will be going," said Haward. "It grows late, and I am not looked for before to-morrow. Goodnight."

As he spoke he raised his hat and bowed to the gentleman from whom he was parting. That rebel to King George gave a great start; then turned very red, and shot a piercing glance at the man on horseback. The latter's mien was composed as ever, and, with his hat held beneath his arm and his body slightly inclined, he was evidently awaiting a like ceremony of leave-taking on the storekeeper's part. MacLean drew a long breath, stepped back a pace or two, and bowed to his equal. A second "Goodnight," and one gentleman rode off in the direction of the great house, while the other went thoughtfully back to the store, got a cloth and wiped the dust from the mirror.

It was pleasant riding by the river in the cool evening wind, with the colors of the sunset yet gay in sky and water. Haward went slowly, glancing now at the great, bright stream, now at the wide, calm fields and the rim of woodland, dark and distant, bounding his possessions. The smell of salt marshes, of ploughed ground, of leagues of flowering forests, was in his nostrils. Behind him was the crescent moon; before him were terraces crowned with lofty trees. Within the ring of foliage was the house; even as he looked a light sprang up in a high window, and shone like a star through the gathering dusk. Below the hill the home landing ran its gaunt black length far out into the carmine of the river; upon the Golden Rose lights burned like lower stars; from a thicket to the left of the bridle path sounded the call of a whippoorwill. A gust of wind blowing from the bay made to waver the lanterns of the Golden Rose, broke and darkened the coral peace of the river, and pushed rudely against the master of those parts. Haward laid his hand upon his horse that he loved. "This is better than the Ring, is n't it, Mirza?" he asked genially, and the horse whinnied under his touch.

The land was quite gray, the river pearl-colored, and the fireflies beginning to sparkle, when he rode through the home gates. From the uppermost of its three low, broad terraces, in the dusk of the world and the deeper shadow of the surrounding trees, his house looked grimly down upon him. The light had been at the side; all the front was stark and black with shuttered windows. He rode to the back of the house and hallooed to the slaves in the home quarter, where

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were lights and noisy laughter, and one deep voice singing in an unknown tongue.

It was but a stone's throw to the nearest cabin, and Haward's call made itself heard above the babel. The noise suddenly lessened, and two or three negroes, starting up from the doorstep, hurried across the grass to horse and rider. Quickly as they came, some one within the house was beforehand with them. The door swung open; there was the flare of a lighted candle, and a voice cried out to know what was wanted.

"Wanted!" exclaimed Haward. "Ingress into my own house is wanted! Where is Juba?"

One of the negroes pressed forward. "Heah I is, Marse Duke! House all ready for you, but you done sont word" —

"I know, — I know," answered Haward impatiently. "I changed my mind. Is that you, Saunderson, with the light? Or is it Hide?"

The candle moved to one side, and there was disclosed a large white face atop of a shambling figure dressed in some coarse, dark stuff. "Neither, sir," said an expressionless voice. "Will it please your Honor to dismount?"

Haward swung himself out of the saddle, tossed the reins to a negro, and, with Juba at his heels, climbed the five low stone steps and entered the wide hall running through the house, and broken only by the broad, winding stairway. Save for the glimmer of the solitary candle all was in darkness; the bare floor, the paneled walls, echoed to his tread. On either hand squares of blackness proclaimed the open doors of large, empty rooms, and down the stair came a wind that bent the weak flame. The negro took the light from the hand of the man who had opened the door, and, pressing past his master, lit three candles in a sconce upon the wall.

"Yo' room 's all ready, Marse Duke," he declared. "Dere 's candles enough, an' de fire am laid an' yo' bed aired. Ef you wan' some supper, I kin get you bread an' meat, an' de wine was put in yesterday."

Haward nodded, and taking the candle began to mount the stairs. Halfway up he found that the man in the sad-colored raiment was following him. He raised his brows, but being in a taciturn humor, and having, moreover, to shield the .flame from the wind that drove down the stair, he said nothing, going on in silence to the landing, and to the great eastward-facing room that had been his father's, and which now he meant to make his own. There were candles on the table, the dresser, and the mantelshelf. He lit them all, and the room changed from a place of shadows and monstrous shapes to a gentleman's bedchamber, — somewhat sparsely furnished, but of a comfortable and cheerful aspect. A cloth lay upon the floor, the windows were curtained, and the bed had fresh hangings of green-and-white Kidderminster. Over the mantel hung a painting of Haward and his mother, done when he was six years old. Beneath the laughing child and the smiling lady, young and flower-crowned, were crossed two ancient swords. In the middle of the room stood a heavy table, and pushed back, as though some one had lately risen from it, was an armchair of Russian leather. Books lay upon the table; one of them open, with a horn snuffbox keeping down the leaf.

Haward seated himself in the great chair, and looked around him with a thoughtful and melancholy smile. He could not clearly remember his mother. The rings upon her fingers and her silvery laughter were all that dwelt in his mind, and now only the sound of that merriment floated back to him and lingered in the room. But his father had died upon that bed, and beside the dead man, between the candles at the head and the candles at the foot, he had sat the night through. The curtains were half drawn, and in their shadow his ima-

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gination laid again that cold, inanimate form. Twelve years ago! How young he had been that night, and how old he had thought himself as he watched beside the dead, chilled by the cold of the crossed hands, awed by the silence, half frighted by the shadows on the wall; now filled with natural grief, now with surreptitious and shamefaced thoughts of his changed estate, — yesterday son and dependent, to-day heir and master! Twelve years! The sigh and the smile were not for the dead father, but for his own dead youth, for the unjaded freshness of the morning, for the world that had been, once upon a time.

Turning in his seat, his eyes fell upon the man who had followed him, and who was now standing between the table and the door. "Well, friend?" he demanded.

The man came a step or two nearer. His hat was in his hand, and his body was obsequiously bent, but there was no discomposure in his lifeless voice and manner. "I stayed to explain my presence in the house, sir," he said. "I am a lover of reading, and, knowing my weakness, your overseer, who keeps the keys of the house, has been so good as to let me, from time to time, come here to this room to mingle in more delectable company than I can choose without these walls. Your Honor doubtless remembers yonder goodly assemblage?" He motioned with his hand toward a half-opened door, showing a closet lined with well-filled bookshelves.

"I remember," replied Haward dryly. "So you come to my room alone at night, and occupy yourself in reading? And when you are wearied you refresh yourself with my wine?" As he spoke he clinked together the bottle and glass that stood beside the books.

"I plead guilty to the wine," answered the intruder, as lifelessly as ever, "but it is my only theft. I found the bottle below, and did not think it would be missed. I trust that your Honor does not grudge it to a poor devil who tastes Burgundy somewhat seldomer than does your Worship. And my being in the house is pure innocence. Your overseer knew that I would neither make nor meddle with aught but the books, or he would not have given me the key to the little door, which I now restore to your Honor's keeping." He advanced, and deposited upon the table a large key.

"What is your name?" demanded Haward, leaning back in his chair.

"Bartholomew Paris, sir. I keep the school down by the swamp, where I impart to fifteen or twenty of the youth of these parts the rudiments of the ancient and modern tongues, mathematics, geography, fortifications, navigation, philosophy" —

Haward yawned, and the schoolmaster broke the thread of his discourse. "I weary you, sir," he said. "I will, with your permission, take my departure. May I make so bold as to beg your Honor that you will not mention to the gentlemen hereabouts the small matter of this bottle of wine? I would wish not to be prejudiced in the eyes of my patrons and scholars."

"I will think of it," Haward replied. "Come and take your snuffbox — if it be yours — from the book where you have left it."

"It is mine," said the man. "A present from the godly minister of this parish."

As he spoke he put out his hand to take the snuffbox. Haward leaned forward, seized the hand, and, bending back the fingers, exposed the palm to the light of the candles upon the table.

"The other, if you please," he commanded.

For a second — no longer — a wicked soul looked blackly out of the face to which he had raised his eyes. Then the window shut, and the wall was blank again. Without any change in his listless demeanor, the schoolmaster laid his left hand, palm out, beside his right.

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"Humph!" exclaimed Haward. "So you have stolen before to-night? The marks are old. When were you branded, and where?"

"In Bristol, fifteen years ago," answered the man unblushingly. "It was all a mistake. I was as innocent as a newborn babe" —

"But unfortunately could not prove it," interrupted Haward. "That is of course. Go on."

"I was transported to South Carolina, and there served out my term. The climate did not suit me, and I liked not the society, nor — being of a peaceful disposition — the constant alarms of pirates and buccaneers. So when I was once more my own man I traveled north to Virginia with a party of traders. In my youth I had been an Oxford servitor, and schoolmasters are in demand in Virginia. Weighed in the scales with a knowledge of the humanities and some skill in imparting them, what matters a little mishap with hot irons? My patrons are willing to let bygones be bygones. My school flourishes like a green bay tree, and the minister of this parish will speak for the probity and sobriety of my conduct. Now I will go, sir."

He made an awkward but deep and obsequious reverence, turned and went out of the door, passing Juba, who was entering with a salver laden with bread and meat and a couple of bottles. "Put down the food, Juba," said Haward, "and see this gentleman out of the house."

An hour later the master dismissed the slave, and sat down beside the table to finish the wine and compose himself for the night. The overseer had come hurrying to the great house, to be sent home again by a message from the owner thereof that to-morrow would do for business; the negro women who had been called to make the bed were gone; the noises from the quarter had long ceased, and the house was very still. In his rich, figured Indian nightgown and his silken nightcap, Haward sat and drank his wine, slowly, with long pauses between the emptying and the filling of the slender, tall-stemmed glass. A window was open, and the wind blowing in made the candles to flicker. With the wind came a murmur of leaves and the wash of the river, — stealthy and mournful sounds that sorted not with the lighted room, the cheerful homeliness of the flowered hangings, the gleeful lady and child above the mantelshelf. Haward felt the incongruity: a slow sea voyage, and a week in that Virginia which, settled one hundred and twenty years before, was yet largely forest and stream, had weaned him, he thought, from sounds of the street, and yet to-night he missed them, and would have had the town again. When an owl hooted in the walnut tree outside his window, and in the distance, as far away as the creek quarter, a dog howled, and the silence closed in again, he rose, and began to walk to and fro, slowly, thinking of the past and the future. The past had its ghosts, — not many; what spectres the future might raise only itself could tell. So far as mortal vision went, it was a rose-colored future; but on such a night of silence that was not silence, of loneliness that was filled with still, small voices, of heavy darkness without, of lights burning in an empty house, it was rather of ashes of roses that one thought.

Haward went to the open window, and with one knee upon the window seat looked out into the windy, starlit night. This was the eastern face of the house, and, beyond the waving trees, there were visible both the river and the second and narrower creek which on this side bounded the plantation. The voice with which the waters swept to the sea came strongly to him. A large white moth sailed out of the darkness to the lit window, but his face scared it away.

Looking through the walnut branches, he could see a light that burned steadily, like a candle set in a window. For a

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moment he wondered whence it shone; then he remembered that the glebe lands lay in that direction. The parish was building a house for its new minister, when he left Virginia, eleven years before. Suddenly he recalled that the minister — who had seemed to him a bluff, downright, honest fellow — had told him of a little room looking out upon an orchard, and had said that it should be the child's.

It was possible that the star which pierced the darkness might mark that room. He knit his brows in an effort to remember when, before this day, he had last thought of a child whom he had held in his arms and comforted, one splendid dawn, upon a hilltop, in a mountainous region. He came to the conclusion that he must have forgotten her quite six years ago. Well, she would seem to have thriven under his neglect, — and he saw again the girl who had run for the golden guinea. It was true that when he had put her there where that light was shining, it was with some shadowy idea of giving her gentle breeding, of making a lady of her. But man's purposes are fleeting, and often gone with the morrow. He had forgotten his purpose; and perhaps it was best this way, — perhaps it was best this way.

For a little longer he looked at the light and listened to the voice of the river; then he rose from the window seat, drew the curtains, and began thoughtfully to prepare for bed.

Mary Johnston.

(*To be continued.*)

THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE SMALL COLLEGE.

THE opinion that small colleges are doomed is rapidly hardening into an axiom. The prevailing megalomania of the twentieth century is to sweep them away with its other victims. In the great evolutionary movement of the world's social forces, so we are confidently told, there will soon be no room for anything that is not organized on the grand scale. The future economy of civilization will tolerate neither small states nor small businesses. (There are certain small states, by the way, which have need to crave pardon for the unconscionable time they take a-dying.) All the newspapers of a nation or of an empire — why not of the whole globe, while one is about it? — are to shriek to the tuning of one editor. Amid these revolutions, how is it possible for the small college to escape? Education is not a more sacred thing than civil government or the influence of the press; it must pay tribute, like everything else, to the new Laws of Nature. That the small college is impossible anywhere in an up-to-date universe, and especially in that uppermost-to-date section called America, is being asserted so often that people are beginning to believe it must be true. There are indications that the hubbub of these protestations is stirring the small colleges themselves into doubts whether they have a right to be alive. They are beginning to ask what they must do to be saved, and some of them are attempting to answer their own question by making themselves look as much like large colleges as their size permits. If they are "to compete with the universities," said a professor the other day, they must do this, that, and the other thing that the universities do. Since the frog attempted to compete

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with the ox, there has been no such misconception of opportunity. The fable of the hare and the tortoise shows a better way.

This trouble, like so many others, springs from carelessness in definition. A more exact use of words would soon assuage the incipient panic. As long as the functions of the college are not distinguished from those of the university and of the technical school, we can expect no relief from the present discontents. There are several machines at work in the educational factory, and each of them has its own processes, for which it was definitely constructed. There can be nothing but dislocation and confusion when a machine built for a certain purpose attempts to "compete with" one that is intended to deal with the material at a different stage.

The word "university" has a very elastic signification, but it always denotes something of wider scope than the college. In England, it is generally used of an institution which holds the same relations to a number of colleges as are sustained by the federal government of this republic to the various state governments. In America, the example of Johns Hopkins has made the word familiar in the sense of an institution which, on its scholastic side, aims not so much at general culture as at the production of specialists, and which, moreover, seeks directly to promote investigation and research. The ideal university, according to this interpretation, must afford facilities for instruction in every branch of human knowledge that is capable of scientific treatment. Its equipment is imperfect as long as it cannot offer expert guidance to students in all departments of learning, from the decipherment of Hittite inscriptions to the examination of the ooze dredged from the floor of the ocean. It is evident that such an institution requires immense revenues, both to pay the salaries of its large staff of professors, and to meet the cost of its laboratories, museums, libraries, and other expensive apparatus. This necessity alone makes impossible any competition on the part of the small college, however inflated. You cannot perch a Lick telescope on every hilltop: there are not enough millionaires to go round.

The technical school is organized for a different purpose, namely, the training of a man for the definite bread-earning occupation which is to employ the energies of his adult life. Accordingly, there may be as many varieties of it as there are professions and trades in the directory. A theological seminary, a normal college, a correspondence school of journalism, a school of typewriting and shorthand, a dental institute, a medical college, a school of engineering, — all these are included in the category. Their object is to enable the beginner to profit by the accumulated skill and experience of the profession he is entering, that he may be saved from the blunders which would be inevitable if he were compelled to rely upon his own observation and experiment. Incidentally, of course, a technical school may have a high educational value, especially in certain subjects. It is possible, for instance, to teach law and medicine in such a way as to develop the mental powers of the student. But culture is not the primary aim of the curriculum of the technical school. Its purpose is the training, not of the man, but of the clergyman, the teacher, the physician, the engineer.

Both the research of the university and the professional instruction of the technical school require, as a necessary condition of their efficient working, the broader education which it is the province of the college to give. The specialist whose investigations are not based upon the foundation of a liberal culture will easily become a pedant. Poring over his own subject in his own corner, he will soon suffer from intellectual

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myopia. He will exaggerate out of all proportion the importance of the pursuit which absorbs him, and will not understand what place it occupies in the whole encyclopædia of knowledge. In like manner, the student in the technical school needs the preliminary of a liberal education to preserve him from narrowness and professionalism. Again, both for specialism and for technical training, the mental discipline given by a college course is in the highest degree helpful in communicating the power to master intellectual problems of any kind. To have gained the habit of attention; to have learned how to read and to think; to have acquired an undeviating respect for thoroughness and accuracy, — all this is half the battle when some unfamiliar subject has to be attacked. The ancient languages may seem to have little bearing upon modern life; but, other things being equal, the man who can write a good piece of Latin prose will soon distance his uneducated companions, if set to learn cookery or the management of a railroad. President Stryker has well expressed the distinction in this respect between the function of college education and that of technical training and postgraduate research: "The one process should make iron into steel, and the other makes steel into tools. Specialization which is not based upon a liberal culture attempts to put an edge on pot iron."

In thus emphasizing the preparatory functions of the college, I do not overlook the fact that it serves a larger purpose still. It is necessary to lay stress upon the value of its intellectual discipline as an equipment for subsequent study, in order to make clear in what relation it stands to the two other institutions with which it is so often confused. But a liberal culture is worth a great deal more than what is gained by economizing time and energy for later specialism. In itself, it brings an enrichment of the life and a multiplication of the sources of the highest pleasures, of such a kind that no one who has any knowledge of its significance grudges the labor spent to secure it. It does not always mean wisdom, or learning, or even scholarship; but it is nevertheless forever true of it that its price is above rubies.

The pertinent question to-day is, Can this higher culture be given in a small college? Has the college of a thousand students, with a corresponding staff, income, apparatus, etc., such an advantage in this respect over the college of a hundred or a hundred and fifty that the smaller must be crushed out of existence by the pressure of the larger? I must avow the unfashionable belief that the balance of advantage turns the other way, and that the small college approximates more nearly than the large to the true type of a place of liberal culture. It may even be that in less than fifty years the larger colleges (and such universities as mainly perform college functions) will be constrained, in self-preservation, either to reduce their numbers, or to fashion themselves anew into a collection of small colleges.

The most obvious supremacy of the large college is in the number of its professorial staff, and, consequently, in the range of subjects in which instruction can be given. It is here, apparently, that its present popularity lies. Here, too, is hidden the flaw that will by and by make a reaction inevitable. In the case of a university of the Johns Hopkins type, the institution of every new chair, the addition of every new option to the list of studies, is a real gain. What we are now considering, however, is, not specialism, but a liberal education; and it is a mistake to suppose that the college which has the most widely extended curriculum will necessarily give the broadest culture. It is well established that certain studies pursued in a certain way have certain results; the experiments are yet to be performed that will

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fix the place of others. We are still in the dark as to the educational value of a course in Japanese music.[1] But there is many an undergraduate who will not be loath to offer himself as a *corpus vile* on which to test the worth of so fascinating a subject. He will twang merrily away at samisen and koto, content that his devotion to Oriental art is piling up for him an accumulation of merit against the day of his degree. Nor will such an easy-going young man trouble greatly about the correlation of his studies. He is quite willing to arrange his educational menu according to that fundamental principle of American diet which so amazes visitors, namely, that whatever dishes may be eaten successively may with equal propriety be eaten simultaneously. But indiscriminate blending is no more wholesome for the intellectual than for the physical digestion. Of course, what I have just said has no bearing upon the case of colleges where, with a great variety of programme, the choice of the student is so safeguarded that, in any case, he will pass through a planned and ordered curriculum, and will not escape the necessity of sometimes working hard at subjects for which he has little taste. A brief glance at the catalogues of a considerable number of colleges is enough to show, however, that these limitations are by no means universally observed. In some there is practically no plan of campaign; the student simply runs amuck. How surprised Dickens would have been if he had been told that the system by which Mr. Samuel Weller, senior, trained his son would be the ideal toward which the expert educational opinion of the twentieth century would approximate! "I took a good deal o' pains with his eddication, sir; let him run in the streets when he was very young, and shift for hisself. It is the only way to make a boy sharp, sir." It is a desire for the exhilaration of this free-lance career that chiefly impels the present demand for the extension of the curriculum of the small colleges. Now, it cannot be denied that older systems laid too great stress upon discipline, to the undervaluing of other aims of education; but it is equally certain that an education that is mainly discipline is better worth having than one in which discipline is ignored. The complaints we are constantly hearing of the increased luxury and laxity of college life are indications of a grave danger. Is education a thing apart from the rest of a man's career, a pleasant vacation between submission to the authority of the home and the constant toil of a business or a profession? If it is intended to be a preparation for life, it must somehow communicate the power to undertake drudgery with faithfulness and cheerfulness, and to put conscientious and persevering effort into tasks that are not congenial. If an undergraduate has not learned this while at college, he will pay the price of his neglect either in failure or in bitter humiliation; for it will not take him long to discover that the world at large is not run on the elective system.

The advantage, then, which the large college is supposed to possess in the variety of its studies is to a great extent illusory. Indeed, it needs care to prevent this breadth of opportunity from becoming a snare. After all, not even a liberal culture can be gained without entering a strait gate and walking a narrow way. Except with a few richly endowed minds, dissipation of effort inevitably leads to shallowness. The compactness and thoroughness of such a

[1] I am unable to quote a case in which this subject actually forms part of a college curriculum; but as, on opening a catalogue at random, I find an announcement of instruction in "dramatic expression," it appears more likely than not that, if I pursued my search further, I should somewhere come across the offer of a course in a subject even so irrelevant and remote as that mentioned above.

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course in the humanities as the resources of a small college can supply make aspirations for a more miscellaneous curriculum unnecessary and undesirable.

As a social organism, the small college is distinctly to be preferred to its larger rival. The personality of the teachers has a much greater opportunity for wholesome influence. Every member of the staff may become directly acquainted with each student in the college. The size of the institution not only allows friendly intercourse between tutors and undergraduates, but directly invites it. Further, it is possible for the undergraduates themselves to enjoy all the social advantages of academic life without splitting up into cliques or creating artificial associations. The college itself is the true fraternity.

It is somewhat surprising that, in the discussion of this question, so little advantage is taken of the lessons of experience in the working of small colleges outside America. In reading educational books and reviews, one frequently comes across lists of distinguished men who have been produced by the small colleges of New England. Every one, for example, is familiar with Webster's famous tribute to Dartmouth. No attention, however, is called to the significant fact that nearly all the eminent men in old England who received any kind or degree of academic culture received it in small colleges. To this day, the higher education of the country is principally given in colleges which teach a very moderate number of students. According to the latest statistics to which I have access, there are in Oxford five colleges of less than 100 undergraduates each, eleven of between 100 and 200, three of between 200 and 300, and one (Christ Church) of between 300 and 400. I have not counted in this list the non-collegiate students (practically an additional college) with 200, five halls with an average of 20, and All Souls with its 5 Bible clerks. At Cambridge there are eight colleges of less than 100, six of between 100 and 200, three of between 200 and 300, and one (Trinity) of nearly 700. The three halls average 18, and the non-collegiates reach a total of 113. When Jowett went up to Balliol, that college had only about 80 undergraduate names on its books. The whole of the tuition was given by five tutors, but "the nerve and backbone of the teaching" lay with Tait and Scott. What intellectual vigor is possible to so small a college, with so small a tutorial staff, may be estimated from the fact that among Jowett's contemporaries at Balliol were such men as Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Stafford Henry Northcote, Frederick Temple, John Duke Coleridge, and Arthur Hugh Clough.

It will probably be said that the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, being constituents of a large university system, afford no parallel to the case of the small colleges of America. It must be admitted that the difference is important, but its significance should not be exaggerated. If we inquire in what way the life of an Oxford undergraduate is affected by the fact that he is a member not only of a college, but of a university, we find that the university (*a*) fixes the curriculum for his degree and appoints the examiners; (*b*) enables him to go outside his own college for some of his lectures; (*c*) provides him with opportunities for study in the Bodleian Library, the Museum, scientific laboratories, etc.; and (*d*) enlarges the scope of his social acquaintances, and makes possible intercollegiate competition in sports. On the other hand, his own college gives him the most valuable part of his preparation for the schools, and, in the opinion of many, the most valuable part also of his social life. In his reading for Moderations and Greats he attends some outside lectures, where the audience may number a hundred; but as a rule he gets more out of the informal catechetical teaching given to

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groups of ten or twelve in the classrooms of his own college, and from the correction of the essays, exercises in composition, etc., which he takes periodically to his own tutor. The system of combined lectures, begun a little more than thirty years ago by an agreement between Balliol and New, has given lecturers an opportunity of more special preparation; but the coöperative method is not without its drawbacks, for if the new lecturer knows more about his subject, the old lecturer knew more about his men. And it is essential never to lose sight of the principle that what we are seeking to cultivate is, not letters, or science, or art, but the individual man.

It is commonly recognized that a considerable section of a liberal education is that which students owe, not to their tutors, but to one another. This, too, is for the most part obtained within the walls of the college of which they are members. The smallest college includes men who have come from different schools, who live in different counties, who hold different religious opinions, who are of different grades in society, and who anticipate very different careers in later life. It is in the mingling of these diverse elements that the social intercourse of a college operates most healthily. The acquaintances a freshman is most likely to make among out-college men do not add so much variety to his knowledge of the world. They are probably old school friends, or they share his own interests and tastes: it may be the love of chess, or a passion for political oratory at the Union, or zeal for the propagation of High Church doctrines, or enthusiasm for the æsthetic possibilities of the banjo. No outside associations will contribute to his education more of what is fresh and unfamiliar than will meet him daily on his own staircase. A small college puts upon him the compulsion of this broadening social intercourse. A large college, on the other hand, from its very size, provides less variety: it is impossible for all the men to know one another, and they assort themselves accordingly into cliques, along the lines of some sectional interest.

The average undergraduate is little affected by that side of the work of the university which is concerned with research in subjects outside the usual curriculum of a liberal education. It is by all means desirable that a great seat of learning should provide opportunities of information, for those who wish it, respecting the original text of the Vedic scriptures or the tribal customs of the Patagonians; but the ordinary student cares for none of these things, nor is it well that he should. He has come to Oxford for a definite purpose, — he will not pass that way again, — and his tutor will see that nothing, even on the plea of intellectual curiosity or rare versatility, is allowed to interfere with the plain work mapped out for him. He may obtain permission now and then to hear a professorial lecture on some out-of-the-way subject that appeals to him, but not to the damage of his legitimate reading. The main contribution that Oxford and Cambridge have hitherto made to the life of the nation has been the character of the men whom they have sent into Parliament, into the administration of government at home and abroad, into the professions, and into the highest class of journalism. That great public service would scarcely be impaired if the whole of the university professorial system — as distinguished from the college tutorial system — were abolished. Such as it has been, it is the fruit of the intense culture of the small colleges.[1] "My ac-

[1] An exception must be made in the case of natural science, which is mainly taught in the university museum, as few colleges possess laboratories of their own. I believe, also, that of late years the work of university professors and readers in history has been arranged with more direct reference than formerly to the needs of undergraduates.

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quaintance with universities which have no colleges," wrote Goldwin Smith several years ago, "has confirmed my sense of the value of these little communities, not only as places for social training and for the formation of friendships (no unimportant object, and one which a college serves far better than a students' club), but as affording to students personal superintendence and aid which they miss under a purely professorial system."

After every allowance has been made for the difference in the traditions of the two countries and in their present requirements, the history of higher education in England may reasonably be interpreted as lending support to the belief that in America also the day of the small college is not, and never will be, past. It is not an ephemeral accident in the development of educational science, but stands for certain essential and permanent elements of culture. Its methods may be modified every decade, but no processes of expansion in politics or trade will alter its main purpose, or make obsolete its contribution to the national life. Indeed, the enthusiasm for education which so distinguishes the public opinion of America, and the increasing prosperity of the country, bestowing as it does upon a much larger number of young men the leisure and means requisite for an uninterrupted academic career, set before the small college greater opportunities than ever. But it can only seize the occasion by the deliberate recognition of its distinct function. "Know thyself" is the best counsel that any of its friends can offer at this juncture. Its clear aim must be to cultivate the intellect and the character, rather than to enlarge the bounds of knowledge respecting the crustacea or the Greek particles, or to make the graduation of its students synchronize with their qualification as lawyers or physicians. Accordingly, it will not endeavor to transform itself into either a miniature university or a miniature polytechnic. It will meet the demands of the new century, not by extending its curriculum, but by compressing it. It will increase by decreasing. It will not need to wait for a richer endowment that it may continue and heighten its patriotic service, but it will turn its present revenues to more concentrated and efficient uses. Unless it is exceptionally wealthy, it will not spend much money upon buildings; it will put every available dollar into the quality of its teaching. It will be content with a much shorter list of names on its register than is now commonly considered necessary for a respectable institution, but it will employ such a matriculation test as will insure that its energies will not be wasted in the attempt to give a higher education to men who are lacking either in the capacity or in the preparation required to profit by it. It will have the courage to reduce by one half the number of its courses, and to abolish several of its chairs, giving more adequate remuneration to the professors that remain. It will thus make the work of its staff more thorough and more permanent. Teachers of the highest quality will then find within its walls ample scope for a life career. In a word, what is needed that the tree may bear richer fruit is, not the outgrowth of more branches, but the application of the pruning knife.

There will, of course, be considerable difference of opinion as to the ideal curriculum of a college whose work is thus intensified and deepened. The president of such an institution — unless he has been appointed mainly on the ground of his merits as a smart business hustler — will presumably have a sufficient understanding of educational problems to be able to gauge the local situation, and to perceive in what way the resources at his command can be most profitably applied. Obviously, much will depend upon the stage of culture that has been reached by the average freshman. The small college which I have in my mind,

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however, as the general type of an institution attempting to give as liberal and thorough a preparation for life as is possible on a restricted income, would devote itself almost exclusively to the teaching of the humanities. It would accordingly need to spend nothing on laboratories or on professorships of the natural sciences. "Then you would omit science altogether from the curriculum?" By no means. Science and the natural sciences are not synonyms. The word "science," rightly employed, indicates a sound method of investigating truth rather than a particular kind of truth. Its value for culture (as distinct from professional training) is in this habitual use of the scientific method much more than in the acquisition of a collection of facts. Courses in philosophy and history, in the hands of a competent teacher, would afford ample opportunity for the cultivation of the scientific habit of mind, and for instruction in the classification and management of material. "But would not the curriculum you suggest, so far from giving a liberal education, be so narrow that it would itself become an example of the very specialization which you condemn, except for the university and the technical school?" An objection of this kind would have had force at a time when the teaching of humane letters was scarcely more than a survival of the methods of mediæval scholasticism; but gerund-grinding and logic-chopping no longer constitute what is meant by a course in "the humanities." In a well-devised curriculum, the combination of such diverse yet closely allied subjects as language, literature, history, and philosophy makes it possible to appeal to a great variety of tastes and to train a great variety of gifts. In such a course, every one will find something that will be entirely congenial and arouse his enthusiasm, as well as something that will supply wholesome practice in working against the grain. Reactionary as such a confession of faith will appear in the eyes of many, I believe that even in the twentieth century a small college might be quite abreast of the times if it made Greek and Latin the staple of its lectures, allotting the first two years to scholarship and literature, and then spending the other two upon philosophy and history concurrently. The interests of English and other modern languages would not suffer to the degree that some might suppose by their being left to the spontaneous attention of the student in his leisure; assuming, of course, that he had obtained some knowledge of them before his matriculation. Not only is translation from and into Greek and Latin — I do not refer to the abomination of construing — the best possible training in the writing of English prose, but the study of the ancient classics under the guidance of a true scholar has its result in such a critical judgment and such an appreciation of real literature as can at once be brought to bear upon modern problems. The preparation for the Oxford school of Litteræ Humaniores does not include a single lesson in any modern language or literature; but what curriculum, in England or America, has turned out a larger proportion of writers of idiomatic English or of competent literary critics? Would Matthew Arnold have acquired a truer insight into the genius of the great writers of France and Germany, or a firmer mastery of English style, if the Balliol of his day, instead of insisting on his studying Homer and Aristotle, had invited him to a course in contemporary European novelists?

In any case, whether modern languages and literatures are given equal attention with the classics or are regarded as ancillary, the small college of the type I have been attempting to describe will make much of the study of the humanities, and will emphasize the value of intellectual discipline. It will persistently refuse to model its programme upon the eclecticism of an afternoon's shopping

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at the department store, — one article picked up on the second floor, another on the fifth, another on the sixth, and all sent home together by the same carrier. It will resist the forces of disintegration, and will avoid the danger of making the education of the individual, as Bishop Percival has so aptly put it, "the development of his strongest proclivities rather than his highest qualities." In this way, it will lay a solid foundation for future edification in the university or training school; or, to revert to an earlier figure, it will weld the native iron into steel ready to be fashioned into tools of skill. Those among its alumni who, either through circumstances or by choice, do not, after graduation, turn to some specialized pursuit will at any rate have received an education that has inspired them with loftier ideals, and incalculably multiplied the possibilities of their service to the commonwealth. Such a college will not be unworthy the devotion of the ablest and most cultivated members of the teaching profession. Sometimes, it may be, it will have to witness for the truth in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation; sometimes it will be sorely tempted to forsake its providential path for shorter cuts to popular favor; sometimes it will find it hard not to envy the easier methods and noisier fame of rivals which set profits before profit; but always it will be supported by the assurance that, in seeking to refine and ennoble the life of coming generations, it is laboring for the highest end to which the human mind can be consecrated.

Herbert W. Horwill.

WELLINGTON.

Lord Rosebery gives us the Last Phase of Napoleon. Sir Herbert Maxwell gives us a new Life of Wellington, in a notice of which the Quarterly Review, the last place in which we should have expected to see the Tory hero freely handled, gives us what has been paraphrased as the ungilding of the Iron Duke.

The two masters of war who met at Waterloo to decide the destinies of Europe were as strongly as possible contrasted in character. Napoleon, a man of extraordinary genius as well as of marvelous fortunes, was as devoid as it was possible for any human being to be of any idea of duty except that of the duty of others to himself, and as regardless as it was possible for any human being to be of the restraints of honor and of truth. Wellington can hardly be said to have been a man of genius, unless consummate good sense deserves that name; but he never swerved from honor, never swerved from truth, never swerved from that which to him was the path — always rather a narrow and sometimes a mistaken path — of duty. The character of each man had, of course, been largely formed by his breeding and his surroundings. Wellington had been brought up at an English public school and among English gentlemen, who, with all their vices, were loyal and feared to lie. Napoleon was a Corsican who had taken service under the Jacobins, then under the Directory. He said himself that he had imbibed none of the revolutionary enthusiasm. Self-advancement, pure and simple, had been his guiding star.

Few would compare Wellington with Napoleon as a general. He can hardly be compared with Marlborough, of whom it was said that he "never fought a battle which he did not win; never besieged a city which he did not take;

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never made a movement which was not successful." Fuentes Onoro and Toulouse were doubtful victories, and Wellington besieged Burgos, but did not take it. Yet if it had been Napoleon's lot, at the outset of his career, instead of the old Austrian generals with their wooden armies, to encounter Wellington or Suwarrow, it seems not certain what the sequel would have been. Wellington probably was not capable of such brilliant combinations as Napoleon, but he was cool, wary, and indomitable. Nor was he wanting in enterprise. It is unjust to say, as Thiers does, that he was capable only of defensive war. This could hardly be true of the man who forced the passage of the Douro, swooped like an eagle upon Marmont at Salamanca, marched through Spain, shattering the French army at Vittoria, forced the barrier of the Pyrenees, and stood victorious in southern France.

That war is hell Wellington knew as well as General Sherman. But in justice it must be said that he did what in him lay to keep it within the bounds of humanity. He is not responsible for the outrage which soldiers, maddened by the fury of storm, committed at Badajos and St. Sebastian.

Account must be taken of the political element in war power. Napoleon, Frederick the Great, Cæsar, Alexander, combining political supremacy with military command, had, as generals, a perfectly free hand. When Wellington said that Napoleon's personal presence in Spain would be equal to twenty thousand men, what he meant was, that whereas the marshals were trammeled by superior authority or divided command, Napoleon's war would be controlled by a single will, which would at the same time be master of all the resources of the state. Wellington had to contend with the attacks of the Opposition in Parliament and of its press, and with the shortcomings of the government, which, though it showed aristocratic tenacity by its persistence in the war, was feeble in its war policy and in its support of its commanders. His brother, Lord Wellesley, was a support to him. When all was over, Wellington loyally refused to lend his name to aspersions of the government. He even went so far as to bestow upon it high praise. But at the time he had bitter complaints to make, and bitter reason for making them. After Vimeiro, the fruits of victory were plucked from his grasp by the safe seniorities whom the government had put over the head of capacity. He had always to walk warily, and could hardly give his genius fair play, because there would have been nothing to sustain him if he had fallen. Napoleon answered for his miscarriages to nobody. After the Russian campaign and Leipsic he remained master. Nor had Wellington the power of promoting capacity even among those who served under him. He complained that he could not appoint a corporal. The provisional government of Spain, with which it was his hard lot to coöperate, was literally worse than worthless; its conduct was so imbecile, so fatuous, and so faithless that Wellington's self-control must have been adamantine, or it would utterly have broken down. Wellington had to see his men starving while the Spanish government had abundance of supplies. The Spanish generals were almost as bad as the government. Their conceit and fractiousness were equal to their incapacity. One of them, by a wayward act of disobedience, threw away half the fruits of Salamanca. Whatever there was heroic, patriotic, or even respectable in Spanish resistance had its seat, not in the government, the commanders, or the upper classes, but in the people. From that same quarter perhaps regeneration may one day come to Spain.

Carlyle's description of the officers of the British army as valiant cocked hats upon a pole was generally applicable to those whom Wellington had under his

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command, though the trials of the war, forcing capacity to the front, gave him some able lieutenants, such as Crawfurd, Hardinge, Pakenham, and Graham. He was himself about the only man in the British army who had received even a smattering of military education. The officers generally, appointed by patronage, were wholly uninstructed, and, moreover, according to the fashion of the times, largely given to drinking. They often got their commissions when they were very young. A boy went at fourteen from Eton to Waterloo. His letter from the field to his mother was: "Dear mamma, cousin John and I are all right. I never saw anything like it in my life." It is true Wellington had no right to complain of the results of patronage, for he upheld the system on aristocratic grounds.

Macaulay, in his description of the battle of Landen, expatiates on the bodily infirmities of the two generals, William of Orange and Luxemburg, which he deems a striking proof of the extent to which strength of body had been superseded by powers of mind as the qualification for leadership in war. "It is probable," he says, "that among the one hundred and twenty thousand soldiers who were marshaled round Neerwinden under all the standards of western Europe, the two feeblest in body were the hunchbacked dwarf who urged forward the fiery onset of France, and the asthmatic skeleton who covered the slow retreat of England." A modern commander is not required, like Achilles or Ajax, to distinguish himself by his personal prowess; to wield arms which no other mortal could wield, or to hurl stones bigger than any other mortal could hurl. The telescope, to the general of to-day, is sword and spear; his charger is a hack, though sculpture persists in representing its military subjects as bestriding rampant steeds. Still, a modern general must have physical vigor enough to sustain great and protracted exertion, bodily as well as mental. Napoleon, as Lord Rosebery tells us, had physical vigor enough to fight Alvinzi for five days without taking off his boots. His stomach, as the same authority assures us, was capable of enduring the severest trials. Brillat-Savarin, in his Physiologie du Goût, has alluded to the unwholesome haste with which the great conqueror swallowed his meals.

In vigor Wellington vied with Napoleon. He started, Sir Herbert Maxwell tells us, at seven A. M., rode to a place twenty-eight miles distant, here held a review, and was back at the place from which he had started, for dinner, between four and five P. M. He galloped twenty-six miles and back to see whether damage had been done to a pontoon train. He rode seventeen miles in two hours from Freneda to Ciudad Rodrigo, where he dined, gave a ball, and supped; was in the saddle again at three A. M.; galloped back to Freneda by six, and was doing business again at noon. He rose regularly at six, and wrote till nine; and after dinner wrote again from nine till twelve. It must be essential to every general, and indeed to every man who is bearing a heavy load of anxious business, to be a good sleeper. Napoleon was a first-rate sleeper; so was Pitt; so was Brougham; so was Mr. Gladstone; so was Wellington. At Salamanca, Wellington, having given his order for the battle, said to his aide-de-camp: "Watch the French through your glass, Fitzroy. I am going to take a rest. When they reach that copse near the gap in the hills, wake me." Then he lay down, and was fast asleep in a minute. In the midst of the critical operations before Waterloo, feeling weary, he laid himself down, put a newspaper over his face, and took a nap. In the Pyrenees, an officer who had got into a dangerous position with his guns came to the commander in chief for advice, and found him sleeping, with a box for a pillow. Wellington told him he must get out of the scrape as well

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as he could, and in a moment was asleep again. As if his military exertions were not enough, Wellington kept a pack of hounds in the Peninsula, and keenly pursued the sport, provisions for which are curiously intermingled with the cares of a commander in chief. It is suggested that all the time his mind was at work on his campaign. But if it was, he must have exceeded in his powers of mental abstraction all other men who have followed a fox. It is remarkable that he never was a good rider, and when he rode with hounds in England he was often parted from his saddle. He did not like this to be noticed, and turned his back upon a friend who, seeing him thrown, came up to express his hope that he was not hurt. He made the mistake of riding across country in military fashion, with long stirrups. A farmer, one day, seeing him thrown, came up to him and said: "I see yer Grace often parted from yer saddle. You should tak' yer stirrups up shorter, and ride as I do." The reply is not recorded.

It would be the height of imprudence in a civilian to touch the everlasting controversy about the Waterloo campaign. Wellington was reticent on the subject. It appears to be admitted that he had reasons for his reticence, and that it has never been thoroughly explained why, when all manifestly depended on the result of a pitched battle, he and Blücher allowed themselves to be caught apart. All critics seem agreed that if d'Erlon's corps, on the day of Quatre Bras, instead of being bandied to and fro between Quatre Bras and Ligny, had been brought to bear on either of those fields, the result must have been disastrous to the Allies. It is generally admitted, also, that Wellington would have been in great peril had Napoleon, after Ligny, instead of lingering on the field and talking about Parisian politics, pressed on with the vigor and celerity of his early days. On the other hand, it is a platitude to say that Waterloo would not have been won by Wellington if the Prussians had not come up, since it was in well-founded assurance of Blücher's junction with him that Wellington accepted battle. Wellington was certainly not taken by surprise. He knew that the enemy had passed the Sambre and was advancing. But he admitted that Napoleon had "humbugged" him; that is, probably, that he had been deceived as to Napoleon's line of advance. Blame is laid on the Prussian General Zieten, who, it is said, left Wellington for twelve hours without the intelligence which he ought to have given.

In numbers there was no great disparity between the two armies, but in other respects the disparity was great, and allowance must always be made for Wellington on that ground. Napoleon's seventy-one thousand men were all Frenchmen, and probably as good soldiers as he had ever commanded. Of Wellington's sixty-seven thousand, twenty-four thousand only were British, and of these a part were raw. The rest was made up of other nationalities, including seventeen thousand Dutch Belgians, who were untrustworthy, and most of whom ran away. An attempt has been made to rehabilitate the Dutch Belgians on the strength of their returns of killed; but it seems that in the killed they included the missing. Napoleon was vastly superior to Wellington in artillery, having two hundred and forty-six guns, while Wellington had only a hundred and fifty-six. He was greatly superior, also, in cavalry.

It is pretty evident that Wellington, at the critical juncture, felt that the situation was grave. Nevertheless he kept his head, remained cool as usual, and when he felt sleepy could take his nap. That on the evening before the battle he rode from Waterloo to Blücher's headquarters, to receive from Blücher an assurance of support, is a story long current, but evidently without foundation.

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It is "a lie with a circumstance;" for a part of it is that when, after the long ride, Wellington, dismounting from his horse, Copenhagen, gave the horse a slap on the flank, Copenhagen showed his bottom and mettle by kicking at him. Copenhagen ended his days as a discharged veteran, in a paddock at Strathfieldsaye. His portrait hung on the wall in the mansion. A visitor asked Wellington's heir whether that was not Copenhagen. "Yes," was the irreverent answer, "a d——d low-shouldered brute." Copenhagen was a half Arab, and horses of that breed, it is believed, are apt to be low in the shoulder.

Wellington freely exposed his person at Waterloo, had narrow escapes, and was forced to take refuge in a square. When a cannon shot took off Lord Fitzroy Somerset's right arm, he was riding with his left arm touching the duke's right. When Lord Uxbridge lost his leg, the cannon shot passed over the withers of Copenhagen. "By God, I've lost my leg!" cried Uxbridge. "Have you, by God?" was the duke's reply. "The finger of Providence," he afterward said, "was upon me, and I escaped unhurt." His biographer observes that this is one of the very few cases in which he paid the Almighty the compliment of a pious reference, though he often swore by his name.

The late Lady Dukinfield, niece of Crawfurd, Wellington's commissary general, and named "*la belle Anglaise*," — justly, as all who see her portrait will own, — was one of the last two survivors of the ball at Brussels. Her memory remained perfectly clear. Her testimony was conclusive as to the fact that the advance of the French was known at the ball, and that the duke had wished the ball to take place to prevent a stampede such as afterward occurred at Brussels. On the day of Waterloo, she, with her father, who was a diplomatist, was dining with the Prince de Condé, when news came that the British had been totally defeated, and the French were advancing on Brussels. The prince at once left the table, and ordered his carriage. Lady Dukinfield's father hurried her to their lodgings, and ordered his. But the horses had been stolen. Later in the day they got horses, and were on their road to Ghent when authentic news arrived of the British victory. The road, Lady Dukinfield said, was crowded with fugitives. The scare is commonly ascribed to the rush into Brussels of Dutch-Belgian runaways from the field. Another account is that a portion of d'Erlon's corps, having been taken prisoners early in the day, were passed to the British rear, and being seen in their French uniforms on the Brussels road, were supposed to have carried the British position.

It never occurred to the writer to ask Lady Dukinfield where the ball had taken place, he not supposing that there could be any doubt upon the subject. Since her death there has been a controversy on the question. Some have supposed that it was held in a great loft over a coach house. But if this had been the case, Byron, who must have known, could hardly have made "Brunswick's fated chieftain" sit "within a windowed niche of that high hall," — a phrase inapplicable to a loft over a coach house.

As a statesman, Wellington is generally held to have been a failure, and he is cited as a notable example of the unfitness of camp training for political life. Curiously enough, he is the only military Prime Minister that England, an old war power, has ever had, for Stanhope, though a soldier, was not distinguished in war; while in the United States, an industrial community, military distinction has made several Presidents, and the other day was not far from putting Admiral Dewey, without any civil qualification, at the head of the state. Wellington, however, was no mere son of the camp. In his earlier days he had sat in

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Parliament and had been Irish Secretary. In the Peninsula he had proved himself a first-rate administrator and man of business, and had shown great diplomatic skill and temper in his dealings with the Spanish and Portuguese governments. More than this, as a European statesman he had played a leading part in the resettlement of Europe after the overthrow of Napoleon, and had enjoyed in a supreme degree the confidence of the allied sovereigns, who continued to pay the utmost deference to his judgment. The wisdom of his European policy, which was undoubtedly Bourbonist and Tory, is a different question. If he erred, as the sequel certainly showed that he did, he erred not only with Metternich and Pozzo di Borgo, but with Talleyrand. Nor was he the most reactionary of that conclave. His good sense penetrated their hypocrisy and repelled their chimeras. When, under the inspiration of the sentimental Czar, they proposed to reorganize the world on Christian principles, his answer was that the British Parliament would require something more distinct. When victory brought him into the South of France, he steadfastly refused to declare for the Bourbons, or to accept any advances of their party, before the question of resettlement had been determined by the Allies. He never gave way to military ambition, or did anything to inflame the military spirit. His foreign policy as a minister was pacific, and he strongly opposed the fatal Afghan war.

Some time before his acceptance of the premiership, he had said that he would be mad if he ever did accept it, — a declaration which, when he had become Premier, his adversaries did not allow him to forget. But this was little more than an exaggerated disclaimer of ambitious intentions at the time. His fame as well as his popularity would probably have gained if he had never left the Horse Guards for Downing Street. He was by no means inclined to sabre sway; suspicions of that kind were wholly unfounded. He was thoroughly loyal to the constitution as he conceived it, and to the supremacy of the civil power. But he was accustomed to military methods of dealing with situations and with men. Though not a political reactionist, like Polignac, whom he regarded as a fool, he was a thoroughgoing Tory, and an opponent of all change, upon the eve of an inevitable reform. Nor did he ever clearly recognize the existence of parliamentary government. He always regarded himself as the servant of the crown, — not of the people; and he was ready, at the call of loyalty to the crown, to hold or assume office in the most desperate situation against the declared will of the nation and the principles of the parliamentary constitution. On the other hand, he had the good sense, unlike Croker and the more fanatical reactionists, to accept the new order of things, and, in coöperation with Peel, to use his supremacy in the House of Lords for the purposes of inculcating submission to the inevitable and averting dangerous collisions. This he did notably in regard to the questions of municipal reform, reform of the Poor Law, and afterward of the Repeal of the Corn Laws. His power over the House of Lords was almost absolute. In those days of voting by proxy he had sixty proxies in his own pocket. The wave of his baton was enough. To an anxious inquiry as to the probable fate of Catholic Emancipation, when it went up from the Commons to the Lords, the answer was: "There is no fear; the command will be given, 'Attention! Dress! Right about face! March!' and the thing will be done." As it happened, Wellington's military habits proved, in a certain sense, advantageous to him as a statesman. Recognizing Peel as his commander in chief, he was ready to do what Peel pronounced necessary, even against his own sentiments and convictions. This he did on the great issue of the Repeal of the

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Corn Laws, clothing his submission in his usual phrase, that the question was, "not about the Corn Law or any other law, but how the Queen's government was to be carried on."

Though a ready writer, the duke was not a ready speaker, and in debate was much beholden to the reporters. Those who have little command of language are apt to say sometimes less, sometimes more, than they mean. Wellington probably said more than he meant when, at a critical juncture of the question of parliamentary reform, the true policy of his party being the introduction of a moderate measure, he, excited in debate, vehemently declared that the constitution was as perfect as the wit of men could make it; that if he were called upon to frame a constitution, that was the constitution which he would frame; and that he would oppose to the uttermost any sort of change. He did not himself understand the sensation which he had made, and when he sat down asked Lord Aberdeen what it meant. Lord Aberdeen replied with words and a gesture of despair.

This, however, must be said with regard to his opposition to parliamentary reform: that he did, at all events, in his antiquated way, look into the heart of the matter. He asked how, when the sweeping change had been made, the Queen's government was to be carried on. That was a question with which even a political philosopher like Macaulay forgot to deal, while he proved with brilliant lucidity that it was absurd to give representatives to Gatton and Old Sarum when they were denied to Manchester and Birmingham.

Wellington's resistance to Catholic Emancipation did not arise from religious bigotry; it was purely political. There was therefore no violation of conscience in his concession. Nor can he be truly said to have been swayed by fear; that was not his weak point. He must have known that he had the means of physical resistance. But he saw that the state of things could not last, and, like a man of sense, gave way. As Irish Secretary, he had deplored the divided state of Ireland, and had dwelt strongly on the necessity for union of parties, though he failed to see that the first condition of union was justice.

Though devoted to the service of the crown, which may be said almost to have been his religion, the duke was no courtier. He thoroughly despised George IV., whose unveracity must have been particularly hateful to him. The story was current that the King, in his last years, became the dupe of his own inventive imagination so far as to fancy that he had commanded a regiment at Waterloo, and used to appeal to the duke for confirmation; and that the duke used to reply, "So your Majesty has often told me."

The belief that Canning had been slyly insinuating himself into the good graces of George IV., with a view to the premiership, was probably the main cause of Wellington's quarrel with him. The duke showed himself on this occasion, as he too often did, captious and suspicious. It must be owned, on the other hand, that in Canning there was, with all his brilliant qualities and titles to admiration, a certain tendency to intrigue. Nothing could be more uncongenial to the duke, who might have said with Achilles that he hated like hell the man who uttered one thing, and had another in his mind.

From Peel, also, Wellington was for some time estranged, though there was no quarrel. Both were somewhat touchy and suspicious. There was, however, a perfect reconciliation in the end. Wellington's hearty acceptance of Peel as a leader, and loyal coöperation with him, after having been Premier himself, are a fine trait in his character. The continuance of his military supremacy would no doubt help to reconcile him to his political subordination.

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A high aristocrat, in a certain sense, Wellington was, but it was not as a duke; it was as an English gentleman, a member of that social caste. "More than all I am an English gentleman," was his winding up of his list of titles to consideration, when he suspected an affront. The badge and the religious obligation of that caste, when its honor was touched, was dueling. Pitt fought Tierney; Canning fought Castlereagh; and Wellington, when his honor seemed to be questioned by Winchelsea called him out. But on the last occasion dueling, at least between people of that rank, was nearly out of date.

The unpopularity caused by the duke's resistance to parliamentary reform soon passed away, when his good sense had led him to accept the change and make the best of the new system. He became once more a national idol. Only the iron shutters which had been put up at Apsley House, to prevent the windows from being broken by the mob, remained monuments of former unpleasantness, and mute protests on the duke's part against popular injustice. Looking out from the windows of Apsley House, he could behold his equestrian statue surmounting the arch at the top of Constitution Hill. A Frenchman seeing that statue might have felt that Waterloo was avenged.

Wellington was wholly devoid of literary interests and sympathies. There has seldom been a more ridiculous piece of servility than that of which the Tory University of Oxford was guilty in electing him its chancellor. To mark the absurdity, at his inauguration he put on his academical cap wrong side before, and made false quantities in reading his Latin speech. He paid the penalty of his incongruous elevation by being, to use his own phrase, "much exposed to literary men," who pelted him with their dedications and petitions. He was equally devoid of taste. The church at Strathfieldsaye, which is in the park, had been put up by the former owner, Lord Rivers. It was a strange cruciform structure, in a highly unecclesiastical style, surmounted by a cupola. The duke's nephew, Gerald Wellesley, was the rector. Being a man of ecclesiastical tastes, he had often begged the duke to put up something more like a church; but the duke had always refused. At last, one day, at luncheon, after service, the duke said: "Gerald, I begin to think you are right. That building does not look like a church. I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll put a steeple upon it." Gerald recurred no more to the subject.

Once, at least, Wellington said a good thing. When he first went to the court of Louis XVIII., the French marshals whom he had defeated turned their backs upon him. The King apologized for their rudeness. "Never mind, your Majesty," replied Wellington; "they have got into the habit, and they can't get out of it."

As a writer, however, the duke was, in his own line, excellent. A selection of his papers may be read with advantage, not by military men alone. They bring you into contact with a strong character, thoroughly upright and veracious, a clear intelligence, and firmness of purpose, all expressing themselves in a calm but vigorous style.

The quantity which he wrote in miscellaneous correspondence and otherwise, we are told by Sir Herbert Maxwell, was astounding. Mr. Croker having sent him a number of pamphlets on foreign affairs, with a request for his criticism, the duke replied on sixty sides of large letter paper. It is computed that he used up hundredweights of gilt-edged letter and note paper, the drafts being duly retained, indorsed, and filed, usually in his own handwriting. To an unknown quack who sent him a box of salves he replies: —

SIR, — I have received your letter and the box of salves, etc., which you have

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sent me. This last will be returned to you by the coach of Monday. I beg you to accept my best thanks for your attention. I think that you and I have some reason to complain of the Editors of Newspapers. One of them thought proper to publish an account of me, that I was affected by a Rigidity of the Muscles of the Face. You have decided that the disorder must be *Tic douloureux*, for which you send me your salve as a remedy. I have no disorder in my face. I am affected by the Lumbago or Rheumatism in my Loins, shoulders, neck, and back, a disorder to which many are liable who have passed days and nights exposed to the Weather in bad Climates. I am attended by the best medical Advisers in England, and I must attend to their advice. I cannot make use of Salves sent to me by a Gentleman however respectable of whom I know nothing, and who knows nothing of the Case excepting what he reads in the Newspapers.

To a lady who sent a box to Apsley House the reply is: —

WALMER CASTLE, *3rd November*, 1849.

Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Miss Jane Fyffe. He has this morning received in a deal box her letter of 3rd October. He has long been under the necessity of preventing his house being made the deposit of all the trash that is manufactured or made up. Giving money is one thing — receiving into his house all the trash made up is quite a different one! To the latter he will not submit. He invariably returns everything sent to his house without his previous permission, if he can discover the mode of doing so. But there is no direct communication between this place and Edinburgh. The deal case was brought down here from the duke's house in London, the duke is ignorant in what manner. He desires Miss Fyffe to inform him in what manner it is to be returned to Edinburgh. He gives notice that if he does not receive an answer by return of post, the box and its contents will be thrown into the fire. He will not allow things to be sent to his house without his previous consent.

It is difficult to understand how a powerful mind can have stooped to such trivialities. But the most astonishing thing of all is the correspondence with Miss Jenkins. Miss Jenkins was a young lady, fashionably educated, beautiful, emotional, and a religious zealot. Having converted a murderer, she thought she had a mission to convert public characters, and first of all the duke. The result was a correspondence, alternating with interviews, of a most absurd and twaddling kind, which lasted for seventeen years. Doubts have naturally been raised as to the authenticity of the letters; but Sir Herbert Maxwell is satisfied the letters are authentic. As the duke was far from religious, the only explanation suggested is amatory, and he was certainly weak on that side. Failing intellect must also surely have played a part.

There is not much character in his handwriting; at last it grew illegible. He wrote to his household at Strathfieldsaye, bidding them get from the neighboring town, Reading, something, — the word for which they could not read, — and put it up before his arrival. His household, fearing to tell him that his writing was illegible, imitated the mysterious word as well as they could, and said that it was not to be had in Reading; whereupon there came down from London a set of bell ropes.

His irreligion once brought upon him a pastoral exhortation from Dr. Philpotts, the Bishop of Exeter, whose own religion was rather pugilistic. The duke replied at length and in a style of Christian humility; saying that he was not ostentatious or a Bible Society man, but

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that he gave large sums in charity, and went to church wherever his presence could operate as an example, — never being absent from divine service at Walmer, or at Strathfieldsaye, or in any place in the country where his presence or absence could be observed. The last place at which the present writer saw him was at the door of Strathfieldsaye church, after service. One of the party told him of the death of an old general who had served with him. He looked for a moment rather grave, as if he felt that death had knocked at his own door. Then he cheered up, said, "Ah! He was a very old man," put his arm in that of Lady Douro, and stumped away with an air of physical reassurance. A religious enthusiast he was far enough from being. Recommending his old army chaplain for preferment, he said that Methodism had more than once broken out in his army, but, by the judicious exertions of his chaplain, had been suppressed. He did not know how Methodists had fought at Fontenoy.

The duke had no sentiment and little affection. As a husband and father he was cold. His marriage had been one of honor. As a youth, in Ireland, he had won the heart of a very pretty but frivolous girl. After twelve years of absence abroad, he came back to find her, as he was assured by a matchmaking lady, waiting for him, though she had rejected him before, and to renew the offer of his hand. That her beauty had been marred by the smallpox seems not to have been the fact; but it was the sort of beauty that would be greatly marred by years. As much affection as he could feel for anybody he felt for his daughter-in-law, Lady Douro. Female connections he had, and this is a part of his life over which biographers throw a veil. Allowance must be made for the habits of the eighteenth century, in which his notions had been formed. The most unamiable feature of his character, and the most aristocratic in the worst sense, was his want of feeling for the soldiers to whom he owed so much. He would even speak of them in almost brutal terms, as a pack of vagabonds who cared for nothing but drink, and could be kept in order only by the fear of corporal punishment. They naturally, while they thoroughly trusted him, and hailed the appearance of his hooked nose as a pledge of victory, loved him not. During his long reign at the Horse Guards he did little to promote their comfort, which very greatly needed promoting. He stood up obstinately till the last for the brutal and degrading punishment of the lash, which was carried to an extent incredibly cruel, and which experience has since shown to have been totally needless. He failed to see that the practice must deter decent men from enlisting. In his parsimony of medals and military decorations there may have been more reason. He was laughed at for saying that you would have every fellow trying to distinguish himself. But what he meant was sensible enough: it was that, in striving after individual distinction, men would cease to be faithful to the common plan. There were, in fact, instances of this, if we were not misinformed, in the American Civil War. There was something, at all events, to be said for parsimony, against the prodigality which at present prevails. Medals are now solicited and given for a campaign without an enemy, and even for a defeat in a petty skirmish.

Wellington's personal tastes and habits, like those of most great men, were very simple. He cared not for show or pomp of any kind. Instead of building a counterpart of Blenheim, for which money had been voted, he bought and improved Strathfieldsaye, a common country gentleman's house. In his diet he was very abstemious, even to the injury, it appears, of his health. He of course kept a first-rate French cook for his guests. The cook, it was said, one day suddenly resigned. The duke, in as-

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tonishment, asked the reason. Was his salary insufficient? "No, my salary is very handsome. But I am not appreciated. I cook your dinner myself, — a dinner fit for a king. You say nothing. I go out and leave the undercook to cook your dinner. He gives you a dinner fit for a pig. You say nothing. I am not appreciated. I must go."

The duke punctually fulfilled every duty of life, that of country gentleman among the rest. When, business permitting, he came down to Strathfieldsaye, he entertained his neighbors, visited the gentry, and showed himself to his people. Familiar to the present writer, who lived in the next parish, is the figure of the F. M., with a little cape over his shoulders, riding about, making his calls and leaving his cards of ample size. As a landlord, he was not only upright, but generous in his dealings. Being told that he could buy a farm which jutted into his domain, and which he had desired, at a low price, in consequence of the pecuniary embarrassments of the owner, he answered that he did not want to take advantage of any man's pecuniary embarrassments, and directed that a fair price should be given for the farm.

At the time of the railway mania, he did not, like too many landowning members of Parliament, notably of the House of Lords, use his parliamentary influence to extort compensation for damage. He did exact a condition, which was that there should be no station within four miles of his house. This was wrong, and hard upon his poorer neighbors, who lost their stage, but it was not blackmail.

His last years as commander in chief were a senile autocracy which it would have been thought profane to disturb, though it was fatal to improvement, and had partly to answer for the breakdown in the Crimean War. When a regiment was going out to fight Kaffirs in the bush, he met the proposal to arm it with the new rifles by saying that he had done well enough with Brown Bess at Waterloo. He did not like to feel that he was growing old. His hunting stud was still kept up at Strathfieldsaye, and nobody was allowed to ride the horses but himself. When the hounds met at his place, as they did when he entertained the judges, he got upon a hunter and rode to cover. He was offended when, on account of his age, his name was omitted from the royal hunting parties.

Though he had been long declining, his death made a profound sensation. He was buried with immense pomp, which somehow rather failed to express the sentiment. Many thought that the huge catafalque was less suitable for a hero than a gun carriage. A. P. Stanley, whose taste for the moral and historical picturesque was supreme, said that the only part of the ceremony which greatly touched him was the last wave of the plume on the cocked hat, as the coffin, on which the hat lay, was lowered into the vault. It seemed to wave the farewell of a world.

Goldwin Smith.

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RAIN IN THE WOODS.

When on the leaves the rain insists,
And every gust brings showers down;
When all the woodland smokes with mists,
I take the old road out of town
Into the hills through which it twists.

I find the vale where catnip grows,
Where boneset blooms, with wetness bowed;
The vale, through which the red creek flows,
Turbid with hill-washed clay, and loud
As some wild horn a woodsman blows.

Around the root the beetle glides,
A living beryl; and the ant,
Large, agate-red, a garnet, slides
Beneath the rock; and every plant
Is roof for some frail thing that hides.

Knotlike upon the gray-barked trees
The lichen-colored moths are pressed;
And, wedged in hollow blooms, the bees
Seem clotted pollen; in its nest
The hornet creeps and lies at ease.

The locust, too, that harshly saws
The silence of the summer noon;
And katydid, that thinly draws
Its fine file o'er the bars of moon;
And grasshopper that drills each pause:

The mantis, long-clawed, furtive, lean, —
Fierce feline of the insect hordes, —
And dragon fly, gauze-winged and green,
Beneath the grape leaves and the gourds
Have housed themselves, and rest unseen.

The butterfly and forest bird
Are huddled on the same gnarled bough,
From which, like some rain-voweled word
That dampness hoarsely utters now,
The tree toad's voice is vaguely heard.

I crouch and listen; and again
The woods are filled for me with forms.
Weird, elfin shapes in train on train
Arise; and now I feel the arms
Around me of the wraiths of rain.

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They rise and drift, fantastic, fair, —
  Chill, mushroom-colored; sky and earth
Grow ghostly with their floating hair
  And limbs, — wild forms that have their birth
In wetness, fungi of the air.

O wraiths of rain! O trailing mist!
  Still fold me, hold me, and pursue!
Still let my lips by yours be kissed!
  Still draw me with your hands of dew
Unto the tryst, the dripping tryst!

Madison Cawein.

LAW-ABIDING CITIZENS.

One day, as Uncle Mac and I were standing together upon the main street of Rivertown, a burly, unkempt fellow, whose right arm was held in a dirty bandage and sling, approached us, and struck at once into the thousand and first rehearsal of his ill luck and his sufferings, ending with a proclamation of his imperative need for alms. He was a fair specimen of his class. He looked like the merest rough charcoal sketch of a man, done by an amateurish hand; his nondescript attire, loose, fatty figure, and dull face made a very inadequate sum total of manliness. His plea was addressed to Uncle Mac, as though his experience had yielded a certain power of discrimination. He was undoubtedly experienced; he spoke with a callous overconfidence, and his plaint had been so often unrolled and rewound that it was worn smooth and threadbare.

Uncle Mac listened until the woeful tale had dragged its slow length along to a conclusion; and as he listened his feet were spread apart, his hands were pushed deep into his pockets, and his blue, seeing eyes were intent upon the rude face of the beggar, who, when the last word was spoken, stood with his free hand expectantly outstretched.

"You 're a ter'ble clumsy liar," Uncle Mac said seriously. The other raised his ready hand toward heaven.

"I 'll take my oath I ain't said a word that ain't true as preachin'," he said, with bravery.

"*Some* preachin'," Uncle Mac amended. "I 'll bet four dollars there ain't a dummed thing the matter with your arm; or if there is, you 've blistered it a-purpose with med'cines, to make it look pitiful. I 've knowed your kind before now."

The beggar turned away, muttering surlily; but Uncle Mac called after him: "On honor, now, is there anything the matter with you?"

"What 's it to you?" the fellow growled. Uncle Mac's answer was to flip into the air a silver dime, which the beggar caught deftly.

"There 's just one chance you 're hungry," the good old man said, as though he felt obliged to apologize for the gift, "an' I don't like to think I 've mebbe let anybody go that-a-way. But I 'd give dollars to the man that would tell me what 's to be done with the likes of you. You won't work, nohow; an' if you don't get a livin' with beggin', you 'll take to stealin', or worse. I don' know but what the cheapest an' best way 's to give you enough to keep you from bein' hun-

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gry, because you ain't goin' to stir yourself, not even to do devilment, long as you 're kep' full o' grub. Only I do hate like sin to take what oughter be give to them that 's deservin' of it, to feed such no-'count critters as you, that ain't got no more decent pride in you than a salt codfish."

The man pocketed the coin with an air of indifferent bravado, and ambled on his way down the street, Uncle Mac gazing after him sadly.

"I ain't never thought about it till now," he said, "but we never had none like that feller out here in Nebrasky, early days. They 'd 've made a mighty poor shift. We was all too busy to stand 'round an' let chaps like him work us for suckers. There was lots o' the old-timers that wa'n't a bit backward about coaxin' each other's money away from 'em, but they done it dif'rent ways than beggin', an' I don' know but 't was fairer, all 'round: because when a feller begs from you, you don't have no show on earth 'ceptin' to dig down in your clothes an' give to him; but if he only tries to cheat it out o' you, why, you 've got as good a chance as him.

"I ain't sayin' there was such a powerful sight o' cheatin' done, neither, them days, more 'n other times, — not hardly so much, because it 's like I tol' you awhile ago: folks was on honor a good deal, an' that always makes a man pretty apt to stand up to the rack. I know I 'd trust 'most anybody, them days, a dummed sight quicker 'n I would now. But mebbe I don' know all. You see, after the Ter'tory was first opened up, there was a right smart while when we did n't have no great sight o' law, like we got now. I don' know but we was better off. Honest, I ain't never been real friendly to legislatures an' lawyers. Seems like we don't need so many of 'em. Why, they 're makin' a livin' out of it, an' they 've gone to work an' got it so a man can't hardly turn 'round, even mindin' his own business, without gettin' all balled up in a mess o' nasty little laws. I don't like it. Just as if men wa'n't goin' to be straight an' decent on their own account, without bein' made to! A man knows if a thing 's right; an' if he won't do it because it 's right, he ain't liable to do it just because it 's law, is he? You bet he ain't. I know, because I 've seen it work out. Them days, when we did n't have no laws to speak of, it just kind o' learned us we 'd got to do the best we knowed, an' look after ourselves; an' that helped us to know we 'd got to look out for other folks, too, same time. That 's a pretty good way. We got to know each other, when we wa'n't all tied up in little wads o' law to pertect us, an' we wa'n't 'feard to stand up an' let folks see what we looked like, an' what we could do for ourselves, come to a showdown. I know plenty o' folks, these times, that don't seem to think they 're obligated to do nothin' but just what the legislature tells 'em to, same as there 's them that don't feel right about doin' things unless the preacher says so. I knowed a feller once that would n't do the least little thing, way o' business, till he 'd prayed about it some. He 'd got a notion the Lord would tell him what to do. Anyway, he was one o' the 'cutest traders I ever had anything to do with: he skinned me out o' 'most two hunderd dollars once, time I bought a bunch o' cattle of him. The Lord never stood by me that-a-way; nor I don't b'lieve I 'd let him if he wanted to.

"Oh, we was law-abidin' citizens, them days!" he said, with a reminiscent chuckle. "We did n't know what the law was, nor even if there was any, an' what 's more, we did n't care; but we had a mighty big respect for it, just the same. Why, I mind a time, — early summer o' '60, I think 't was, — out on the Salt Lake trail a piece west from the river. There 'd been a passel o' hoss thieves pesterin' 'round out there 'mongst the settlers, runnin' off their critters.

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They did n't have no sense. They did n't get ketched at first, an' they reckoned they wa'n't goin' to get ketched, an' after while they got too cantankerous to live with, till by an' by the settlers got all together, an' made up a committee an' went after 'em. Two three days after that, I come along the trail with a freightin' outfit, goin' west from Omaha; an' when we got to where the trail crossed a little creek, where the willers an' cottonwoods was growin', we seen the committee 'd got two o' the gang, an' they 'd bent over some saplin's an' fixed up a little scaffoldin', an' they 'd strung their men up an' left 'em. They wa'n't very pretty to look at, right on the trail like that; but we did n't feel we had any call to monkey with 'em, us bein' strangers 'round there. But when we come to the next settler's place, we spoke up about it. 'T was gettin' t'wards dark, an' the old man was settin' out front of his house, smokin', whiles his woman was gettin' supper, an' he 'd got one of his dogs crawled halfway up on his lap, an' he was scratchin' it behind the ears. I can see him yet. We pulled up, an' I hollered to the feller, an' I says, 'Say!' I says. 'Did you know there 's a couple fellers been strung up back at the crossin'?' An' he pulls his pipe out of his mouth, an' spits, an' he says, 'Yep; I know. I reckon I oughter; I helped do it,' he says. 'What was they doin'?' I says; an' he says, 'Hoss thieves.' 'Been botherin' you 'round here?' I says; an' he says, 'Been skedaddlin' 'round all summer, mostly. But I got back one o' my critters, that one o' them fellers was ridin' we ketched,' he says. 'Well,' I says, 'ain't it kind o' on-Christian leavin' 'em that-a-way? Why don't you cut 'em down an' bury 'em?' I says. 'Land, no!' he says. 'Why, mister, we ain't got no 'thority to cut 'em down. But we notified the sheriff,' he says, 'so 's it can be done accordin' to law.' That just shows!

"But the most fun was after while, when the boys begun to get kind o' dissatisfied with hittin' off justice 'mongst theirselves best they could, an' when they was gettin' sort o' prideful, an' wanted to have justices o' the peace, an' such. Out 'round the edges, there wa'n't many men that had good common sense that could afford to play justice o' the peace, — there wa'n't enough in it; so them that was 'lected was mostly pretty raw.

"There was one Dutch farmer out in Frontier County that got 'lected because there wa'n't nobody runnin' ag'inst him, an' he kep' his place till his time was nigh up, without havin' no cases. It suited him, because he 'd got the glory. He was too busy to try cases, anyway; because a Dutch farmer would n't stop his work, not even for the angel Gabriel, long 's there was anything to be 'tended to with his crops. But 'long one fall there was a young feller out there on one o' the farms that shot another feller he 'd had a scrap with whiles they was drunk, an' he got hauled up. There wa'n't nobody 'round there to give him his prelim'nary but this Dutchman, an' it just happened his work was mostly all done for fall, so he wa'n't so rushed. Folks up there was mighty much interested, because they all knowed the boy's fam'ly, an' his daddy was well fixed; an' when it got to be knowed there was three four lawyers was hired to come out from the river, why, seemed like everybody that could travel come in to the hearin'. I knowed that old chap mighty well, an' there wa'n't an honester old rooster on the prairies; but he wa'n't a bit bright, — just stupid-honest, you know, like Dutchmen is.

"Well, they had it up an' down for two days, listenin' to the folks that was called for witnesses; an' I ain't never seen lawyers work like them did. They knowed they 'd got to work, 'count o' the justice not knowin' no more about law than he knowed about the cost o' layin' gold sidewalks in the New Jerusalem.

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Them lawyers sweat a heap, an' when the witnesses was all through with their say, they turned in an' argued, an' ripped, an' stormed, first one an' then another, for a whole day, an' after supper they come back at it ag'in. The old Dutchman was holdin' his court out in his barn, an' he 'd had his women folks just spread theirselves, cookin', an' 'most everybody that 'd come a good piece from home, pris'ner, an' lawyers, an' all, was comp'ny; an' he seemed to think he 'd got to do his best to make 'em feel to home. He 'd got a heart in him deep as a well. There wa'n't a word any o' the witnesses said but that the boy 'd done the shootin', with nothin' to make him do it 'ceptin' he was drunk; but I knowed the old chap so well, an' what soft insides he had t'wards folks, I just made a little bet with myself he was goin' to let the boy go, 'specially seein' as how the other feller had got well. I kep' watchin' him, settin' up on the lid of his feed box, where he could be comfort'ble, smokin', an' not openin' his head. If a Dutchman is stupid, he 's mighty 'cute about it, because he mostly don't give hisself away. The lawyers, they was gettin' pretty much wore out, so 's they wanted to get finished up that night, an' 't was scand'lous the things they tried to tell the old feller was law; an' after supper, when they 'd took lights out to the barn, they yelled an' hollered an' pranced up an' down till they was limp as wet chickens; an' by an' by, when they could n't think o' nothin' else, they begun callin' each other liars. That 's a thing that wa'n't noways safe with other folks, but lawyers don't care. A man that can set still an' grin whiles another feller 's callin' him a liar, he 's dif'rent from me.

"The old chap 'd been used to goin' to bed about sundown, so 's they had to stop their talkin' every little whiles till somebody 'd go poke him to wake him up; because when he 'd drop off to sleep he 'd snore like a Guinea hen squawkin', an' they could n't talk to save their souls. 'T was awful funny! But come 'long t'wards 'leven o'clock, an' they quit, an' one o' the fellers that was defendin' the boy, he says, 'Now, your honor, we 're willin' to stop right here, an' let you decide,' he says; an' the rest of 'em, they said they was, too. They was hoarse as barn hinges. The Dutchman, his pipe had gone out; but he lit it up an' smoked awhile, an' then he says, 'Well,' he says, 'what am I goin' to do? You fellers ain't tol' me what the law is yet,' he says. 'You talked a heap, an' I been thinkin' you might mebbe work 'round to it, so 's you 'd make up your minds, peaceable; but you ain't done it. Seems like you 're further apart than when you started in,' he says. 'If you 'd got together, why, I would n't been the one to stand out; I 'd done like you fellers tol' me to,' he says; 'but it looks like now I got to make up my mind for myself, an' that 's what I 'm goin' to do. It 's a princ'ple o' law,' he says, 'that when a feller 's in doubt, why, the pris'ner 's got to be give the advantage of it, an' he 's got to be let go. I know that 's so,' he says, 'because I was on a jury once, back in Mar'land, an' the judge, he told us so. If that 's good law for a jury, it oughter be good for a judge, too; because out here in my court,' he says, 'there ain't goin' to be no dif'rence between one man an' another. I don' know what the law is, an' my doubts has been gettin' bigger ever since you fellers started in to talkin',' he says; 'an' so, if this boy 'll give me his word he 'll go back home on the farm with his folks, an' won't do no more shootin' nor get drunk no more, why, I 'm goin' to let him go free,' he says; an' he says to the boy, 'If that suits you, Ed, you can go,' he says.

"You 'd oughter seen them lawyers! They just set there, wipin' the sweat off of 'em, so dumb they could n't say a word; an' the Dutchman, he got down off the feed box, an' he stretched hisself

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an' gaped, an' then he went pokin' off to bed. Mebbe that wa'n't just accordin' to the law books, but it worked. Just for fun, I kep' track o' that boy, dif'rent times after that, an' he turned out a heap better 'n he would if he 'd been sent up.

"When we first got our courts an' things, we mostly just played with 'em, because we did n't take 'em to be much account. I can't think yet but the best times of all was before we had 'em. O' course things was pretty rough, but take an' average it up, I reckon we felt a good deal more like men than these youngsters does now, goin' to law every little whipstitch. There 's no use talkin': decent, honest men was looked up to a heap more 'n they are now; an' them that wanted to be looked up to, they knowed mighty well they 'd got to be decent an' honest. That helped a lot. I mind plenty o' times when I 'd make big contracts, with thousan's o' dollars in 'em, an' me an' the other feller, we 'd just go to work by ourselves an' kind o' fix it up the way that looked fair an' square, without no lippy lawyers to hinder us; an' we 'd get it straightened 'round in our minds, an' we 'd say, 'There, if that ain't accordin' to law, why, it 'd oughter be;' an' then we 'd live up to it. A man had to be mighty careful how he did n't do what his contract called for. There was some that was reckless, like what they called the Press-Claim Club, up to Omaha, that run settlers off their lands, an' ducked 'em under the ice, an' killed some of 'em, an' then stole their land. Some o' them fellers is big turkeys now-days, an' cuts a splurge, 'count o' their money; but us ol'-timers, we got our own way o' thinkin' about 'em. I don' know how a man 's made that 's willin' to do things like that. I know I would n't be in their pants, not for all they got.

"We all done things that wa'n't down on the slate, when we had n't got no law to show for it. There was the Underground Railroad, for one thing, when ol' John Brown was rummagin' 'round down in Kansas an' Missouri, with his gang, stealin' niggers an' sendin' 'em off places where they 'd be took care of. They mostly was sent over to Canada; but there was towns all along where there was stations on the Underground, an' there 's where the wagons would stop to get the niggers fed an' rested. Seemed like all the towns up an' down the river had took sides, one way or other, Free-Soilers or Pro-Slave, an' they used to be forever scrappin' 'mongst theirselves, like Nebraska City an' Tabor, over in Ioway. Tabor was where ol' Brown used to get his men together, times, to train 'em, when he was gettin' ready for some big scheme, an' the folks over there, they stood together like Scotchmen. 'T was easy enough in a place like that, where the folks was all one way o' thinkin'; but towns like Nebraska City or Falls City, that was all split up, there was where it worried us. We had to be watchful what we said there; an' that 's something I never did like. If a feller don't want to talk, that 's dif'rent from bein' made to keep still. 'T wa'n't that we was 'feard o' trouble, exac'ly; but there was plenty o' them that said they was Free-Soilers that wa'n't trusty, an' had to be watched. Them was the ones we was 'feard of.

"Only time I ever seen ol' John Brown was down to Falls City, — '57, I b'lieve 't was, — when he was makin' one o' his trips to Ioway with a bunch o' niggers. That was one o' the things I was talkin' about awhile ago. 'T wa'n't noways law-abidin' to run them niggers off. Accordin' to law, ol' Brown was a thief when he took 'em, an' us that stood by him, we was as bad as him; that 's just the long an' short of it. But what did we care? I don't s'pose the youngsters now-days could hardly make out why we done it. 'T wa'n't because we loved the niggers so much, nor yet for devilment; but just

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seemed like 't was in the wind, an' ketchin', when a few o' the men like Brown an' ol' Jim Lane started it. I've always noticed it don't take more 'n one good man to make a thousan' others get to work. Brown, he was a good one! Seemed like Jim Lane was more human, like other folks; but things would n't been done if it had n't been for Brown. He 'd got his head set just one way, an' you could n't no more turn him by talkin' than you could turn a blizzard by blowin' your breath on it; so 's there wa'n't nothin' for the rest of us to do but tail after him.

"I 'd just happened to be down to Falls City one day when Brown got word up to 'em he was comin', an' he 'd want his niggers fed up an' some clothes got ready for 'em. I knowed some o' the boys down there, an' I turned in to help 'em. We kep' it still as we could; but seems to me like Americans ain't got the knack o' keepin' secrets. Secrets swells us up, same as dried apples, till we fair bust with 'em. Anyway, some o' the Pro-Slaves 'round town got to know he was comin', an' we did n't know but there 'd be trouble. Falls City ain't but just a few mile back from the river, acrost from Missouri, an' over in Missouri they was payin' big money for niggers that was brought back to 'em. 'Long t'wards dark there was so much talkin' 'round town, two three of us fellers took our rifles an' rode out horseback so 's to meet Brown an' look after him some, comin' in to town. Look after Brown! Makes me laugh! Like talkin' about takin' care o' sun-up, so 's nothin' won't happen to it.

"Four five mile out we come on a mean-lookin' covered wagon, drawed by ox-teams, with a couple fellers ridin' 'longside. Did n't 'pear to be much of an outfit, an' we turned our ponies out to go past it, when one o' the riders, he sung out to us to know where we was goin'. I happened to be leadin', so 's it came to me to do the talkin'; an' I says to the feller, I says, 'Oh, we 're just goin' 'long on our own business;' an' he says, 'Be you lookin' for John Brown?' I did n't see 't was any o' his doin's who we was lookin' for, an' I tol' him so; but he says, plain as could be, 'I 'm him,' he says. I was just on the p'int o' tellin' him he was a liar, till I come to take a good look at him, an' then I reckoned I better wait a minute. I been thankful ever since I did wait. But I was ter'ble disapp'inted. I 'd heerd so much o' John Brown, an' the things he 'd done, I 'd thought I was goin' to see a man seven foot tall, an' big as a barrel; but he wa'n't neither one. He was just a common-lookin' feller, matter o' size, an' he was settin' humped over in his saddle like anybody else, joggin' 'long an' makin' hisself easy as he could. 'T was his face that shut me up. I ain't never seen anybody's face like it, not even Abe Lincoln's. 'T was a face that looked like 't was made out o' rock, with a jaw strong as a bear-trap, an' his eyes looked fair through me. Yes, sir, I 'm almighty glad I did n't say what I was goin' to. One o' the fellers that was with me, he 'd knowed Brown before, an' he rode up an' spoke; an' come to find out, there was seven niggers under the wagon cover, an' just ol' Brown an' the driver takin' care of 'em whiles they was travelin'. If I 'd been doin' it, I 'd 've wanted a half-comp'ny escort, anyway. That just shows! He did n't seem a mite bothered, just pokin' 'long like they was goin' to a Sunday-school picnic; only he had a Sharps rifle slung acrost his saddle, an' the driver had a rifle, too, settin' up beside him on the seat.

"Well, we started back t'wards town, with the other fellers ridin' up ahead, an' me an' Brown back by the wagon. The niggers under the wagon cover, they was keepin' mighty still. I wanted to square myself with the ol' man, so I started in tellin' him what we 'd been hearin' all day, an' what we was 'feard

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of, about the Pro-Slaves makin' trouble. He set listenin', like he did n't half hear me; an' when I 'd got through, he just give his head a little shake, an' he says, 'There ain't goin' to be no trouble,' he says. How 'd he know? I did n't like it, bein' turned down so flat; an' I started in ag'in, tellin' him the brags the Pro-Slaves had been makin', till he shut me off; an' he says to me, 'Young man,' he says, 'you need n't never be scared o' them that makes their brags about stoppin' the Lord's work,' he says, 'because there ain't no man can make that kind of a brag stick.' So I shut up; an' Brown, he took us right in to the house where he 'd been used to goin', other trips, where he knowed the feller; an' he wa'n't act'ly so much bothered as a man is now-days takin' a wagonload o' hogs to stockyards. I never seen such a chap. When we got to the house, Brown made the niggers get down from the wagon, an' they was turned into this feller's barn; an' they cooked their supper an' laid down an' went to sleep, with two three of us standin' on post. Brown, he slep' in the barn with 'em, on a pile o' fodder, with a blanket wrapped 'round him, an' he took his turn like the rest of us, doin' sentry duty. He 'd been dead right about it, — there wa'n't a whisper o' trouble all night; an' come mornin', they just took their time gettin' breakfast, an' then they got loaded up an' started on. I ain't never forgot that, nor I would n't take a new red wagon for what it learned me. No, sir, a man that knows he 's right, he don't need to be scared o' law nor nothin' else. Trouble is, I reckon, there ain't many folks so dead sure they 're right."

William R. Lighton.

MY COOKERY BOOKS.

It was with something of a shock that I woke one morning and found myself a collector of cookery books.

I am not sure which seemed the more extraordinary, — that there should be cookery books to collect, or that I should be collecting them. I had thought — if indeed I had thought anything about it — that Mrs. Rorer and Cassell's Dictionary exhausted the literature of the subject, though I had heard of Mrs. Glasse: partly because the "First catch your hare," which she never wrote, long since passed into a classical quotation; and partly because, when I first came to London, George Augustus Sala was still writing the newspaper notes he could rarely finish without a reference to "good old Hannah Glasse." However, had I known then, as I do now, that cookery books are almost as old as time, my principles — and my purse — were against collecting anything, especially in London, where it adds seriously to the burden of cleanliness. But who does go about it deliberately? Mr. Andrew Lang calls collecting a sport; Dr. Hill Burton defines it, first as a "human frailty," then as a "peculiar malady," which is the definition I accept. Certainly I can trace my attack to its deadly germ.

I had undertaken, in an ambitious moment, to write a weekly column on cookery for the Pall Mall Gazette, when my only qualifications were the healthy appetite and the honest love of a good dinner, usually considered "unbecoming to the sex." To save me from exposure, a friend gave me Dumas' Dictionnaire de la Cuisine, the masterpiece of that "great artist in many varieties of form," to quote Mr. Henley, as it is appropriate I should, since he was the friend who came so

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nobly to my aid. The book was useful beyond expectation. I borrowed from its pages as lavishly as Dumas had, in compiling it, helped himself from the dishes and menus of Beauvilliers and Vuillemot. The danger was that I might borrow once too often for the patience of my readers; and so, chancing presently on the uniformly bound works of Carême, Etienne, and Gouffé in a second-hand bookshop, I bought them, without stopping to ask if they were first editions, — as they were not, — so far was the idea of collecting still from my mind. My one object was good "copy." But booksellers always manage to know you are collecting before you know it yourself. Catalogues poured in upon me, and I kept on buying all the cookery books that promised to be of use. Gradually they spread out into an imposing row on my desk; they overflowed to the bookshelves; they piled themselves up in odd corners; they penetrated into the linen closet, — the last place, I admit, the neat housekeeper should look for them. And yet, it was not until the summer when I went without a new gown, and carried off at Sotheby's, from the clutches of the dealer and the maw of the librarian, one of the few first editions of "good old Hannah Glasse" — the very copy from which Sala had made hundreds of articles — for fifty dollars, and bought a bookcase for I do not remember how many more, that I realized what had happened, and then it was too late.

Anyhow, my sin has not been the "unlit lamp and the ungirt loin." If it be a mistake to collect, at least I have collected so well that I have yet to find the collection of cookery books that can equal mine. It may be put to shame when I consult M. Georges Vicaire's Bibliographie Gastronomique, with its twenty-five hundred entries, especially as M. Vicaire's knowledge of the English books on the subject is incomplete, and his ignorance of the American exhaustive, — he has never heard of Miss Leslie, poor man. But I am in countenance again when I refer to Mr. Carew Hazlitt's bibliography; for I rejoice in a number of English books that have no place in it, while it barely touches upon foreign books, of which I have many. When it comes to actual collections, I triumph. Mr. Hazlitt speaks of the "valuable and extensive assemblage of English and foreign cookery books in the Patent Office Library;" but it dwindles to modest proportions when compared to mine. A private collection in Hampstead was described to me by Dr. Furnivall in terms that threatened my overwhelming discomfiture; but, on examination, cookery proved a side issue with the collector, and though I felt like slipping two or three of his shabby little calf-bound volumes into my pocket when he was not looking, there were innumerable gaps I could have filled. The cookery books at the British Museum are many, but diligent searching of the catalogue has not revealed so great a number or as many treasures as my small bookcase contains. A rumor has reached me of an extraordinary series left as a legacy to the Public Library at Salem (Massachusetts); but I have not the money to cross the Atlantic and face the truth, or the courage to write to the librarian and hear it from him. I know, too, by repute, of the books of the Society of Cooks at Bordeaux; am I not just now in correspondence with their bookseller? There is also, I know, a Company of Cooks in the city of London, but I doubt if they own a book, or, for that matter, can claim a real cook in their ranks. Besides, so long as I have seen no other existing collection, I can continue to flatter myself that mine is unrivaled.

The reason for pride may not be clear to the average woman, who looks upon the cookery book, at its best, as a kitchen Baedeker, or to the average man, who would consider it unmanly to look upon it at all. But that is simply because the average woman and the average man do

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not know. The cookery book has every good quality that a book can have. In the first place, it makes a legitimate appeal to the collector, and M. Vicaire and Mr. Hazlitt show what the bibliographer can do with it. Man, the cooking animal, has had from the beginning a cooking literature. What are parts of the Old Testament, of the Vedas, but cookery books? You cannot dip into Athenæus without realizing what an inspiration food and drink always were to the Greek poet. As for the Romans, from Virgil to Horace, from Petronius to Lucian, praise of good eating and drinking was forever their theme, both in prose and in verse. Early French and English historical manuscripts and records are full of cookery; and almost as soon as there was a printing press cookery books began to be printed, and they have kept on being printed ever since. It would be strange if, among them, there were not a few that provided the excitement of the hunt and the triumph of conquest. For the lover of the early printed book, there are the De Honesta Voluptate of Platina, 1474;[1] the Viandier of Taillevent, — about 1490, according to Vicaire, is the date of the first edition; and the Cœlius Apicius, 1498. For the "Elzevirian," there is the little Pâtissier Français, that once fetched three thousand dollars in the sales room, and seldom brings less than three hundred, — prices that impart dignity to all cook books. For the "Editio-Princeps man," there is the rare Mrs. Glasse in folio, when always afterwards she appears in less ambitious octavo, to name but the most widely known of all. These are not prizes to be dismissed lightly.

My pride compels me to add (in parenthesis, as it were, for I had not meant to write about it here) that I own not only the Mrs. Glasse, but the Cœlius Apicius. It is a beautiful book, printed in the Roman type William Morris approved and copied for the Kelmscott Press, the page harmoniously spaced, with noble margins, a place left at the beginning of divisions for the illuminator's capitals, and the paper tenderly toned with age. My copy is in surprisingly good condition, — not a tear or a stain anywhere. It has an interesting pedigree. Dr. Blackie's autograph and the bookplate of Dr. Klotz, the German collector, are on the fly leaf. But it has no title-page! However, even in its mutilated state it is rare, and, though I cannot read it, — I went to school before the days of the higher education for women, and to a convent, so that all the Latin I learnt was the Ave and the Pater, the Credo and the Confiteor, — I look upon it as the corner stone of my collection.

Still, I am not like Dibdin's Philemon, and I like to read my books. It is another of the good qualities of the cookery book that when you can read it, it makes the best reading in the world. For this pleasure I must come to my shelf of the seventeenth-century English books; mostly small duodecimos in shabby battered calf, one in shabbier battered vellum, their pages browned and stained with constant use. It must not be thought that my collection leaps in this disjointed fashion from century to century. Some very rare and quaint sixteenth-century Italian books are the link between these duodecimos and the Apicius; but to interpret them I need a dictionary at my elbow. Besides, they have been well cared for by the bibliographer, and I want rather to show, what has not been shown before, how delightful the old cookery book is as a book to read, not merely to catalogue or to keep handy on the kitchen dresser. I pass over also the printed copies of early

[1] Just as I am correcting my proofs, a copy of the Platina has come up for sale at Sotheby's, — a fine copy of the first edition, with a date, 1475; and I am waiting anxiously to see if the little solemn group of buyers will be caught napping, and let it escape, for a song, into my collection, where it ought to be.

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poems and works, preserved in famous historical manuscripts, and edited in the last century by Dr. Pegge and other scholars, in our day chiefly by Dr. Furnivall and the Early English Text Society. Though I consider them as indispensable as Apicius, and though I own the Forme of Cury and the Liber Cure Cocorum and the Noble Book of Cookery, and the rest, they are to be classed with Charles Lamb's books that are not books, so difficult are they to all but the expert. Unfortunately, I have none of the sixteenth-century English books, of which Hazlitt gives a list of eight. Perhaps they were issued in very small editions; more probably, they were so popular that, like the early romances from Caxton's and from Wynkyn de Worde's press, they were "thumbed out of existence." After 1600 the supply seems to have been larger, no doubt because of the growing demand, and more copies have survived. Most of the cookery books of the seventeenth century went through several editions; not even Cromwell and the Puritans could check their popularity; and I like to think, when I turn over their thin, soiled, torn pages, that many people read them not solely for information, but for pleasure, like Pepys, that fine summer day when, his wife safe in the country, he carried his ladies to the king's pleasure boat, and then down the river, between the great wharves and the shipping, "all the way reading in a book of Receipts of making fine meats and sweetmeats . . . which made us good sport."

For Pepys, to whom, as Stevenson puts it, the whole world was a Garden of Armida, "infinite delight" lurked as naturally in a recipe as in his first periwig, or the nightingales at Vauxhall, or a lesson in arithmetic, or whatever else it might be. For us, of less buoyant temperament, if there be infinite delight, it is due, above all, to the magic of the past and the charm of association. Stateliness and elegance were the order of the day in the seventeenth century. The men, who arrayed themselves in gorgeous clothes, spoke in the rounded periods that were in keeping, — in the "brocaded language" of Mr. Gosse's expressive phrase. And the cookery books are full of this brocaded language, full of extravagant conceits, full of artificial ornament; a lover writing to his mistress, you would say, rather than a cook or a housewife giving practical directions. After the modern recipe, blunt to the point of brutality; after the "Take so much of this, add so much of that, and boil, roast, fry," as the dull case may be, each fresh extravagance, each fresh affectation, is as enchanting as the crook of Lely's ladies or the Silvio of Herrick's verse. I should not want to try the recipes, so appalling often is the combination of savories and sweets, so colossal the proportions. But they were written by artists who had as pretty a talent for turning a phrase as for inventing a new dish. Rose leaves and saffron, musk and "amber-greece," orange flower and angelica, are scattered through them, until it seems as if the feast could have been spread only for Phillis or Anthea. And no water can be poured into their pots that is not "fair," few blossoms chosen as ingredients that are not "pleasing." Cakes are "pretty conceits," and are garnished "according to art." If cider leaves its dregs, these are "naughty," and a sweet is recommended because it "comforteth the Stomach and Heart." The names of the dishes are a joy: the tanzies of violets or cowslips, and the orangado phraises; the syllabubs and the frumenties, — "all-tempting Frumenty;" the wiggs and the pasties; the eggs in moonshine; the conserves of red roses; the possets without end, almost as lyrical as the poet's, made

> "With cream of lilies, not of kine,
> And maiden's blush for spiced wine."

And the drinks: metheglin, — do we not know to the day the date of Pepys' first

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"brave cup" of it? — meath, hydromel, hypocras, — a word that carries one to the Guildhall buttery, a certain Lord Mayor's Day, where Pepys is gayly tippling; hypocras "being to the best of my present judgment only a mixed compound drink, and not any wine," which he had forsworn by solemn vow. "If I am mistaken, God forgive me! but I hope and do think I am not." Who would not share Pepys' easy conscience? Hypocras was "only," Dr. Twin's way, a strong compound of spice and herbs and sugar steeped for days in a gallon of good Rhenish wine; in very good claret wine, Giles Rose's way.

All the cookery books of the century are written in this brocaded language, all reveal the same pleasant fancy, all contain the same pretty dishes and strange drinks. But still, they have their differences that divide them into three distinct classes. Many are simply the old family manuscript collection of recipes, at that period common in every household of importance, put into print; to a few the master cook gives the authority of his name and experience; while there are others in which cookery is but one of several arts "exposed" by the accomplished women, to whom curing leprosy was as simple as cooking a dinner, killing rats as ordinary a pastime as making wax flowers, and who had altogether attained a degree of omniscience that the modern contributor to a ladies' paper might well envy.

The old manuscript collection of recipes has that touch of romance we feel in a bit of half-worn embroidery or a faded sampler. The fragrance of rosemary and thyme lingers about its leaves. It is full of memories of the stillroom and the cool, spacious pantry. I have two or three, bought before I realized into what depths of bankruptcy I should plunge if I added manuscripts to my printed books. I have seen many others. In all, the tone and quality of the paper would make the etcher sigh for the waste, while the handwriting — sometimes prim, sometimes distinguished, sometimes sprawling — represents generations of careful housewives. The collection, evidently, has grown at haphazard: the new dish eaten at a neighbor's, jotted down before its secret is forgotten; the new recipe brought by a friend, entered while she is still by to answer for its accuracy. The style is easy and confidential; it abounds in little asides and parentheses; and always credit is given where credit is due! This, you are assured, is "Lady Dorchester's cake" or "Lady Fitzharding's nun's bisket;" these are "Lady Kent's brown Almonds" or "Lady Compton's preserved Barford pipins;" and you must not mistake for any other "Mrs. Oldfield's lemon cream" or "Mrs. Brereton's colours for marble cake." Now and then, as if to lend a professional air, a famous chef is cited, — Bartolomeo Scappi or Robert May, — but this is seldom. And as a housekeeper, in those days, had to know how to relieve an indigestion as well as how to make the dish that caused it; as she was, in a word, the family or village doctor, medical prescriptions are mingled with the recipes. As like as not, a cake or cream is wedged between "Aqua Mirabilis, Sir Kellam Digby's way," and "A most excellent Water for ye Stone;" or an "Arrangement of Cucumbers" separates Dr. Graves' "Receipt for Convulsion Fitts" from "A Plague Water."

In the printed books of the seventeenth century there is an attempt at classification. "Incomparable Secrets in Physick and Chirurgery," if revealed, form a section apart; but in other respects those I have put in the first class share the characteristics of the manuscripts. Their titles at once point to their origin. Almost all are Closets or Cabinets opened. There are exceptions. I have a fascinating Compleat Cook, a tiny volume, neatly bound in calf, expertly prescribing "The most ready ways,

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whether Italian, Spanish, or French, For dressing of Flesh and Fish, Ordering of Sauces, or making of Pastry," which was printed for Nathaniel Brook, the great publisher of cookery books, at the Angel in Cornhill, 1655. I have also two Delights: one "printed by R. Y. and are to be sold by James Boler 1632," with a sadly defaced title-page, upon which little is legible save the sage advice, "Reade, practise, and Censure;" and another of 1683, printed "for Obadiah Blagrave at the Sign of the black Bear in St. Paul's Church-yard." I have also a Pearl of Practice, and Hartman's True Preserver and Restorer of Health. But Closet or Cabinet is the more frequent title. When the name of the author does not appear, it is usually the Queen's Delight of which there is question, the Queen's Closet or Cabinet which is opened. In my first edition of The Queen's Closet Opened, published by the same publisher, Nathaniel Brook, and in the same year, 1655, as The Compleat Cook, the title-page states that these are the Incomparable Secrets "as they were presented to the Queen by the most Experienced Persons of our times, many whereof were honoured with her own practice, when she pleased to descend to these most private Recreations;" and that they were "Transcribed from the true Copies of her Majesties own Receipt Books, by W. M. one of her late servants." In my later edition of 1668, a portrait of Henrietta Maria, — most likely a copy from Hollar, — severe in feature and dress, faces the title-page, much to my satisfaction; for, if the book turns up every now and then in booksellers' catalogues, mine is the only copy in which I have yet seen the portrait. When the name of the author does appear, it is usually one of great distinction. There is a "Ladies Cabinet Opened by the Rt Hon. and Learned Chymist, Lord Ruthven, containing Many Rare Secrets and Rich Ornaments of several kindes and different Uses." My copy, published in 1655, by Bedell and Collins, at the Middle Temple Gate, Fleet Street, is, alas, a second edition; 1639 is the year of the first. But the second has the advantage of containing the most gallant of prefaces. "Courteous Ladies," it begins; and it ends, "I shall thus leave you at liberty as Lovers in Gardens, to follow your own fancies. Take what you like, and delight in your choice, and leave what you list to him whose labour is not lost if anything please." Another Closet, "Whereby is discovered Several Ways for making of Metheglin, Cherry-Wine, etc., together with Excellent Directions for Cookery," was opened by no less a person than Sir Kenelm Digby, whose "name does sufficiently auspicate the Work," as his son, who published it, writes in an inimitable preface. As he appears in Vandyck's portrait, Sir Kenelm Digby is so very elegant with his shining armor, so very intellectual with his broad expanse of forehead, that one would as soon expect to hear of Lord Salisbury or Mr. Balfour writing a cookery book. His Closet has no place in Vicaire's Bibliography, nor in Hazlitt's; I have often wondered why; for, of all, it is my favorite. I agree with his delightful son that it "needs no Rhetorical Floscules to set it off," so pleasant is the thought of this "arrant mountebank," as Evelyn called him, — this "romantic giant," as later kinder critics have it, — in the intervals between his duties as chancellor to the queen mother, and his intrigues for the Church, and his adventures as Theagenes, and his studies as astrologer, and his practice as amateur physician, sitting quietly at his desk writing out his recipes, as carefully as any master cook or scrupulous housewife.

Not only are these Closets and Cabinets and Delights as sweet with rosemary and thyme and musk as the manuscripts; they are as exact in referring every dish to its proper authority, they

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retain the tone of intimacy, they abound in personal confidences. "My Lady Middlesex makes Syllabubs for little glasses with spouts, thus," you read in one collection; in another, "My Lady Glin useth her Venison Pasties" in such and such a fashion; in a third, that "this is the way the Countess de Penalva makes Portuguez eggs for the Queen." The adjectives have the value of a personal recommendation: "The most kindley way to preserve plums, cherries, and gooseberries;" "A most Excellent Sirup of Violets both in taste and tincture;" "A singular Manner of making the Sirup of Roses;" "another sort of Marmalade very comfortable for any Lord or Lady Whatsoever;" "An excellent conceit upon the kernels of dry Walnuts." The medicines receive equal tenderness: "An exceeding fine Pill used for the Gout;" "a delicate Stove to sweat in;" "The Gift of God, praise be to Him, for all manners of sores;" "A Precious Water to Revive the Spirits." Who would not swallow a dozen such pills and gifts and waters, or sweat a dozen times in such a stove, without a murmur! But it is the confidential manner that I adore. The compiler of the little vellum-bound Delight is forever taking you into his confidence. He revels in hints and innuendoes: "There is a Country Gentlewoman whom I could name, which" does so and so; or "This of a Kinde Gentlewoman whose skill I doe highly commend and whose case I do greatly pity;" and you divine all sorts of social mysteries. He has sudden outbursts of generosity: "I have robbed my wives Dairy of this secret, who hath hitherto refused all recompenses that have been offered her by gentlewomen for the same, and had I loved a Cheese myself so well as I like the receipt, I think I could not so easily have imparted the same at this time. And yet, I must needs confesse, that for the better gracing of the Title, wherewith I have fronted this pamphlet, I have been willing to publish this with some other secrets of worth, for the which I have been many times refused good store both of crowns and angels. And therefore let no Gentlewoman think this Booke too deare, at what price soever it shall be valued upon the sale thereof, neither can I esteem the worke to be of lesse than twenty years gatherings." And people think the art of self-advertisement was evolved but yesterday! Sir Kenelm Digby is the great master of this confidential style. If he gives my Lady Hungerford's meath, he must explain that she sent him special word that "She now useth (and liketh better) a second Decoction of Herbs," which he also conscientiously records. If he recommends a second meath, it is because a certain chief burgomaster of Antwerp, for many years, drank it, and nothing else, "at meals and all times, even for pledging of Healths. And though he was of an extraordinary vigour every way, and had every year a child, had always a great appetite and good digestion, and yet was not fat." He is at pains to assure you that though Mr. Webbe, probably a master cook, did use to put in a few cloves and mace in the king's meath, "the King did not care for them;" that the "Hydromel, as I made it weak for the Queen Mother was exceedingly liked by everybody;" that Sir Edward Bainton's metheglin, "My Lord of Portland (who gave it me) saith was the best he ever drank;" that for his strange dish of tea and eggs, Mr. Waller's advice is that "the water is to remain upon the tea no longer than while you can say the Miserere Psalm very leisurely." I sometimes think, if I were in need of bedside books, — which I am thankful to say I am not, — I should give my choice, not to Montaigne and Howell with Thackeray, but to Sir Kenelm Digby and the other openers of the old Closets and Cabinets.[1]

[1] I am not sure that I would not add Gervase Markham's English Housewife (1631) and

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The success of these books may have helped to drive the English cook into authorship. The artist has not always the patience to be silent while the amateur dogmatizes upon his art. There is a suggestion of revolt in the preface Robert May, the "Accomplisht Cook," addressed to his fellow practitioners. "I acknowledge," he says, "that there hath already been several Books publisht . . . for aught I could perceive to little purpose, *empty and unprofitable Treatises*, of as little use as some *Niggards Kitchen*, which the Reader, in respect of the confusion of the Method, or barrenness of those Authours Experience, hath rather been puzzled, than profited by." Mock humility has never been the characteristic of the cook. He has always respected himself as the pivot of civilization. Other men, at times, have shared this respect with him. The Greeks crowned him with gold and flowers. He went clothed in velvet, wearing a gold chain, in Wolsey's day. And in between, during the Roman rule, during ages of dark and mediæval barbarity, the ceremonial of dinner and its serving testified that the light of truth still glimmered, if dimly. But none ever understood so well as he the full dignity of his profession. "A modest Master Cook must be looked on as a contradiction in Nature," was a doctrine in the classical kitchen. By the middle of the seventeenth century Vatel ruled in France, and in England every distinguished chef was ready to swear, with Ben Jonson's Master-Cook in the Masque, that

"A boiler, range and dresser were the fountains
Of all the knowledge in the universe;"

that the school of cookery, that "deep School," is

"Both the nurse and mother of the Arts."

Imagine his dismay, then, when the amateur began to masquerade before the world as artist. Had Sir Kenelm Digby ever turned out as much as a posset or a syllabub, could Lord Ruthven, the learned, make a peacock to look like a porcupine, or an entremose of a swan, that either should strut his little day as an authority? Only the artist has the right to speak on his art. And as Leonardo had written his treatises, as Reynolds was later to deliver his discourses, so Robert May, Will Rabisha, Giles Rose, and others, perhaps, whom I have not in my collection, began to publish books upon cookery. Jealousy of the Frenchman may have been an additional incentive. France had already the reputation for delicate dining which she has never lost, and the noble lord or lady who patronized the young apprentice sent him for his training across the Channel. May and Rabisha had both served their term in French households. But it was another matter when the French chef's book was translated into English, and threatened to rob the English cook of his glory at home. May's preface is full of sneers at the "Epigram Dishes" with which the French "have bewitched some of the *Gallants of our Nation*."

Whatever the cook's motive in writing, he gave his book a character all its own. The actual dishes and drinks may be those of Closets and Cabinets, but the tone of intimacy disappears from the recipe; no name but the author's vouches for the merits of a dish; the writer is no longer on a level of equality with his readers, but addresses them from a higher plane, the plane of knowledge. There is no mistaking the air of authority. Officers of the Mouth receive their instructions, and irresistible little cuts of birds of strange shape, and joints of no shape at all, devices for pies and pastry, are introduced as a guide to the Carver and Sewer. Nothing is neglected, from the building up of those magnificent — the adjective is May's — triumphs and tro-

Dr. Muffett's Health Improvement (1655). Markham is, perhaps, the prettiest and most graceful of all these writers. But both books have come into my collection only recently, since my article was written.

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phies, those subtleties, as elaborate as Inigo Jones's setting of a masque, that were "the delights of the Nobility," to the folding of "all sorts of Table-linen in all sorts of Figures, a neat and gentill Art," much in vogue. And throughout the writer never forgets his own importance. He is as serious as Montaigne's Italian chef, who talked of cooking with the gravity of the theologian and in the language of the statesman. His style is as fantastic as that of the cook in Howell's letter to Lady Cottington. He "will tell your Ladyship," Howell writes, "that the reverend Matron, the *Olla podrida* hath Intellectuals and Senses; Mutton, Beef, and Bacon are to her as the Will, Understanding, and Memory are to the Soul; Cabbages, Turnips, Artichokes, Potatoes, and Dates are her five Senses, and Pepper the Common-sense; she must have Marrow to keep Life in her, and some Birds to make her light; by all means she must go adorned with Chains of Sausages."

The very title of the cook's treatise was a marvel of bombast. Robert May's — the book was first published in 1660, by Nathaniel Brook — must be given in full: "The Accomplisht Cook, or the Art and Mystery of Cookery, Wherein the whole Art is revealed in a more easie and perfect Method, than hath been published in any Language. Expert and ready wayes for the Dressing of all sorts of Flesh, Fowl and Fish: The Raising of *Pastes;* the best Directions for all manner of *Kickshaws*, and the most *Poinant Sauces* with the Tearms of Carving and Sewing. An exact Account of all *Dishes* for the *Season;* with other A la mode *Curiosities*. Together with the lively Illustration of such necessary Figures as are referred to *Practice*. Approved by the Fifty Years Experience and Industry of Robert May in his Attendance on several Persons of Honour." Let me quote just one other, for though it is as long, it is also as irresistible. The book is Will Rabisha's; the date, 1673; the publisher, E. Calvert at the sign of the Black Spread Eagle at the West End of St. Paul's; and the title: "The whole Body of Cookery Dissected, Taught, and fully manifested, Methodically, Artificially, and according to the best Tradition of the *English, French, Italian, Dutch* etc. Or, a sympathy of all varieties in Natural Compounds in that Mysterie, wherein is contained certain Bills of Fare for the seasons of the year, for Feasts and Common Diets. Whereunto is annexed a second Part of Rare Receipts of cookery; with certain useful Traditions. With a book of Preserving, Conserving and Candying, after the most Exquisite and Newest manner; Delectable for Ladies and Gentlewomen." A title, this, that recalls Dorothy Osborne's coxcombs who "labour to find out terms that may obscure a plain sense."

The note may be pitched high, but not too high for the grandiloquent flights that follow. Dedications, prefaces, introductory poems, are in harmony, and as ornate with capitals and italics as the dishes are with spices and sweets. The Accomplisht Cook is further "embellished" with May's portrait: a large, portly person, with heavy face, but determined mouth, wearing his own hair, though I hope he lived long enough to take, like Pepys, to a periwig, so well would it have become him. Below the portrait, verses, engraved on the plate, declare with poetic confusion that,

> "Would'st thou view but in one face,
> All hospitalitiee, the race
> Of those that for the Gusto stand,
> Whose tables a whole Art command
> Of Nature's plentie, would'st thou see
> This sight, peruse May's booke 't is hee."

A few pages further on there is another panegyric in verse, "on the unparallel'd Piece of Mr. May, his Cookery," and an appeal "to the Reader of (my very loving Friend) Mr. Robert May, his incomparable Book of Cookery," by an admirer who thinks only the pen

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"Of famous Cleaveland or renowned Ben,
If unintoom'd might give this Book its due."

Will Rabisha has but one poet to sing his praise; he, however, does it thoroughly:

"Brave Book, into the world begone,
Thou vindicatest thy Authour fearing none.
That ever was, or is, or e're shall be
Able to find the parallel of thee."

The dedications are obsequious for such great men, but obsequiousness in dedications was the fashion of the day. May's book is dedicated not alone to Sir Kenelm Digby, but to Lord Lumley, Lord Lovelace, Sir William Paston, Sir Frederick Cornwallis, all of whom, with the exception of Lord Lovelace, contributed to Sir Kenelm Digby's collection of recipes. "The Mæcenas's and Patrons of this Generous Art," May calls them, in a rhetorical outburst. Rabisha, on the other hand, pays his tribute to two "illustrious duchesses," and three "renowned, singular good, and vertuous Ladies," to whose "boundless unspeakable virtues" he would do the honor that in him lies. May was the "most humbly devoted servant to their Lordships," and Rabisha the "poor, unworthy servant till death" of their graces and ladyships. But this was mere posing. The real man in May comes out when he addresses as "Most Worthy Artists" the master cooks and young practitioners to whom he hopes his book will be useful; when he explains that he writes because "God and my own Conscience would not permit *me to bury these my Experiences with my Silver Hairs in the Grave.*" No one shall say of him that he "hid his Candle under a Bushel." It is the real Rabisha who dwells upon the "Many years study and practice in the Art and Mysterie of Cookery" that are his qualifications as author, and the duty of "the ingenious men of all Arts and Sciences to hold forth to Posterity what light or knowledge" they understand to be obscure in their art. The same spirit betrays itself here and there in the recipes. "The fruits and flowers that you make white must be kept in a dry place," writes Giles Rose, or his translator, "if you will keep them for your credit and honour." For your credit and honor! There spoke the artist. Or again, for the whipping of cream, your whisk "ought to be made of the fine small twigs of Birch, or such like wood neatly peeled, and tied up in quantity a little bigger than your thumb, and the small ends must be cut off a little, for fear of breaking in your cream, and so you come to be made ashamed." That is the kind of thing, as Stevenson says, that reconciles one to life! The flamboyant recipes, the monumental menus, are amusing; but what I love best in my cookery books is the "vanity of the artist" that is their inspiration.

It was the vanity of the superior woman that inspired Mrs. Hannah Woolley, now forgotten by an ungrateful world. In 1670 she published The Queen-Like Closet or Rich Cabinet, with a Supplement added in 1674, that eclipsed all the Treasuries and Guides and Practices for Ladies that had already appeared, as it excels those that, later on, were to take it as model. It is the only seventeenth-century book of the kind in my collection; but were the others on the shelf with it, I should still turn to Mrs. Woolley as the perfect type of the Universal Provider of her age and generation. She was simply amazing, as no one knew better than herself. Like Robert May, she did not believe in hiding her candle under a bushel; but where May wrote for the greater honor of his art, she wrote for the greater honor of herself. Even had she pined for the peace of obscurity, — which she did not, — her remarkable talents had made her conspicuous since childhood. Before she was fifteen she had been the mistress of a little school, — she tells the tale herself, — where she continued till the age of seventeen, "when my extraordinary parts appeared more splendid in the eyes of a noble lady in this Kingdom than really they deserved, and she greedily entertained me in her

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house as Governess of her only Daughter." Then, at the death of the first lady, this prodigy was as greedily appropriated by a second, and presently "gained so great an esteem among the Nobility and Gentry of two Counties, that I was necessitated to yield to the importunity of one I dearly lov'd, that I might free myself from the tedious caresses of many more." As, before she had done with life, she had been married to "two Worthy Eminent and brave Persons," it is uncertain whether the first or the second "dearly loved" was Mr. Richard Woolley, "Master of Arts and Reader at St. Martin, Ludgate." The one thing certain is that it was from his house, in the Old Bailey in Golden Cup Court, she addressed the female sex, to whom her books — she wrote three in all — were to be a guide "in all *Relations*, *Companies*, *Conditions*, and *States* of *Life*, even from *Childhood* down to *Old Age;* and from the Lady at the *Court* to the Cook-maid in the *Country*." There is a portrait of her in one of the books: a large, pompous woman, with heavy bunches of curls on either side her face, in a low velvet gown and pearls, who looks fit to tackle anything. And indeed, it must be said of her that she never shrank from duty. She even stooped to poetry, since it was the fashion to introduce it in the beginning of all such books, and her rhymes are surprisingly frivolous and jingling for so severe a lady. "I shall now give you," is her introduction to the Supplement, which she rightly calls A Little of Everything, — "I shall now give you some Directions for Washing Black and White Sarsnet, or Coloured *Silks;* Washing of *Points*, *Laces*, or the like; starching of Tiffanies, making clean *Plate*, cleaning of *Gold* and *Silver Lace*, washing *Silk Stockings*, adorning of Closets with several pretty *Fancies;* things excellent to keep the *Hands* White and *Face* and *Eyes* clear; how to make *Transparent Work*, and the *Colours* thereto belonging; also Puff Work; some more Receipts for *Preserving* and cookery; some Remedies for such Ailments as are incident to all People; as *Corns*, *Sore Eyes*, *Cut Fingers*, *Bruises*, *Bleeding at Nose;* all these you may help by my directions, with a small matter of cost; whereas else you may be at a great charge and long Trouble, and perhaps endanger your *Eyes* or *Limbs*. I shall give you none but such things as I have had many years experience of with good success, I praise God."

Nor does this exhaust her resources. She offers, for "a reasonable Gratuity," to find good places for servants who will call upon her at Golden Cup Court. She is as full of stories of the astounding cures she has wrought as the manufacturer of a patent pill. She writes letters to serve as models, so many does she meet with that she could tear as she reads, "they are so full of impertinency and so tedious." She has advice for parents and children which "may prevent much wickedness for the future." She teaches waxwork. On one page she is dressing the hearth for summer time; on the next playing the art master, for she has seen "such ridiculous things done as is an abomination to an Artist to behold." As for example: "You may find in some Pieces, *Abraham* and *Sarah*, and many other Persons of Old Time, cloathed as they go now adaies, and truly sometimes worse." And that the female sex — and, as we know from the examples of Mrs. Pepys and Pegg Penn, the female sex was then busy painting — may not fall into similar error, she informs them of both the visage and habit of the heroes they, in their modesty, will be most apt to paint. Thus, "If you work Jupiter, the Imperial feigned God, He must have long Black-Curled hair, a Purple Garment trimmed with Gold, and sitting upon a Golden Throne, with bright yellow Clouds about him;" or, if it be Hymen, the God of Marriage, you must work him "with long Yellow Hair

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in a Purple or Saffron-Coloured Mantle." There was nothing this ornament to her sex was afraid to teach.

To judge from the condition of my copy of The Queen-Like Closet, she was not unappreciated. The title-page has gone; the dog's-ears and stains and tatters might make one weep, were they not such an admirable testimonial. In 1678 it was presented to Mary Halfpenny by "Brother John Halfpenny when he was at Trinity College," and the fly leaves are covered with her own recipes for syllabubs and gooseberry wine, for orange pudding and "plane" cake; and there is on one page a valuable note from her, to the effect that the time of mushrooms is about the middle of September. Later, at some unknown date, the book became the property of Anna Warden; and about the middle of the next century it answered the purpose of family Bible to the Keeling family, so that I know to the hour when Thomas and Rebecca, children of James and Rebecca, were born, — destined to grow up and prosper, I hope, under the large and benevolent guidance of Hannah Woolley. I have never had the luck of the French collector who picked up Rousseau's copy of the Imitation of Christ, with the famous periwinkle from Les Charmettes pressed between the pages. But I prize even these modest names and notes on a fly leaf or a margin; for me, they add a distinctly personal charm to the shabby little old cookery book.

Personal charm enough it has in itself, you might say, when it belongs to the seventeenth century. The eighteenth-century books are not without fascination and character. But they have lost something of the freshness, the *naïveté*, the exuberance, of youth; the style is more sophisticated; the personality of the author is kept more in the background. May and Rabisha, Giles Rose and Hannah Woolley, are so entertaining in their self-revelations, they tell us so much of their age, besides the manner of its cookery, that the wonder is they should be cheerfully ignored, now that Howell and Evelyn and Pepys are household names.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

VICTORY.

Once more to the charge, and repeat
The fearless, undoubting endeavor,
The grasp of the hands and the spring of the feet
Unwearied forever.

The wind of the east and the north
Has smitten and stabbed with a knife;
The edict of death has gone forth,
And the issue is life.

Out of March through the mire and clay,
Over April's brown slope and wet dune,
It shall laugh from the summit of May,
Name its victory "June."

Arthur Colton.

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THE TORY LOVER.[1]

XXXI.

One morning late in spring the yellow primroses were still abloom on the high moorlands above Plymouth; the chilly sea wind was blowing hard, and the bright sunshine gave little warmth, even in a sheltered place. The yard of the great Mill Prison was well defended by its high stockade, but the wind struck a strong wing into it in passing, and set many a poor half-clad man to shivering.

The dreary place was crowded with sailors taken from American ships: some forlorn faces were bleached by long captivity, and others were still round and ruddy from recent seafaring. There was a constant clack of sharp, angry voices. Outside the gate was a group of idle sightseers staring in, as if these poor Yankees were a menagerie of outlandish beasts; now and then some compassionate man would toss a shilling between the bars, to be pitifully scrambled for, or beckon to a prisoner who looked more suffering than the rest. Even a south-westerly gale hardly served to lighten the heavy air of such a crowded place, and nearly every one looked distressed; the smallpox had blighted many a face, so that the whole company wore a piteous look, though each new day still brought new hopes of liberty.

There were small groups of men sitting close together. Some were playing at games with pebbles and little sticks, their draughts board or fox-and-geese lines being scratched upon the hard, trodden ground. Some were writing letters, and wondering how to make sure of sending them across the sea. There were only two or three books to be seen in hand; most of the prisoners were wearily doing nothing at all.

In one corner, a little apart from the rest, sat a poor young captain who had lost his first command, a small trading vessel on the way to France. He looked very downcast, and was writing slowly, a long and hopeless letter to his wife.

"I now regret that I had not taken your advice and Mother's and remained at home instead of being a prisoner here," he had already written, and the stiff, painfully shaped words looked large and small by turns through his great tears. "I was five days in the prison ship. I am in sorrow our government cares but little for hir subjects. They have nothing allowed them but what the British government gives them. Shameful, — all other nations feels for their subjects except our Country. There is no exchange of prisoners. It is intirely uncertain when I return perhaps not during the war. I live but very poor, every thing is high. I hope you have surmounted your difficulties and our child has come a Comfort to imploy your fond attention. It is hard the loss of my ship and difficult to bare. God bless you all. My situation is not so bad but it might be worse. This goes by a cartel would to God I could go with it but that happiness is denied me. It would pain your tender heart to view the distressed seamen crowded in this filthy prison, there is kind friends howiver in every place and some hours passed very pleasant in spite of every lack some says the gallows or the East Indias will be our dreadful destiny. 't would break a stone's heart to see good men go so hungry we must go barefoot when our shoes is done. Some eats the grass in the yard and picks up old bones, and all runs to snatch the stumps of our cabbage the cooks throws out. some makes

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a good soup they say from snails a decent sort that hives about the walls, but I have not come to this I could not go it. They says we may be scattered on the King's ships. I hear the bells in Plymouth Town and Dock pray God 't is for no victory — no I hear in closing 't is only their new Lord Mayor coming in " —

As this was finished there was another man waiting close by, who caught impatiently at the thrice-watered ink, and looked suspiciously to see if any still remained.

" Harbert said 's how I should take it next," grumbled the fellow prisoner, " if so be you 've left me any. Who 'll car' our letters to the cartel? They want to send a list o' those that 's dead out o' the Dolton, an' I give my promise to draw up the names."

There were many faces missing now from the crew of the Dolton brigantine, taken nearly a year and a half before, but there were still a good number of her men left in the prison. Others had come from the Blenheim or the Fancy; some from the Lexington; and the newest resident was a man off the Yankee Hero, who had spent some time after his capture as sailor on a British man-of-war. He was a friendly person, and had brought much welcome news, being also so strong and well fed that he was a pleasant sight to see. Just now he sat with Charles Herbert, of Newbury, in Massachusetts, whom they all called the scribe. For once this poor captive wore a bright, eager look on his scarred face, as he listened to the newcomer's talk of affairs; they had been near neighbors at home. The younger man had been in prison these many months. He was so lucky as to possess a clumsy knife, which was as great a treasure as his cherished bottle of ink, and was busy making a little box of cedar wood and fitting it neatly together with pegs. Since he had suffered the terrible attack of smallpox which had left his face in ruins, and given him a look of age at twenty, his eyesight had begun to fail; he was even now groping over the ground, to find one of the tiny dowels that belonged to his handiwork.

" 'T is there by your knee; the rags of your trouser leg was over it," said Titcomb, the new man-of-war's man, as he reached for the bit of wood.

" Who 's this new plant o' grace, comin' out o' hospit'l? " he asked suddenly, looking over Herbert's shoulder, with the peg in his fingers. " 'T is a stranger to me, and with the air of a gentleman, though he lops about trying his sea legs like an eel on 's tail."

" No place for gentlemen here, God help him! " said the young scribe sadly, trying to clear his dull eyes with a ragged sleeve as he turned to look. " No, I don't know who 't is. I did hear yisterday that there was an officer fetched here in the night, from the north'ard, under guard, and like to be soon hanged. Some one off of a Yankee privateer, they said, that went in and burnt the shipping of a port beyond Wales. I overheared the sentinels havin' some talk about him last night. I expect 't was that old business of the Ranger, and nothin' new."

There was a rough scuffling game going on in the prison yard, which made all the sick and disabled men shrink back against the walls, out of danger. The stranger came feebly from point to point, as the game left space, toward the sunny side where the two Newbury men were sitting. As they made room for him, they saw that he was dressed in the remains of a torn, weather-stained uniform; his arm was in a sling, and his shoulder fast bound with dirty bandages.

" You 're a new bird in this pretty cage," said poor Herbert, smiling pleasantly. He was a fellow of sympathetic heart, and always very friendly with newcomers.

The stranger returned his greeting, with a distressed glance toward their noisy companions, and seated himself

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heavily on the ground, leaning back against the palisade. The tumult and apparent danger of finding himself trodden underfoot vexed and confused him in his weakness; presently he grew faint, and his head dropped on his breast. His last thought was a wish to be back in the wretched barracks, where at least it was quiet. At that moment two men pushed their way out of the middle of a quarreling group of playmates, and ran toward him.

"'T ain't never you, sir!" cried one.

"'T is Mr. Roger Wallingford, too! Don't you think I 've got sense enough to know?" scolded the other, both speaking at once, in tones which conveyed much pity and astonishment to the Newbury men's ears.

"By God! it is, an' he 's a dyin' man!"

Gideon Warren was a Berwick sailor of the old stock, who had known the lieutenant from a child, and was himself born and reared by the river. "What 've them devils used him such a way for?" he demanded angrily. "He looks as ancient as the old judge, his father, done, the week afore he died. What sort of a uniform 's this he 's got on him?"

The other men looked on, and, any excitement being delightful in so dull a place, a crowd gathered about them quickly, pushing and jostling, and demanding to know what had happened. Warren, a heavily-built, kind-faced old mariner, had fallen on his knees and taken the sick man's head on his own ample shoulder, with all the gentleness of a woman. There was more than one old Berwick neighbor standing near. The general racket of noise began to be hushed.

"Git him some water, can't ye?" commanded Warren. "I misdoubt we 've got no sperits for him. Stand to t' other side, there, some on ye, an' keep the sun off'n him!"

"'T ain't no British fightin' gear, nor French neither, that 's on him," said Ichabod Lord, as he leaned forward to get a better view of the red waistcoat, and, above all, the gilt buttons of the new prisoner's coat.

"'T is an officer from one o' our own Congress ships; they 'd keep such news from us here, any way they could."

"Looks to me different," said the Newbury man who was with Herbert. "No, I 'll begretch it 's anything more 'n some livery wear and relic o' fashion. 'T is some poor chap they 've cotched out'n some lord's house; he mought be American-born, an' they took him to be spyin' on 'em."

"What d' you know o' them high affairs?" returned Warren indignantly. "Livery wear? You ain't never been situated where you 'd be like to see none! 'T is a proper uniform, or was one, leastways; there 's a passel o' anchors worked on him, and how he ever come here ain't for me to say, but 't is our young Squire Wallin'ford, son an' heir o' the best gentleman that was ever on the old Piscataqua River."

"When we come away, folks was all certain they had leanin's to the wrong side; his mother's folks was high among the Boston Tories," explained Ichabod Lord wonderingly. "Yet he must ha' been doin' some mischief 'long o' the Patriots, or he 'd never been sent here for no rebel, — no, they 'd never sent him here; this ain't where they keep none o' their crown jew'ls! Lord! I hope he ain't goin' to die afore he tells some news from the old Landin' an' Pound Hill, an' how things was goin' forrard, when he left home, all up along the Witchtrot road!"

These last words came straight from the depths of an exile's heart, and nobody thought it worth while to smile at the names of his localities; there was hardly a man who was not longing for home news in the same desperate way. A jail was but a jail the world over, a place to crowd a man lower down, soul and body, and England was not likely to be anxious about luxuries for these

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ship's companies of rebels and pirates, the willful destroyers of her commerce; they were all guilty of treason, and deserved the worst of punishment.

There was a faint flicker of color now on the stranger's cheeks, and Charles Herbert had brought some water, and was fanning him with a poor fragment of headgear, while some else rubbed his cold hands. They were all well enough used to seeing men in a swoon; the custom was to lay them close to the wall, if they were in the way, to recover themselves as best they could, but this man with the stained red waistcoat might have news to tell.

"I 'll bate my head he 's been on the Ranger with Paul Jones," announced Ichabod Lord solemnly, as if he were ready to suffer for his opinions. "That 's what 't is; they may have all been taken, too, off the coast."

"Why, 't is the uniform of our own Congress navy, then!" exclaimed young Herbert, with his scarred cheeks gone bright crimson like a girl's, and a strange thrill in his voice. He sprang to his feet, and the men near him gave the best cheer they could muster. Poor Wallingford heard it, and stirred a little, and half opened his eyes.

"I 've above two shillings here that I 've airnt makin' of my workboxes: some o' you fellows run to the gates and get a decent-looking body to fetch us some brandy," begged Herbert hastily.

"I 'm all right now," said Wallingford aloud; and then he saw whose stout arms were holding him, and looked into a familiar face.

"Good God! we had news at home long ago that you were dead, Warren!" he said, with wide-eyed bewilderment.

"I bain't, then, so now," insisted the honest Gideon indignantly, which amused the audience so that they fell to laughing and slapping one another on the shoulder.

"Well, I *bain't*," repeated Warren, as soon as he could be heard. "I 've been here in this prison for seven months, and 't is a good deal worse 'n layin' at home in Old Fields bur'in' ground, right in sight o' the river 'n' all 's a-goin' on. Tell us where you come from, sir, as soon 's you feel able, and how long you are from Barvick! We get no sort o' news from the folks. I expect you can't tell me whether my old mother 's livin'?" The poor man tried hard to master his feelings, but his face began to twitch, and he burst out crying suddenly, like a child.

"Looks like they 've all gone and forgot us," said a patient, pale-faced fellow who stood near. Wallingford was himself again now, and looked with dismay at those who looked at him. Their piteous pallor and hungry-eyed misery of appearance could give but little sense of welcome or comfortable reassurance to a new captive. He was as poor as they, and as lacking in present resource, and, being weak and worn, the very kindness and pity of the arms that held him only added to his pain.

"If I had not come the last of my way by sea," he told them, trying to speak some cheerful hope to such hopeless souls, "I might have got word to London or to Bristol, where I can count upon good friends." But some of the listeners looked incredulous and shook their heads doubtfully, while there were those who laughed bitterly as they strolled away.

"Have you any late news from Captain Paul Jones?" he asked, sitting straight now, though Warren still kept a careful arm behind him. "I was at Whitehaven with him; I belong on the frigate Ranger," and his eyes grew bright and boyish.

"They say that one of her own officers tried to betray the ship," sneered a young man, a late comer to the Mill Prison, who stood looking straight into poor Wallingford's face.

"'T was true enough, too," said Roger

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Wallingford frankly; "'t is by no fault of mine that you see me here. God grant that such treachery made no other victim!"

"They say that the Ranger has taken a mort o' prizes, and sent them back to France," announced the Newbury sailor. "Oh, Lord, yes, she 's scared 'em blue ever sence that night she went into Whitehaven! She took the Drake sloop o' war out o' Carrickfergus that very next day."

"I knew there was such business afoot!" cried the lieutenant proudly; but he suddenly turned faint again, and they saw a new bright stain strike through the clumsy bandages on his shoulder.

XXXII.

The less said of a dull sea voyage, the better; to Madam Wallingford and her young companion their slow crossing to the port of Bristol could be but a long delay. Each day of the first week seemed like a week in passing, though from very emptiness it might be but a moment in remembrance; time in itself being like money in itself, — nothing at all unless changed into action, sensation, material. At first, for these passengers by the Golden Dolphin, there was no hope of amusement of any sort to shorten the eventless hours. Their hearts were too heavy with comfortless anxieties.

The sea was calm, and the May winds light but steady from the west. It was very warm for the season of year, and the discouragements of early morning in the close cabin were easily blown away by the fresh air of the quarter-deck. The captain, a well-born man, but diffident in the company of ladies, left his vessel's owner and her young companion very much to themselves. Mary had kept to a sweet composure and uncomplainingness, for her old friend's sake, but she knew many difficult hours of regret and uncertainty now that, having once taken this great step, Madam Wallingford appeared to look to her entirely for support and counsel, and almost to forget upon how great an adventure they had set forth. All Mary's own cares and all her own obligations and beliefs sometimes rose before her mind, as if in jealous arraignment of her presence on the eastward-moving ship. Yet though she might think of her brother's displeasure and anxiety, and in the darkest moments of all might call herself a deserter, and count the slow hours of a restless night, when morning came, one look at Madam Wallingford's pale face in the gray light of their cabin was enough to reassure the bravery of her heart. In still worse hours of that poor lady's angry accusation of those whom she believed to be their country's enemies, Mary yet found it possible to be patient, as we always may be when Pity comes to help us; there was ever a certainty in her breast that she had not done wrong, — that she was only yielding to an inevitable, irresistible force of love. Fate itself had brought her out of her own country.

Often they sat pleasantly together upon the deck, the weather was so clear and fine, Mary being always at Madam Wallingford's feet on a stout little oaken footstool, busy with her needle to fashion a warmer head covering, or to work at a piece of slow embroidery on a strip of linen that Peggy had long ago woven on their own loom. Often the hearts of both these women, who were mistresses of great houses and the caretakers of many dependents, were full of anxious thought of home and all its business.

Halfway from land to land, with the far horizon of a calm sea unbroken by mast or sail, the sky was so empty by day that the stars at night brought welcome evidence of life and even companionship, as if the great processes of the universe were akin to the conscious life on their own little ship. In spite of the cruelty of a doubt that would some-

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times attack her, Mary never quite lost hold on a higher courage, or the belief that they were on their way to serve one whom they both loved, to do something which they alone could do. The thought struck her afresh, one afternoon, that they might easily enough run into danger as they came near land; they might not only fall an easy prey to some Yankee privateer (for their sailing papers were now from Halifax), but they might meet the well-manned Ranger herself, as they came upon the English coast. A quick flush brightened the girl's sea-browned cheeks, but a smile of confidence and amusement followed it.

Madam Wallingford was watching her from the long chair.

"You seem very cheerful to-day, my dear child," she said wistfully.

"I was heartened by a funny little dream in broad daylight," answered Mary frankly, looking up with something like love itself unveiled in her clear eyes.

"It is like to be anything but gay in Bristol, when we come to land," answered Madam Wallingford. "I had news in Halifax, when we lay there, that many of their best merchants in Bristol are broken, and are for a petition to Parliament to end these troubles quickly. All their once great trade with the colonies is done. I spent many happy months in Bristol when I was young. 'T was a noble town, with both riches and learning, and full of sights, too; 't was a fit town for gentlefolk. I sometimes think that if anything could give back my old strength again, 't would be to take the air upon the Clifton Downs."

"You will have many things to show me," said Mary, with a smile. "You are better already for the sea air, Madam. It does my heart good to see the change in you."

"Oh, dear child, if we were only there!" cried the poor lady. "Life is too hard for me; it seems sometimes as if I cannot bear it a moment longer. Yet I shall find strength for what I have to do. I wonder if we must take long journeys at once? 'T is not so far if Roger should be at Plymouth, as they believed among the Halifax folks. But I saw one man shake his head and look at me with pity, as I put my questions. He was from England, too, and just off the sea" —

"There is one thing I am certain of, — Roger is not dead," said Mary. "We are sure to find him soon," she added, in a different tone, when she had spoken out of her heart for very certainty. The mother's face took on a sweet look of relief; Mary was so strong-hearted, so sure of what she said, that it could not help being a comfort.

"Our cousin Davis will be gathering age," Madam Wallingford continued, after a little while. "I look to find her most sadly changed. She had been married two years already when I made my first voyage to England, and went to visit her."

Mary looked up eagerly from her work, as if to beg some further reminiscences of the past. Because she loved Madam Wallingford so well it was pleasant to share the past with her; the old distance between them grew narrower day by day.

"I was but a girl of seventeen when I first saw Bristol, and I went straight to her house from the ship, as I hope we may do now, if that dear heart still remains in a world that needs her," said the elder woman. "She is of kin to your own people, you must remember, as well as to the Wallingfords. Yes, she was glad of my visit, too, for she was still mourning for her mother. Being the youngest child, she had been close with her till her marriage, and always a favorite. They had never been parted for a night or slept but under the same roof, until young Davis would marry her, and could not be gainsaid. He had come to the Piscataqua plantations, supercargo of a great ship of his father's;

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the whole countryside had flocked to see so fine a vessel, when she lay in the stream at Portsmouth. She was called the Rose and Crown; she was painted and gilded in her cabin like a king's pleasure ship. He promised that his wife should come home every second year for a long visit, and bragged of their ships being always on the ocean; he said she should keep her carriage both on sea and on land. 'T was but the promise of a courting man. He was older than she, and already very masterful; he had grown stern and sober, and made grave laws for his household, when I saw it, two years later. He had come to be his father's sole heir, and felt the weight of great affairs, and said he could not spare his wife out of his sight, when she pleaded to return with me; a woman's place was in her husband's house. Mother and child had the sundering sea ever between them, and never looked in each other's face again; for Mistress Goodwin was too feeble to take the journey, though she was younger than I am now. He was an honest man and skillful merchant, was John Davis; but few men can read a woman's heart, that lives by longing, and not by reason; 't is writ in another language.

"You have often heard of the mother, old Mistress Goodwin, who was taken to Canada by the savages, and who saw her child killed by them before her eyes? They threatened to kill her too because she wept, and an Indian woman pitied her, and flung water in her face to hide the tears," the speaker ended, much moved.

"Oh yes. I always wish I could remember her," answered Mary. "She was a woman of great valor, and with such a history. 'T was like living two lifetimes in one." The girl's face shone with eagerness as she looked up, and again bent over her needlework. "She was the mother of all the Goodwins; they have cause enough for pride when they think of her."

"Then she had great beauty, too, even in her latest age, though her face was marked by sorrow," continued Madam Wallingford, easily led toward entertaining herself by the listener's interest, the hope of pleasing Mary. "Mistress Goodwin was the skillful hostess of any company, small or great, and full of life even when she was bent double by her weight of years, and had seen most of her children die before her. There was a look in her eyes as of one who could see spirits, and yet she was called a very cheerful person. 'T was indeed a double life, as if she knew the next world long before she left this one. They said she was long remembered by the folk she lived among in Canada; she would have done much kindness there even in her distress. Her husband was a plain, kind man, very able and shrewd-witted, like most Goodwins, but she was born a Plaisted of the Great House; they were the best family then in the plantation. Oh yes, I can see her now as if she stood before me, — a small body, but lit with flame from no common altar of the gods!" exclaimed Madam Wallingford, after a moment's pause. "She had the fine dignity which so many women lack in these days, and knew no fear, they always said, except at the sight of some savage face. This I have often heard old people say of her earlier years, when the Indians were still in the country; she would be startled by them as if she came suddenly upon a serpent. Yet she would treat them kindly."

"I remember when some of our old men still brought their guns to church and stood them in the pews," said Mary; "but this year there were only two poor huts in the Vineyard, when the Indians came down the country to catch the salmon and dry them. There are but a feeble few of all their great tribe; 't is strange to know that a whole nation has lived on our lands before us! I wonder if we shall disappear in our own turn? Peggy always says that when the first settlers came up the river they found traces

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of ancient settlement; the Vineyard was there, with its planted vines all run to waste and of a great age, and the old fields, too, which have given our river neighborhoods their name. Heaven knows who cleared and planted them; 't was no Indian work. Peggy says there were other white people in Barvick long ago; the old Indians had some strange legends of a fair-haired folk who had gone away. Did Mistress Goodwin ever speak of her captivity, or the terrible march to Canada through the snow, when she was captured with the other Barvick folk, Madam?" asked Mary, with eagerness to return to their first subject. "People do not speak much of those old times now, since our own troubles came on."

"No, no, she would never talk of her trials; 't was not her way," protested Madam Wallingford, and a shadow crossed her face. "'T was her only happiness to forget such things. They needed bravery in those old days; in our time nothing can haunt us as their fear of sudden assault and savage cruelty must have haunted them."

Mary thought quickly enough of that angry mob which had so lately gathered about her old friend's door, but she said nothing. The Sons of Liberty and their visit seemed to have left no permanent discomfort in Madam's mind. "No, no!" said the girl aloud. "We have grown so comfortable that even war has its luxuries; they have said that a common soldier grows dainty with his food and lodging, and the commanders are daily fretted by such complaints."

"There is not much comfort to be had, poor fellows!" exclaimed Madam Wallingford rebukingly, as if she and Mary had changed sides. "Not at your Valley Forge, and not with the King's troops last year in Boston. They suffered everything, but not more than the rebels liked."

Mary's cheeks grew red at the offensive word. "Do not say rebels!" she entreated. "I do not think that Mistress Hetty Goodwin would side with Parliament, if she were living still. Think how they loved our young country, and what they bore for it, in those early days!"

"'T is not to the purpose, child!" answered the old lady sharply. "They were all for England against France and her cruel Indian allies; I meant by 'rebels' but a party word. Hetty Goodwin might well be of my mind; too old to learn irreverence toward the King. I hate some of his surrounders, — I can own to that! I hate the Bedfords, and I have but scorn for his Lord Sandwich or for Rockingham. They are treating our American Loyalists without justice. Sir William Howe might have had five thousand men of us, had he made proclamation. Fifty of the best gentlemen in Philadelphia who were for the Crown waited upon him only to be rebuffed."

She checked herself quickly, and glanced at Mary, as if she were sorry to have acknowledged so much. "Yes, I count upon Mr. Fox to stand our friend rather than upon these; and we have Mr. Franklin, too, who is large-minded enough to think of the colonies themselves, and to forget their petty factions and rivalries. Let us agree, let us agree if we can!" and Madam Wallingford, whose dignity was not a thing to be lightly touched, turned toward Mary with a winning smile. She knew that she must trust herself more and more to this young heart's patience and kindness; yes, and to her judgment about their plans. Thank God, this child who loved her was always at her side. With a strange impulse to confess all these things, she put out her frail hand to Mary, and Mary, willingly drawing a little closer, held it to her cheek. They could best understand each other without words. The girl had a clear mind, and had listened much to the talk of men. The womanish arguments of Madam Wallingford always strangely confused her.

"Mr. Franklin will ever be as young

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at heart as he is old in years," said the lady presently, with the old charm of her manner, and all wistfulness and worry quite gone from her face. She had been strengthened by Mary's love in the failing citadel of her heart. "'T is Mr. Franklin's most noble gift that he can keep in sympathy with the thoughts and purposes of younger men. Age is wont to be narrow and to depend upon certainties of the past, while youth has its easily gathered hopes and its intuitions. Mr. Franklin is both characters at once, — as sanguine as he is experienced. I knew him well; he will be the same man now, and as easy a courtier as he was then content with his thrift and prudence. I trust him among the first of those who can mend our present troubles.

"I beg you not to think that I am unmindful of our wrongs in the colonies, Mary, my dear," she added then, in a changed voice. "'T is but your foolish way of trying to mend them that has grieved me, — you who call yourselves the Patriots!"

Mary smiled again and kept silence, but with something of a doubtful heart. She did not wish to argue upon politics, that sunny day on the sea. No good could come of it, though she had a keen sense that her companion's mind was now sometimes unsettled from its old prejudices and firm beliefs. The captain was a stanch Royalist, who believed that the rebels were sure to be put down, and that no sensible man should find himself left in the foolish situation of a King's antagonist, or suffer the futility of such defeat.

"Will Mistress Davis look like her mother, do you think?" Mary again bethought herself to return to the simpler subject of their conversation.

"Yes, no doubt; they had the same brave eyes and yet strangely timid look. 'T is but a delicate, womanish face. Our cousin Davis would be white-headed now; she was already gray in her twenties, when I last saw her. It sometimes seems but t' other day. They said that Mistress Goodwin came home from Canada with her hair as white as snow. Yes, their eyes were alike; but the daughter had a Goodwin look, small-featured and neatly made, as their women are. She could hold to a purpose and was very capable, and had wonderful quickness with figures; 't is common to the whole line. Mistress Hetty, the mother, had a pleasing gentleness, but great dignity; she was born of those who long had been used to responsibility and the direction of others."

Mary laughed a little. "When you say 'capable,' it makes me think of old Peggy, at home," she explained. "One day, not long ago, I was in the spinning room while we chose a pattern for the new table linen, and she had a child there with her; you know that Peggy is fond of a little guest. There had been talk of a cake, and the child was carrying favor lest she should be forgotten.

"'Mrs. Peggy,' she piped, 'my aunt Betsey says as how you 're a very capering woman!'

"'What, what?' says Peggy. 'Your aunt Betsey, indeed, you mite! Oh, I expect 't was *capable* she meant,' says Peggy next moment, a little pacified, and turned to me with a lofty air. 'Can't folks have an English tongue in their heads?' she grumbled; but she ended our high affairs then, and went off to her kitchen with the child safe in hand."

"I can see her go!" and Madam Wallingford laughed too, easily pleased with the homely tale.

"Ah, but we must not laugh; it hurts my poor heart even to smile," she whispered. "My dear son is in prison, we know not where, and I have been forgetting him when I can laugh. I know not if he be live or dead, and we are so far from him, tossing in the midseas. Oh, what can two women like us do in England, in this time of bitterness, if the Loyalists are reckoned but brothers of

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the rebels? I dreamed it was all different till we heard such tales in Halifax."

"We shall find many friends, and we need never throw away our hope," said Mary Hamilton soothingly. "And Master Sullivan bade me remember with his last blessing that God never makes us feel our weakness except to lead us to seek strength from him. 'T was the saying of his old priest, the Abbé Fénelon."

They sat silent together; the motion of the ship was gentle enough, and the western breeze was steady. It seemed like a quiet night again; the sun was going down, and there was a golden light in the thick web of rigging overhead, and the gray sails were turned to gold color.

"'T is I who should be staying you, dear child," whispered Madam Wallingford, putting out her hand again and resting it on Mary's shoulder, "but you never fail to comfort me. I have bitterly reproached myself many and many a day for letting you follow me; 't is like the book of Ruth, which always brought my tears as I read it. I am far happier here with you than I have been many a day at home in my lonely house. I need wish for a daughter's love no more. I sometimes forget even my great sorrow and my fear of our uncertainty, and dread the day when we shall come to land. I wish I were not so full of fears. Yet I do not think God will let me die till I have seen my son."

Mary could not look just then at her old friend's fragile figure and anxious face; she had indeed taken a great charge upon herself, and a weakness stole over her own heart that could hardly be borne. What difficulties and disappointments were before them God only knew.

"Dear child," said Madam Wallingford, whose eyes were fixed upon Mary's unconscious face, "is it your dreams that keep your heart so light? I wish that you could share them with the heavy-hearted like me! All this long winter you have shown a heavenly patience; but your face was often sad, and this has grieved me. I have thought since we came to sea that you have been happier than you were before."

"'T was not the distresses that we all knew; something pained me that I could not understand. Now it troubles me no more," and Mary looked at the questioner with a frank smile.

"I am above all a hater of curious questions," insisted the lady. But Mary did not turn her eyes away, and smiled again.

"I can hold myself to silence," said Madam Wallingford. "I should not have spoken but for the love and true interest of my heart; 't was not a vulgar greed of curiosity that moved me. I am thankful enough for your good cheer; you have left home and many loving cares, and have come with me upon this forced and anxious journey as if 't were but a holiday."

Mary bent lower over her sewing.

"Now that we have no one but each other I should be glad to put away one thought that has distressed me much," confessed the mother, and her voice trembled. "You have never said that you had any word from Roger. Surely there is no misunderstanding between you? I have sometimes feared — Oh, remember that I am his mother, Mary! He has not written even to me in his old open fashion; there has been a difference, as if the great distance had for once come between our hearts; but this last letter was from his own true heart, from his very self! The knowledge that he was not happy made me fearful, and yet I cannot brook the thought that he has been faithless, galling though his hasty oath may have been to him. Oh no, no! I hate myself for speaking so dark a thought as this. My son is a man of high honor." She spoke proudly, yet her anxious face was drawn with pain.

Mary laid down her piece of linen,

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and clasped her hands together strongly in her lap. There was something deeply serious in her expression, as she gazed off upon the sea.

"It is all right now," she said presently, speaking very simply, and not without effort. "I have been grieved for many weeks, ever since the first letters came. I had no word at all from Roger, and we had been such friends. The captain wrote twice to me, as I told you; his letters were the letters of a gentleman, and most kind. I could be sure that there was no trouble between them, as I feared sometimes at first," and the bright color rushed to her face. "It put me to great anxiety; but the very morning before we sailed a letter came from Roger. I could not bring myself to speak of it then; I can hardly tell you now."

"And it is all clear between you? I see, — there was some misunderstanding, my dear. Remember that my boy is sometimes very quick; 't is a hasty temper, but a warm and true heart. Is it all clear now?"

Mary wished to answer, but she could not, for all her trying, manage to speak a word; she did not wish to show the deep feeling that was moving her, and first looked seaward again, and then took up her needlework. Her hand touched the bosom of her gown, to feel if the letter were there and safe. Madam Wallingford smiled, and was happy enough in such a plain assurance.

"Oh yes!" Mary found herself saying next moment, quite unconsciously, the wave of happy emotion having left her calm again. "Oh yes, I have come to understand everything now, dear Madam, and the letter was written while the Ranger lay in the port of Brest. They were sailing any day for the English coast."

"Sometimes I fear that he may be dead; this very sense of his living nearness to my heart may be only — The dread of losing him wakes me from my sleep; but sometimes by day I can feel him thinking to me, just as I always have since he was a child; 't is just as if he spoke," and the tears stood bright in Madam Wallingford's eyes.

"No, dear, he is not dead," said Mary, listening eagerly; but she could not tell even Roger Wallingford's mother the reason why she was so certain.

XXXIII.

Miss Mary Hamilton and the captain of the Golden Dolphin walked together from the busy boat landing up into the town of Bristol. The tide was far down, and the captain, being a stout man, was still wheezing from his steep climb on the long landing stairs. It was good to feel the comfort of solid ground underfoot, and to hear so loud and cheerful a noise of English voices, after their six long weeks at sea, and the ring and clank of coppersmiths' hammers were not unpleasant to the ear even in a narrow street. The captain was in a jovial temper of mind; he had some considerable interest in his cargo, and they had been in constant danger off the coast. Now that he was safe ashore, and the brig was safe at anchor, he stepped quickly and carried his head high, and asked their shortest way to Mr. Davis's house, to leave Mary there, while he made plans for coming up to one of that well-known merchant's wharves.

"Here we are at last!" exclaimed the master mariner. "I can find my way across the sea straight to King's Road and Bristol quay, but I 'm easy lost in the crooked ways of a town. I 've seen the port of Bristol, too, a score o' times since I was first a sailor, but I saw it never so dull as now. There 't is, the large house beyond, to the port-hand side. He lives like a nobleman, does old Sir Davis. I 'll leave ye here now, and go my ways; they 've sarvents a plenty to see ye back to the strand."

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The shy and much-occupied captain now made haste toward the merchant's counting-room, and Mary hurried on toward the house, anxious to know if Madam Wallingford's hopes were to be assured, and if they should find Mistress Davis not only alive and well, but ready to welcome them. As she came nearer, her heart beat fast at the sight of a lady's trim head, white-capped, and not without distinction of look, behind the panes of a bowed window. It was as plain that this was a familiar sight, that it might every day be seen framed in its place within the little panes, as if Mary had known the face since childhood, and watched for a daily greeting as she walked a Portsmouth street at home. She even hesitated for a moment, looking eagerly, ere she went to lift the bright knocker of the street door.

In a minute more she was in the room.

"I am Mary Hamilton, of Barvick," said the guest, with pretty eagerness, "and I bring you love and greeting from Madam Wallingford, your old friend."

"From Madam Wallingford?" exclaimed the hostess, who had thought to see a neighbor's daughter enter from the street, and now beheld a stranger, a beautiful young creature, with a beseeching look in her half-familiar face. "Come you indeed from old Barvick, my dear? You are just off the sea, by your fresh looks. I was thinking of Mistress Wallingford within this very hour; I grieved to think that now we are both so old I can never see her face again. So you bring me news of her? Sit you down; I can say that you are most welcome." Her eyes were like a younger woman's, and they never left Mary's face.

"She is here; she is in the harbor, on board the Golden Dolphin, one of her own ships. I have not only brought news to you; I have brought her very self," said the girl joyfully.

There was a quick shadow upon the hostess's face. "Alas, then, poor soul, I fear she has been driven from her home by trouble; she would be one of the Loyalists! I'll send for her at once. Come nearer me; sit here in the window seat!" begged Mistress Davis affectionately. "You are little Mary Hamilton, of the fine house I have heard of and never seen, the pride of my old Barvick. But your brother would not change sides. You are both of the new party, — I have heard all that months ago; how happens it that the Golden Dolphin brought you hither, too?"

Mary seated herself in the deep window, while Mistress Davis gazed at her wonderingly. She had a tender heart; she could read the signs of great effort and of loneliness in the bright girlish face. She did not speak, but her long, discerning look and the touch of her hand gave such motherly comfort that the girl might easily have fallen to weeping. It was not that Mary thought of any mean pity for herself, or even remembered that her dear charge had sometimes shown the unconscious selfishness of weakness and grief; but brave and self-forgetful hearts always know the true value of sympathy. They were friends and lovers at first sight, the young girl and the elderly woman who was also Berwick-born.

"I have had your house filled to its least garrets with Royalists out of my own country, and here comes still another of them, with a young friend who is of the other party," Mistress Davis said gayly; and the guest looked up to see a handsome old man who had entered from another room, and who frowned doubtfully as he received this information. Mary's head was dark against the window, and he took small notice of her at first, though some young men outside in the street had observed so much of her beauty as was visible, and were walking to and fro on the pavement, hoping for a still brighter vision.

"This is Miss Mary Hamilton, of Barvick," announced the mistress, "and our old friend Madam Wallingford is in

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harbor, on one of her ships." She knew that she need say no more.

Mr. John Davis, alderman of Bristol and senior warden of his parish church, now came forward with some gallantry of manner.

"I do not like to lay a new charge upon you," said his wife, pleading prettily, "but these are not as our other fugitives, poor souls!" and she smiled as if with some confidence.

"Why, no, these be both of them your own kinsfolk, if I mistake not," the merchant agreed handsomely; "and the better part of our living has come, in times past, from my dealings with the husband of one and the good brother of the other. I should think it a pity if, for whatever reason they may have crossed the sea, we did not open wide our door; you may bid your maids make ready for their comfortable housing. I shall go at once to find the captain, since he has come safe to land in these days of piracy, and give so noble a gentlewoman as his owner my best welcome and service on the ship. Perhaps Miss Hamilton will walk with me, and give her own orders about her affairs?"

Mary stepped forward willingly from the window, in answer to so kind a greeting; and when she was within close range of the old man's short-sighted eyes, she was inspected with such rapid approval and happy surprise that Mr. Alderman Davis bent his stately head and saluted so fair a brow without further consideration. She was for following him at once on his kind errand, but she first ran back and kissed the dear mistress of the house. "I shall have much to tell you of home," she whispered; "you must spare me much time, though you will first be so eager for your own friend."

"We shall find each other changed, I know, — we have both seen years and trouble enough; but you must tell Mrs. Wallingford I have had no such happiness in many a year as the sight of her face will bring me. And dear Nancy Haggens?" she asked, holding Mary back, while the merchant grew impatient at the delay of their whispering. "She is yet alive?" And Mary smiled.

"I shall tell you many things, not only of her, but of the gay major," she replied aloud. "Yes, I am coming, sir; but it is like home here, and I am so happy already in your kind house." Then they walked away together, he with a clinking cane and majestic air, and kindly showing Miss Hamilton all the sights of Bristol that they passed.

"So you sailed on the Golden Dolphin?" he asked, as they reached the water side. "She is a small vessel, but she wears well; she has made this port many a time before," said John Davis. "And lumber-laden, you say? Well, that is good for me, and you are lucky to escape the thieving privateers out of your own harbors. So Madam Wallingford has borne her voyage handsomely, you think? What becomes of her young son?"

XXXIV.

Late that evening, while the two elder ladies kept close together, and spoke eagerly of old days and friends long gone out of sight, John Davis sat opposite his young guest at the fireplace, as he smoked his after-supper pipe.

The rich oak-paneled room was well lit by both firelight and candles, and held such peace and comfort as Mary never had cause to be so grateful for before. The cold dampness of the brig, their close quarters, and all the dullness and impatience of the voyage were past now, and they were safe in this good English house, among old friends. 'T was the threshold of England, too, and Roger Wallingford was somewhere within; soon they might be sailing together for home. Even the worst remembrance of the sea was not unwelcome, with this thought at heart!

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The voyagers had been listening to sad tales of the poverty and distress of nearly all the Loyalist refugees from America, the sorrows of Governor Hutchinson and his house, and of many others. The Sewalls, the Faneuils, and the Boutineaus who were still in Bristol had already sent eager messages. Mistress Davis warned her guests that next day, when news was spread of their coming, the house would be full of comers and goers; all asking for news, and most of them for money, too. Some were now in really destitute circumstances who had been rich at home, and pensions and grants for these heartsick Loyalists were not only slow in coming, but pitiful in their meagreness. There was a poor gentleman from Salem, and his wife with him, living in the Davis's house; they had lodged upward of thirty strangers since the year came in; 't was a heavy charge upon even a well-to-do man, for they must nearly all borrow money beside their food and shelter. Madam Wallingford was not likely to come empty-handed; the small, heavy box with brass scutcheons which the captain himself had escorted from the Golden Dolphin, late that afternoon, was not without comfortable reassurance, and the lady had asked to have a proper waiting maid chosen for her, as she did not wish to be a weight upon the household. But there were other problems to be faced. This good merchant, Mr. Davis, was under obligations to so old a friend, and he was not likely to be a niggard, in any sense, when she did him the honor to seek his hospitality.

"I must go to my library, where I keep my business matters; 't is but a plain book room, a place for my less public affairs. We may have some private talk there, if you are willing," he said, in a low voice; and Mary rose at once and followed him. The ladies did not even glance their way, though the merchant carefully explained that he should show his guest a very great ledger which had been brought up from his counting-room since business had fallen so low. She might see her brother's name on many of the pages.

"Let us speak frankly now," he urged, as they seated themselves by as bright a fire of blazing coals as the one they had left. "You can trust me with all your troubles," said the fatherly old man. "I am distressed to find that Madam Wallingford's case is so desperate."

Mary looked up, startled from the peace of mind into which she had fallen.

"Do you know anything, sir?" she begged him earnestly. "Is it likely" — But there she stopped, and could go no further.

"I had not the heart to tell her," he answered, "but we have already some knowledge of that officer of the Ranger who was left ashore at Whitehaven: he has been reported as gravely wounded, and they would not keep him in any jail of that northern region, but sent him southward in a dying state, saying that he should by rights go to his own kind in the Mill Prison. You must be aware that such an unprovoked attack upon a British seaport has made a great stir among us," added the merchant, with bitterness.

Mary remembered the burning of Falmouth in her own province, and was silent.

"If he had been a deserter, and treacherous at heart, as I find there was suspicion," he continued; "yes, even if his own proper feelings toward the King had mastered your lieutenant, I do not know that his situation would have been any better for the moment. They must lack spirit in Whitehaven; on our Bristol wharves the mob would have torn such a prisoner limb from limb. You must remember that I am an Englishman born and bred, and have no patience with your rebels. I see now 't was a calmer judgment ruled their course when they sent him south; but if he is yet in the Mill Prison, and alive, he

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could not be in a worse place. This war is costing the King a fortune every week that it goes on, and he cannot house such pirates and spies in his castle at Windsor."

Mary's eyes flashed; she was keeping a firm hold upon her patience. "I think, from what we are told of the Mill Prison, that the King has gone too far to the other extreme," she could not forbear saying, but with perfect quietness.

"Well, we are not here to talk politics," said the alderman uneasily. "I have a deep desire to serve so old and respected a friend as this young man's mother. I saw the boy once when he came to England; a promising lad, I must own, and respectful to his elders. I am ready to serve him, if I can, for his father's sake, and to put all talk of principles by, or any question of his deserts. We have been driven to the necessity of keeping watchers all up and down the coast by night and day, to send alarm by beacons into our towns. They say Paul Jones is a born divil, and will stick at nothing. How came Colonel Wallingford's son to cast in his lot with such a gallows rogue?"

"If you had lived on our river instead of here in Bristol, you would soon know," replied Mary. "Our honest industries have long been hindered and forbidden; we are English folk, and are robbed of our rights."

"Well, well, my dear, you seem very clear for a woman; but I am an old man, and hard to convince. Your brother should be clear-headed enough; he is a man of judgment; but how such men as he have come to be so mistaken and blind" —

"It is Parliament that has been blind all the time," insisted Mary. "If you had been with us on that side the sea, you would be among the first to know things as they are. Let us say no more, sir; I cannot lend myself to argument. You are so kind, and I am so very grateful for it, in my heart."

"Well, well," exclaimed the old man again, "let us speak, then, of this instant business that you have in hand! I take it you have a heart in the matter, too; I see that you cherish Madam Wallingford like her own child. We must find out if the lad is still alive, and whether it is possible to free him. I heard lately that they have had the worst sort of smallpox among them, and a jail fever that is worse than the plague itself. 'T is not the fault of the jail, I wager you, but some dirty sailor brought it from his foul ship," he added hastily. "They are all crowded in together; would they had kept at home where they belong!"

"You speak hard words," said the girl impatiently, and with plain reproach, but looking so beautiful in her quick anger that the old man was filled with wonder and delight before his conscience reminded him that he should be ashamed. He was not used to being so boldly fronted by his own women folk; though his wife always had her say, she feared and obeyed him afterward without question.

"I wish that this foolish tea had never been heard of; it has been a most detestable weed for England," grumbled the old merchant. "They say that even your Indians drink it now, or would have it if they could."

"Mr. Davis, you have seen something of our young country," said the girl, speaking in a quiet tone. "You have known how busy our men are at home, how steadily they go about their business. If you had seen, as I did, how they stood straight and dropped whatever they had in hand, and were hot with rage when the news came from Boston and we knew that we were attacked at Lexington and Concord, you would have learned how we felt the bitter wrong. 'T was not the loss of our tea or any trumpery tax; we have never been wanting in generosity, or hung back when we should play our part. We remembered all the old wrongs: our own

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timber rotting in our woods that we might not cut; our own waterfalls running to waste by your English law, lest we cripple the home manufacturers. We were hurt to the heart, and were provoked to fight; we have turned now against such tyranny. All we New England women sat at home at first and grieved. The cannon sounded loud through our peaceful country. They shut our ports, and we could not stand another insult without boldly resenting it. We had patience at first, because our hearts were English hearts; then we turned and fought with all our might, because we were still Englishmen, and there is plenty of fight left in us yet."

"You are beset by the pride of being independent, and all for yourselves," Mr. Davis accused her.

"Our hearts are wounded to the quick, because we are the same New England folk who fought together with the King's troops at Louisburg, and you have oppressed us," said Mary quickly. "I heard Mr. John Adams said lately — and he has been one of our leaders from the first — that there had not been a moment since the beginning of hostilities when he would not have given everything he possessed for a restoration to the state of things before the contest began, if we could only have security enough for its continuance. We did not wish to separate from England. If it has come, it is only from our sad necessity. But cannot you see that, being English people, we must insist upon our rights? We are not another race because we are in another country."

"Tut, tut, my dear," said the old man uneasily. "What does a pretty girl like you know about rights? So that's the talk you've listened to? We may need to hear more of it; you sound to me as if Fox had all along been in the right, and knew the way to bring back our trade." He began to fidget in his elbow chair and to mend the fire. "I can't go into all this; I have had a wearying day," — he began to make faint excuse. "There's much you should hear on England's side; you only know your own; and this war is costing Parliament a terrible drain of money."

"Do you know anything of Lord Newburgh, and where he may be found?" asked Mary, with sudden directness.

"My Lord Newburgh?" repeated Mr. Davis wonderingly. "And what should you want with him? I know him but by name. He would be the son of that Ratcliffe who was a Scotch rebel in the year '45, and lost his head by it, too; he was brother to the famous Lord Darwentwater. 'T was a wild family, an unfortunate house. What seek you at their hands?"

Mary sat looking into the fire, and did not answer.

"Perhaps you can send some one with me toward Plymouth to-morrow?" she asked presently, and trembled a little as she spoke. She had grown pale, though the bright firelight shone full in her face. "The captain learned when we first came ashore that Lord Mount Edgecumbe is likely to be commander of that prison where our men are; the Mill Prison they said it was, above Plymouth town. I did not say anything to Madam Wallingford, lest our hopes should fail; but if you could spare a proper person to go with me, I should like to go to Plymouth."

The old man gazed at her with wonder.

"You do not know what a wild goose chase means, then, my little lady!" he exclaimed, with considerable scorn. "Lord Mount Edgecumbe! You might as well go to Windsor expecting a morning talk and stroll in the park along with the King. 'T is evident enough one person is the same as another in your colonies! But if you wish to try, I happened to hear yesterday that the great earl is near by, in Bath, where he takes the waters for his gout. You can go first to Mr. George Fairfax, of Virginia, with

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whom Madam Wallingford is acquainted; she has told me that already. He is of a noble house, himself, Mr. Fairfax, and may know how to get speech with these gentlemen: why, yes, 't is a chance, indeed, and we might achieve something." Mr. Davis gave a satisfied look at the beautiful face before him, and nodded his sage head.

"I shall go with you, myself, if it is a fair day to-morrow," he assured her. "I am on good terms with Mr. Fairfax. I was long agent here for their tobacco ships, the old Lord Fairfaxes of Virginia; but all that rich trade is good as done," and he gave a heavy sigh. "We think of your sailors in the Mill Prison as if they were all divils. You won't find it easy to get one of them set free," he added boldly.

Mary gave a startled look, and drew back a little. "I hear the King is glad to ship them on his men-of-war," she said, "and that the Mill Prison is so vile a place the poor fellows are thankful to escape from it, even if they must turn traitor to their own cause."

"Oh, sailors are sailors!" grumbled the old man. "I find Madam Wallingford most loyal to our government, however, so that there is a chance for her. And she is no beggar or would-be pensioner; far from it! If her son had been on any other errand than this of the Ranger's, she might easier gain her ends, poor lady. 'What stands in the way?' you may ask. Why, only last week our own coast was in a panic of fear!" John Davis frowned at the fire, so that his great eyebrows looked as if they were an assaulting battery. He shrugged his shoulders angrily, and puffed hard at his pipe, but it had gone out altogether; then he smiled, and spoke in a gentler tone:

"Yes, missy, we 'll ride to Bath to-morrow, an the weather should be fair; the fresh air will hearten you after the sea, and we can talk with Mr. Fairfax, and see what may be done. I 'm not afraid to venture, though they may know you for a little rebel, and set me up to wear a wooden ruff all day in the pillory for being seen with you!"

"I must speak ye some hard words," the old man added unexpectedly, leaning forward and whispering under his breath, as if the solid oak panels might let his forebodings reach a mother's ears in the room beyond. "The young man may be dead and gone long before this, if he was put into the Mill Prison while yet weak from his wounds. If he is there, and alive, I think the King himself would say he could not let him out. There 's not much love lost in England now for Paul Jones or any of his crew."

Sarah Orne Jewett.

(*To be continued.*)

WASHINGTON DURING RECONSTRUCTION.

WASHINGTON during reconstruction was a reflection of the country, as is always likely to be the case when there is a great question pending upon which public attention is fixed. Doubtless a complexity of problems may sometimes occur, when a majority of the people are willing to accept something they do not want in order to secure something they want badly. And it is never quite safe to point confidently to a popular verdict, upon a minor issue of a campaign, in which some overshadowing issue was pending. But there was little contradiction of issues in the North during and immediately after the war, and the North

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at that time absolutely wielded the political power of the nation. Everything else was lost sight of in the effort, first to save the Union, then to secure freedom, and after these objects had been attained, to establish such a basis of restoration as should effectively guard them both from future danger. The sentiment of the Northern people was fixed beyond change upon the supreme necessity of maintaining freedom and the Union, and there was little danger that upon those questions their representatives would prove unresponsive to their will.

One of the first tasks confronting the statesmen at Washington who dealt with the problem of reconstruction consisted in clearing away the metaphysics with which it was surrounded. The purely theoretical phases of the situation continued for nearly five years. The tendency of masses of men to divide on abstractions, and to become confused by them, was well illustrated in the progress of reconstruction. Whether the Southern states had really been in or out of the Union during the war; whether they were "dead states," or their "practical relations" to the Union only had been disturbed, were questions of little more practical consequence than some of the distinctions in theology, and yet these were the features of reconstruction which were chiefly discussed until the conclusion of the war. The vital point in the situation was that there had actually been four years of bloody war, in which several hundreds of thousands of lives and some billions of dollars of property had been destroyed. Doubtless an important part of the work of reconstruction consisted in the restoration of the blessings of civil government to the localities which had so long been the theatre of war, but a far more important part was involved in the performance of an obvious duty, alike due to the conquerors and the conquered. How should the nation be protected against a repetition of so terrible a struggle? How should the good results of the war be made permanent? For it would certainly have been criminal folly if those responsible for the conduct of the government had, on account of any fine-spun theory about the legal effect of attempted secession upon the status of the Southern states, neglected to exact the utmost security for the future.

The use of so mild a term as "insurrection" did not change the character of the struggle, which had been, as a matter of fact, one of the bloodiest and most expensive of wars, from which the nation was fortunate to escape with its life. The Southern states had yielded to no sheriff's posse, but to an army of two millions of men; and it would have been very little to the credit of the statesmen at Washington if they had permitted the tremendous fact of war to be obscured by some legal phrase, and had devised remedies for the phrase, and not for the exact situation. When the time came for the final solution of the question, theory yielded to fact, and it was treated as a question of grave practical statesmanship, having peculiar and difficult conditions of its own, rather than one to be settled by technical distinctions. The wisdom of the men at Washington who dealt with the problem was, very likely, not so luminous and perfect as that which gentlemen now possess upon the same subject, a generation afterward; but such wisdom as they had they finally employed with reference to the actual situation, and for the primary purpose of securing to the whole nation whatever good results had sprung out of the war, and of delivering it from the danger of another struggle on account of the same cause. There may be room to question the wisdom of the remedies they devised, but there can be none that they took the proper point of view.

There existed, however, a class of difficulties of a constitutional character, which increased the magnitude of the work. The restoration of the supremacy

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of civil law, after the suppression of a rebellion against a government such as exists in England, would present a much simpler problem. That government would deal directly with individuals, and with them alone; it would not come in contact with subordinate jurisdictions; and, as the disturbed areas should become pacified, the military character of the rule would by degrees become mitigated by the gradual restoration of civil rights, until finally the peaceful sway of the laws should be restored. The federal character of our government, as well as the fact that it derived all its vitality through the limited provisions of a written constitution, made our problem a complex one. When the Southern states should be restored to the Union, or if they had never been out of the Union, then when they should again be permitted to participate in the common government, they would resume their equality with the other states and the control of a wide range of governmental powers, free from the supervision of the central government. The mere restoration of courts, sheriffs, and other agencies of civil government was what the task presented, in common with the task of restoration after rebellion against governments simple and unlimited in character. But, in addition to that, it was necessary to provide against results likely to follow the setting in motion of local sovereignties whose powers would be no less firmly secured to them by the Constitution than those of the national government itself. It thus became necessary to provide securities for the future, constitutional in character, and applicable alike to the states which fought for as well as to those which fought against the Union.

The situation was not lacking in other elements of difficulty. The resistance to the national authority had extended over the vast region stretching from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and containing three quarters of a million square miles of territory. Over this enormous area, greater in extent than Italy, Spain, France, and the German Empire combined, there were scattered four millions of black men, who had been held as slaves and had been made free. If they had been freed by the ordinary peaceful agencies, operating in the territory where slavery existed, the forces which secured their freedom might have been relied upon to protect it; but they had been forcibly emancipated by external agencies. Their masters had not given them up because they desired to do so, but because they had been compelled by overwhelming force; and before the withdrawal of the military arm, and the reestablishment of state governments with their great power over individual liberty, the most careful measures were required to secure the freedom which was the most important outcome of the war.

I have referred to some of the salient difficulties which obviously could not have been fully developed until the end of the war, and I will now refer to the principal features of legislation, from which it will appear that there was a constant evolution toward a more radical treatment of the subject. Hostilities had scarcely begun before a discussion was entered upon in Congress which involved the principles on which reconstruction should proceed. At the famous special session, called soon after the opening of the war, both houses of Congress passed the so-called Crittenden Resolutions by nearly a unanimous vote. These resolutions did not embody a basis of reconstruction, but they promulgated principles which would have profoundly affected that process if they had been applied. They declared that the war was not waged for the purpose of conquest or to overthrow the institutions of any state, but to maintain the Constitution and Union "with all the dignity, equality, and rights of the several states unimpaired." A few men of the more radical wing of the Republican

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party, among whom were Sumner, Lovejoy, and Stevens, refused to vote for these resolutions. "Ask them who made the war," said Stevens, "what is its object." Under these resolutions, put forth with such an approach to unanimity, reconstruction would have been an extremely simple process. In fact, it would have been automatic, and it would have rested with any of the seceding states to determine when it should stop fighting and exercise its rights under the Constitution, and among them the right of representation in Congress. Sentiment, however, developed rapidly; and when, at the beginning of the following session, an attempt was made to reaffirm the same resolutions, they were, upon the motion of Stevens, laid upon the table by a decisive vote of the very House which, but a few months before, had passed them so strongly.

Lincoln's practical attempt at reconstruction, embodied in the "Louisiana plan," was as summarily dealt with by Congress as the Crittenden Resolutions had been. Lincoln, however, at the time he put forth this plan, did not enjoy the prestige which he subsequently gained. It is hardly conceivable that Congress would have dared, even one year afterward, to accord such contemptuous treatment to any important policy which he might have proposed. The terms of the Louisiana proclamation permitted the greater number of those who had borne arms against the government to take part in the work of reconstruction, upon taking an oath to support the Constitution and the laws relating to slavery. The congressional opposition was directed against the liberality of this plan, and especially to the feature of it which accorded recognition to a state if so small a number as one tenth of its voters should comply with the terms of the proclamation. Mr. Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland, was especially hostile, and led the opposition to the policy of the President with conspicuous ability. Lincoln's policy was set aside, and a bill, advocated by Davis, was passed by both houses of Congress.

There was one serious objection to the plan proposed by Lincoln. He treated reconstruction as an executive act, and it was possible that the states complying with the terms of his proclamation might be recognized by the executive department, and at the same time that the two houses of Congress might refuse admission to the members whom the states might choose. A state might thus be reconstructed and again in the Union so far as the Executive was concerned, and unreconstructed and out of the Union so far as the most important function of representation in Congress was concerned. In this very instance, the states which complied with Lincoln's proclamation were denied representation in Congress. The question of reconstruction thus became still more complicated at the outset, and the foundation was laid for the struggle between the executive and the legislative department which culminated in the impeachment of Johnson. Obviously the process of restoring a state to its practical relations with the Union required the concurrence of both the legislative and the executive department. If the plan so eloquently advocated by Davis, and substituted by Congress for that of the President, had been accepted by Lincoln, the work of reconstruction would probably have been accomplished upon more stringent lines, indeed, than he proposed, but upon lines which were vastly more liberal than those finally adopted. Lincoln, however, by permitting Congress to adjourn without signing the bill of the congressional leaders, practically vetoed it, and nothing was accomplished by this effort in the solution of the question.

Mr. Thaddeus Stevens had logically taken the position, from the very outbreak of hostilities, that a condition of war existed, within the meaning of that term in the law of nations; that the Southern

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states had forfeited all their rights under the Constitution; and that after they had been conquered they should be dealt with practically as conquered territory, without any constitutional rights. This was regarded as an extreme doctrine; but in spite of the fact that he found, when he first advocated it, only the slightest support, he adhered to it with remarkable consistency, and in the end it was the theory which found practical acceptance. The constitutional theory involved in this plan was not less simple than that contained in the Crittenden Resolutions, although at the opposite extreme. This was really the important point upon which the so-called radicalism of Stevens was influential. It consisted in adopting the very matter-of-fact policy of doing what the future continuance of the national life, which had been saved by so many sacrifices, demanded, and treating reconstruction as a practical rather than a theoretical question. It obviously did not involve negro suffrage. That might or might not be one of the "terms" which should be imposed. Stevens did not originate the idea of imposing negro suffrage as a necessary part of reconstruction, and the opinion entertained in some quarters that he was especially responsible for the introduction of that idea is widely at variance with the facts. His first plan was embodied in an amendment to the Constitution, basing representation upon the number of voters in the different states, and thus making it for the political interest of the states to establish a broad suffrage in order to increase their representation in Congress; and so late as the 30th of April, 1866, he reported to the House the Fourteenth Amendment in the form in which it now stands in the Constitution, and at the same time a bill declaring that when that amendment should have been incorporated in the Constitution, and any state "lately in insurrection" should have ratified it and adopted a constitution and laws in accordance with its terms, it should be admitted to representation in Congress. That policy lacked neither simplicity nor moderation. In the December preceding, Sumner had presented to the Senate a resolution demanding "the complete enfranchisement of all citizens, so that there shall be no denial of rights on account of race or color." Lincoln had suggested the suffrage for the freedmen, but on the condition that it should be conferred gradually and as they should become fitted for it, — a condition full of wise policy for the country at large, and of humanity for the negro. But whoever may have been its advocates, negro suffrage resulted from the course of events rather than from the efforts of any individuals.

Lincoln, just before his death, had prepared a new plan of reconstruction, and there can be little doubt that he would soon have promulgated it if his life had been spared. On his accession to the presidency Johnson accepted Lincoln's cabinet in its entirety, and he also finally accepted the latter's plan of reconstruction, although his first utterances had alarmed even the radicals by the hostility of his tone toward the South. This plan, which may fairly be called Lincoln's second plan, was more severe than that embodied in the Louisiana proclamation, but it repeated the fatal error of treating reconstruction as a function of the Executive. If Lincoln had lived, his great political influence might have been sufficient to secure the adoption of this programme by Congress; but whether Congress had accepted it or not, he would doubtless have had sufficient sagacity not to become involved in the bitter controversy to which Johnson became a party. After the latter, however, had accepted the plan which he received, already prepared, at the hands of Lincoln's cabinet, he adhered to it uncompromisingly and with very little discretion.

A potent force in overturning this plan was found in the result of its own workings. It had an opportunity to be tested.

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It was promulgated during a long recess of Congress, and its operation was entered upon free from legislative interference. Before Congress had reassembled it had been put in force in nearly all the Southern states. They had chosen legislatures, had elected Representatives and Senators in Congress, passed local laws, and set up the machinery of government under the protection of the national military forces. Congress was called upon to deal not simply with a proposition for a policy, but with a scheme, already put in execution, which was working somewhat badly. The first attempts at legislation on the part of the new governments were ill advised, to say the least, and were directed to the great question upon which the conscience of the North was thoroughly aroused, — the preservation of the freedom of the negro. The counter revolution, also, seemed to be moving somewhat too rapidly for the Northern people. Its motion may be well illustrated by a single circumstance, by no means exceptional in character. When the session of Congress ended, on the 3d of March, 1865, military operations were being conducted on a broad scale, and Mr. Alexander H. Stephens was Vice President of the Southern Confederacy. When Congress came together at its next session, the credentials of Stephens were presented as Senator elect from Georgia; and as if this were not sufficiently startling, there were urged on his behalf constitutional reasons why he should be permitted to take the oath of office. Stephens might have made a very acceptable Senator, but the men composing the Republican majority in Congress would have been something less, or more, than human, if, at that time, while the fire of battle was still hot, they could have regarded this spectacle with entire complacency.

The decisive influence, however, which brought about the destruction of the President's plan grew out of the anti-negro laws, which were passed by nearly all of the legislatures chosen in pursuance of it. A bare survey of those laws will convince one of their utter lack of policy, as well as of their gross injustice, and they find no palliation in the poor excuse that has been made for them: that laws with somewhat similar features, relating to apprentices and tramps, may be found upon the statute books of some of the Northern states. There is at the outset the material point of difference that the "tramp" and "apprentice" laws referred to applied impartially to all races. The few Northern statutes, too, were scattered over a great many years; they were proportionately less severe in character, and some of them followed reconstruction in point of time. But if they were similar in principle and had preceded reconstruction, still it would surely have been a strange exhibition of political wisdom on the part of the Southern legislatures to extract these scattered precedents and condense the application of them in their very first legislative acts, when the North was anxiously observing how the freedom which had been so expensively purchased should be regarded by the Southern people. Some of those laws established a condition not greatly different from the former slavery, and in some respects it differed for the worse.

A condition of public sentiment was soon produced where the solution of the problem of reconstruction that was ultimately reached became inevitable. In the piping times of peace, statesmen may patch up difficulties without much reference to public opinion, for the simple reason that the public is often not aroused upon them, and cares very little how they may be solved; but it is pretty safe to take for granted that great masses of men, of the same race, will, under similar conditions, take the same action on any great question concerning which they are profoundly stirred. The action of the Southern legislatures was very likely entirely natural, under the

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circumstances; but it reacted strongly upon the Northern people, and produced a course of action on their part which was also entirely natural. It is a very simple method of treatment to portray the leaders on one side as absolutely judicious and free from fault, and those on the other as malign demagogues, acting under the influence of pure hatred and malevolence. But the course of reconstruction must be accounted for upon broad principles of human nature. It was not a haphazard affair, but sprung inevitably out of the war, the fervent passion for human liberty which appeared again to be in danger, the wrought-up patriotism, and the kindled fury of partisanship in the clashing of the great departments of the government. The men who especially voiced the popular sentiment in Congress were indeed the fit and natural leaders; but if they had retired to private life at the end of the war, events would have compelled substantially the same results under new leaders. They would have been impotent to control, even if they had resisted, the popular forces which were pushing them onward.

The working of Johnson's plan inevitably destined it to defeat, but how harsh a measure would its failure make necessary? The first proposal certainly was not a radical one. As has been seen, nearly a year after Johnson put forth his proclamation, Stevens reported to the House the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, together with the bill basing reconstruction upon its acceptance. Before this bill was acted upon by Congress that amendment had been submitted to the states, and every Southern state had contemptuously refused to accept it. What should the statesmen at Washington do? Propose a plan which had been rejected in advance? In the meantime, the question had been carried before the people at an election, and the result was to strengthen enormously the hands of the opponents of the President's policy. A decided impulse was given to the idea that liberty should not be risked by a continuance of such a course of legislation as the first efforts of the Southern legislatures had produced, but that it should be armed with the ballot for its own protection. At the ensuing session of Congress, the policy of complete enfranchisement, without regard to color, which Sumner had put forth in his resolutions of the preceding year, and had supported in one of the most elaborate speeches of even his career, was adopted as a basis of reconstruction. Sumner had advocated the ballot "as a peacemaker, a schoolmaster, a protector." Undoubtedly the Northern public had come to regard it especially necessary as a "protector," and the final reconstruction act was passed, overturning the Johnson governments, and substituting for them a drastic system of military government, to continue until the new conditions of reconstruction were complied with, and coupling with it a provision for the extension of suffrage to the emancipated blacks. The control of some of the Southern states was thus put in the hands of electors, a majority of whom possessed no education, and had never had the slightest experience in self-government. Among the earliest results of the franchise thus suddenly imposed, public treasuries were robbed, courts paralyzed, property extinguished; and a point was soon reached where it became apparent that the equality established at the ballot box could be maintained only at the price of civilization.

The plan of reconstruction, therefore, was one for which there was a divided responsibility. One event logically followed another, and the people of one section, no less than those of the other, are entitled to credit or blame for what occurred. The Southern people, who had yielded to superior force, but whose hearts were still unsubdued, cannot be reproached for taking that course which was en-

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tirely natural, and indeed inevitable, in the conditions that then existed. But, on the other hand, invective should stop short of denouncing another people, — those who had won victory at such a tremendous cost, and who had presented to their view evidence of a clearly defined danger to the freedom which had been gained.

Johnson himself is not to be ignored as a factor in bringing about the result. He cannot be criticised for adopting the plan of Lincoln, but he executed it in a manner that encouraged the Southern people to believe that they had gained to their side, at the threshold of the solution of the war problems, the great powers of the presidency. Undoubtedly there is no room to question his patriotism, which was conspicuous during the war, and no less so when he resisted the encroachments of Congress upon the powers of his office. But if he had possessed something of the spirit of compromise; something, also, of the political sagacity and the ability to control men that appeared in such large measure in the character of Lincoln, there would certainly have been no collision between the two great departments of the government, and probably reconstruction would have proceeded on the basis which involved the acceptance of the muniments against slavery, and of the great provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment. It would then have rested with the Southern states to decide whether those measures should be accepted, or harsher ones applied; and, without the encouragement of executive support, they would probably have accepted the terms which they had declined under the conditions existing when they were offered.

But Johnson's characteristics were such as to augment rather than to diminish the difference between Congress and himself. He can never be magnified into a great statesman. He was narrow and obstinate, and he made himself all but impossible as a leader, on account of his singular lack of decorum in speech; but he was honest and unswerving in his adherence to certain great principles of government, and he defended them with a courage which inspires respect for his character. Congress, on its side, proved sufficiently obstinate, and, since the President would not surrender, the two-thirds majority in both houses, which made the veto of no consequence, was used to strip him of the great powers of his office. Because he would not yield to this encroachment; because he adhered to the constitutional construction of those powers which had prevailed since the foundation of the government, and which, after his brief term in the presidency, was again recurred to, the leaders of the House saw fit to impeach him. They had been rapidly reducing to a mere governmental figurehead the great constitutional office of the presidency, with its powers as clearly defined as were those of Congress itself, and which existed, not for the man who held the office, but in trust for the whole people.

A review of the impeachment proceedings is not within the scope of this article, but they will be referred to, to illustrate the intense feeling which had been engendered between the President and Congress by the struggle over reconstruction, and also to call to mind the personality of those especially concerned in the development of the national policy toward the Southern states. The President, on his part, had acted up to the old Jacksonian models, and made an unsparing use of the federal offices to reward the friends and to punish the enemies of his policy. If he had confined himself to the obstinately maintained lines on which he had battled for his plan of reconstruction, he would doubtless have had his veto overridden, and would have been the constant mark of highly wrought and hostile declamation, but he would probably have escaped impeachment; but when he struck at the offices, he dealt a blow at what was

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then, as it has always been, a sore spot in the make-up of the average Congressman. A violation of the Constitution is a somewhat general and indefinite crime, the consequences of which do not especially come home to the ordinary member; but when his district or state is invaded, and his friends are ruthlessly turned out of post offices and clerkships and custom houses, and his enemies put in their places, freedom is very apt to shriek.

Congress responded to the President by the Tenure of Office Act, which put him very securely under the safe guardianship of the Senate in making removals from office. The holders of executive offices thus became responsible, in the last resort, to the Senate, and not to the President, who was the constitutional agent of the people in the execution of the laws. The policy of the new theory was forcibly illustrated in the case of Stanton, who was discharging the important duties of the office of Secretary of War without consultation with his executive chief, and who would occasionally send a message to Congress. Of course, very little would be left of the great office of the presidency under such a system, and whether from purely patriotic motives or a regard for his own personal importance, in which he was not entirely lacking, Johnson refused tamely to submit. He made short work of removing Stanton; and when the Senate declined to concur, under the Office Act, he treated that piece of legislation as a constitutional nullity, and defiantly removed him again. Stanton represented in his person every postmaster and other federal officeholder in the country who had been confirmed by the Senate. By this act Johnson invited impeachment, and under the tremendous political excitement prevailing at that time, not only in Washington, but throughout the North, over the great measures connected with reconstruction, the invitation was certain of acceptance. The wonder is that, in a Senate of which not one sixth of the members had been elected as Democrats, enough Republican Senators should be found, in a proceeding saturated with partisan spirit, to vote against the position of that party, and acquit the President. For when the final vote was taken, the judicial and legal weight of the party was found on the side of Johnson.

I have said the impeachment well illustrated the partisan rancor growing out of reconstruction, and also the personality of the important actors in the reconstruction drama. Johnson was of course the central figure, both in the trial and in the attempts which were made to restore the Southern states to their former standing in the Union. Stanton's removal was the immediate occasion of the impeachment; and strangely enough, Stanton had been an advocate, and was probably even one of the authors, of the President's plan of reconstruction. He was a great secretary, and he possessed in a high degree, also, the qualities of obstinacy and imperiousness which distinguished Johnson. Stevens, aptly termed by Mr. Dawes "a great intellectual gladiator," represented more strongly than any other man the position of Congress upon the question of reconstruction, and he it was who was fittingly chosen to arraign the President at the bar of the Senate. The cause of the House lost much on account of his inability to take a more prominent part in the trial; for, in a long and stormy public and professional career, he had never come in conflict with his intellectual superior. To Boutwell, who had been chosen as the leading manager, and who, with remarkable self-sacrifice, had refused to accept it, in order to secure full harmony among the managers, must be given the credit of having contributed more by his industry and judicious management toward making the cause of the House successful than any of his colleagues. He also was a conspicuous supporter of the congressional plan of reconstruction. Charles

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Sumner, the most ornate if not the greatest orator of the Senate, was one of the original advocates of negro suffrage, and he was a bitter and unsparing enemy of Johnson, both in his policy and at his trial. His passionate opinion, filed in the case, in the extreme character of its views upon the proceeding as well as upon the scope of the process of impeachment, is likely to remain one of the curiosities of the trial.

Fessenden, who was shrewd, cautious, statesmanlike, a great debater, an ardent Republican, and yet hostile to the impeachment, probably deserves to be regarded as the greatest Senator of the war period. His course during the trial was most influential. He was also the chairman, on the part of the Senate, of the committee on reconstruction, and signed, with Stevens, the celebrated report, which it is impossible to read and escape the conclusion that the President's policy of reconstruction was unwise. Trumbull was another strongly partisan Republican, but to his judicial temperament, and to the fact that he was the greatest lawyer in the Senate, it is doubtless due that he opposed the impeachment. He was also uncompromising in his hostility to the President's policy of reconstruction. Evarts, who managed the President's defense with such consummate ability, was the most successful trial lawyer of his time, and only escaped being a great orator by an involved method of statement and a diffuseness of style. His influence afterward, as Johnson's Attorney General, undoubtedly contributed to a suspension of the warfare between Congress and the President. Curtis, who was the principal associate of Evarts in the defense of the President, was not identified with either the legislation or the administration of laws relating to reconstruction. His contribution to the trial was memorable, and very little ground for convicting the President survived the coldly legal argument, running through two days, with which he hopelessly shattered the case of the managers.

Undoubtedly some great evils resulted from the plan of reconstruction that was ultimately adopted, but it by no means follows that any other plan would have worked with absolute smoothness and with no injurious results. However common wisdom after the fact may be, it is not always safe to indulge in it. Looking at the course of events that developed under the brief application of Johnson's policy, it is apparent that if reconstruction had gone on to the end under that policy, the historian would have had other evils to portray, compared with which the looting of Southern treasuries might be mild indeed. Under the plan that was finally put in execution we have at least secured peace and freedom, and have witnessed a remarkable improvement in the condition of the negro race. That is indeed much, — as much as in a broad view could fairly have been looked for. The statesmen at Washington were not dealing with ideal conditions. Centuries of slavery could not be uprooted in a day without leaving enormous social problems to be solved. And care must be taken not to attribute to the working of legislation those penalties which society must inevitably pay for a long persistence in evil courses.

S. W. McCall.

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AT THE END OF THE TRAIL.

EASTWARD from the head of the Little Tobique, the breasting ridges sweep upward into the pinnacle of Bald Mountain in the north. Austere and lonely, the peak, mantled with gloomy conifers, frowns down upon the houseless forest marches where Nictau and Bathurst gleam like gems lost among the trees; at the south writhes the Mamoziekel through swamp and barren ground, while on the other hand is forgotten country, until one comes into the upper reaches of the Upsalquitch.[1] Thus in the solitude it stands, genius of the untrammeled wild, long ago the place of Manitou where the pagan Milicete prayed when thunder muttered among its crags. Even to-day the moose and the uneasy caribou ply among its thickets; for, in a word, it is the wilderness itself.

It snowed. The flaws flew across the breast of the mountain in blue, bewildering flurries. It was spring, to be sure, but even in the lowlands winter lingered. The moose herd, haggard from battle with the passing season, had broken yard, and were abroad in search of food. Along the awakening streams the red willow was bursting into bud, and on the southern slopes rare sprigs of green showed bravely between the wasting drifts. One by one, the old bull, the cows, and last year's calves wandered from the winter resting place; and after months of frozen bark and acrid evergreen the tender buds were delicious morsels. They reveled in the feast, feeding heavily, and with the rising day lay down to ruminate in content. All were uncouth and gaunt; there were cavernous hollows in their flanks, while, rusty black, their winter coat fell in patches from their sides. In the lead walked the stiff-legged bull, guarding from the trees the horns just sprouting sorely from their pedicels; and at his heels was a companion cow, weary and big with her burden; behind her, a last year's calf skipping awkwardly, with awakening spirits. Thus they bore down into the lowlands, and there a little stranger came into the world.

Surely it was a cheerless coming into life. The snow pellets flipped freezing among the trees; its first sensation was of chill. The wind, rioting down from the mountain, roared a rough lullaby among the treetops, while the shuddering cow stood over her calf, swaying like a weaving horse. Then the snow flaw passed, and the sun broke weakly through the cloud bank, dimly lighting the copse wherein the uncouth little one lay. Uncouth, yes; for there was neither strength nor beauty in the calf. Its legs were long, too long for grace. Its puny body seemed hanging unfitly upon these shambling stilts, and their thinness and utter inability were displayed more obviously when, later, it shuffled loosely to its feet. But mother pride saw much even in the spindly yellow shanks and quivering form. The cow moose, whimpering like an eager hound, drooled over her offspring, mouthing it with tender concern. She rubbed her cheek along its flank, her beady eyes for once doting softly, while the heir to all this heritage of trackless solitude trembled in the wind.

It was a bull calf, and this much the mother saw: its legs, though seeming puny, were really big of bone; there was a telling breadth of brow; and the dip of the chest told, too, that it would have heart and a strenuous power of lungs. She noted the reach of its hocks, and the height between its elbow and the crest of the hump, and knew from these that, one day, as a great bull, this her offspring should be a lord among the giants of the hard-wood ridges and the swamp. So she was satisfied.

[1] Pronounced Ab-see-goosk.

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The first steps of the heir were in the blind valley where it was born. The place was shut in at each side by thickets of birch poles and straggling, stunted spruce. At one end was a steep acclivity; at the other a shallow stream, that leaped and bubbled down the pitch from the dead water above to the big bay in Nictau below. Life seemed a pleasing fancy, indeed, until one day the calf learned that there are contrasts in existence. It did not learn then, though, that life is a struggle to the last, and that the last struggle is the last of life. All that came gradually. Its first fear was in its first fortnight. The herd had ranged up to the head of the blind valley, and lay in a tangled windfall under the hill. The calf, rising to turn around in the little hollow it had worn among the leaves, saw something lithe and bright sweep like a shadow from one fallen trunk to another. Softly, as slowly as ever, the lithe creature on the tree trunk crawled nearer, its eyes glittering, its pads velvety upon the bark. Then a gust of wind swung down the hill, and the cow lumbered frantically to her feet. The calf, too, smelled something, and, in sudden concern, frisked back to its mother's side. Simultaneously the creature on the windfall leaped, but missed its prey. With a muffled roar, the cow lunged at the intruder, who fled abruptly, with a screech. Then the calf learned that this was something to be feared for a while, a great, gray Canada lynx, — a coward to big moose, but a terror to the young. With its nostrils still rank with the scent of the marauder, the calf clung trembling to its mother's side, while they clattered away from this perilous place, seeking rest anew in the black cedar swamp across the caribou barren.

After this encounter the calf's nerves were on edge for a week, at least. A creaking tree trunk or a sudden gust among the tops set its heart pattering with fierce, impulsive beats. But timidity is the first great lesson of life for the creature of the woodland, where eternal vigilance is the only hope of existence, and suspicion the only reasonable impulse. With this terror in its breast, it learned to try the wind at every breath, its nostrils wrinkling tremulously at each unwonted sound. Its mulelike ears were forever whirling about, like vanes upon a steeple, eager at every turn, and at the least false note in the droning monotone of the forest it would stiffen into rigidity, with every nerve aquiver, every sense alert. It learned, too, that when a moose lies down it never fails to make a loop to leeward on the back track, so that it may be warned by scent of any enemy hunting along its track.

Another adventure taught this when the cow, one time at eveningtide, had slipped down the bank to water at the brook. The calf, lying like a leveret in its form, was trying all the lessons it had learned of artfulness and concealment, when a crackling in the brush set every sense alert in verity. It listened acutely, its ears fixed immobile. Again the brush crackled, and something wheezed, *Snooooof!* In the dusk, the calf saw a rolling, black-haired thing, rollicking through the thicket, rise upright across a fallen log. Its forearms lolled upon its breast, and a sharp, thin nose stretched upward, sniffing. Behind were two other bundles of fur, small and fuzzy, scampering along with ludicrous imitation of every gesture of the bigger one. It seemed amusing, — very amusing, — amusing until a sudden shift in the wind brought to the calf a rank and evil odor. At the horrid, terrifying scent the calf crouched lower; it would not be seen. But here there was another thing to be learned, — here something that was trying along the forest with a sense of scent sharper than any sight. The big, black figure of fur could not see the calf crouching in the nest of leaves, but it could smell. *Snoo-oo-oof!* The first slant of wind had brought the scent to the bear; for this was the marauding enemy that had fallen upon the

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trail. *Snoo-ooo-oof!* The calf heard. The bear stood as rigid as stone, its head alone moving as it swept to and fro, searching the idle air. A pause followed, the cubs sitting up on their hams and wondering at their mother's manner. *Snoo-oof!* The hair on her neck ruffled forward and her eyes gleamed. It seemed like a dream; was the creature moving? Yes, softly, catlike, step by step forward, a shadow dark and menacing. On came the bear, — nearer, nearer. The calf closed its eyes to shut out the horrid sight.

A crash — a thunder of feet! The brush crackled with a heavy tread; there was a snort of fierce angriness. The eyes of the calf flew open. There was the mother cow charging down the hill, her beady orbs flashing red, her mane upright. Her rush carried her down upon the cubs, and with one dexter stroke she trampled down the bigger of the pair, maiming it for life. Roaring in turn, the she-bear, with open paw, struck a swinging sweep at the cow's flank, but failed to stop her onslaught. She rushed the hill with broadening stride, and butted the calf to its feet. Possessed of every terror, the little moose swung into its mother's gait, when a long cry sounded behind them, — a thin, wailing note. It was the cub in agony. Hooting and whooping like a thing bereft, the she-bear whirled in her tracks, abandoning the futile chase, while the cow and her calf, splashing across the shallow dead water, rejoined the herd, and swung away to the northward through the dark forest closes. With the rising of the moon they had turned the shoulder of the mountain and were footing the oozy shallows of Mud Pond, where high above the whispering trees frowned the pinnacle, gray with lunar light.

With all these perils, timidity became the second nature of the calf, fear its first instinct, and flight a ready impulse. It learned to skulk and crouch like an overharried deer, in coverts whose color shaded into the hue of its hide. It came to distinguish sounds and their meanings, to school itself in the sense and scent of woodland ways, to fear or to ignore as the circumstance showed. Meanwhile it grew.

Man then came into the wilderness. The summer was well under way, and at eveningtide the cow and calf stood breast-deep in a dead water, guzzling the tender grasses, — skimming the surface with distended maws, while they tore away great mouthfuls. They fed with the eager movement of wild fowl, drawing in their necks and then distending them at full length, their flaccid lips fingering the vegetation. Their mouths made a busy, clucking sound while they ate, and sometimes they plunged their heads to the muddy bottom and wrenched the grasses by the roots. Beyond them stood the bull upon the bog, wagging his ears in a cloud of pestering flies, but otherwise soberly content. The last year's calf was there, too, up to his back in the water, and only his hump and head showing. He had finished feeding, and was laving his flanks in the tepid swamp water. With dreamy eyes the little one looked about, and there out in the pond was something loglike floating softly along. Curiously the calf gave it a second glance. It did not seem like driftwood; there was neither wind nor current to set it along, yet it moved, gliding nearer and nearer to the moose family faring at the mouth of the bogan. The calf turned around; the bull saw, too. He muttered once, and in fixed rigidity stared across the pond. But, like all moose, the bull, despite his sagacity, lacked the power of distinguishing form. Movement he could discern at a glance; a muskrat or a mink skittering across the pond would have caught his attention. But his mortal enemy, man, might have sat on a log ten yards away and passed unnoticed, were the wind wrong and the man un-

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moving. However, there was something familiarly evil in this floating bulk out there upon the pond. He had seen such before, far down the Little Sou'-west Miramichi, when a flash of flame streamed from a log like this, and something wheening through the air bit him deeply upon the shoulder. In memory, too, his ears dinned, as if he still heard the crash of thunder that followed the spurt of flame. *Niff-ff!* The bull drew in a deep breath, his nose ranging upward slowly, like a halter-bound horse. They were all standing stiffly now, peering at the yellow tree-thing out there in the water. It did not move; there was no sound; and they felt their confidence return.

Across the pond a rising gust flickered the leafy treetops. The flaw came on, blurring the glassy surface and stirring the sedges on the shallows. It sped murmuring on its way, a momentary visitor, and wheeled southward over the mountain's flank. Plunging about in his tracks, the big bull pounded across the bog, the water flying in his trail; with crash after crash, he sought the forest cover. At his heels shacked the last year's calf, crazy with fright, while the cow, in a sudden flurry, ploughed up the bank, driving her own before her. Scent told its story. Mindful of its lessons, the calf nosed the passing gust, and sniffed in that harbinger of evil, — a subtle, terrifying taint, noways like the scent of the marauding bear and lucifee. The cow's terror inspired the calf to haste, but as it followed the flight it took opportunity to read with its nose, for future reference, the telltale warning in the wind. Thus they flew across the bog at energetic speed, and, trampling through the fringe of high-water drift, dived into the forest blackness as a rabbit skips into a warren.

This was the first meeting with man. Fraught with vague terrors, the calf breasted through the brush in the wake of the cow, leaping the windfalls with a snorting breath and the clatter of swift-pounding hoofs. Through the swamp they plunged, routing out a herd of woodland caribou, who fled before, their round, broad hoofs clacking like castanets, and the din lending desperation to the calf's endeavor. It had seen and scented man, and terror and frenzy fixed the memory in its mind forever.

Autumn found the moose family ranging on the long ridge at the north of Nictau. The calf, lusty with gathering strength, forgot a few of its fears. It was alone with its mother; for between Nictau and the Mamoziekel the cow had lost the big bull and the last year's calf, and it was not sorry. With the first touch of September rutting wrath the bull had grown rough. His horns, hardened and strung with ragged strings of velvet, seemed menacing; and besides, he had a way of shouldering the others in a manner annoying. Once he charged the calf, who sought refuge in a bunch of birch poles, where the big bull, with his wide-spreading antlers, could not follow. Grunting savagely, the bull turned on the last year's calf, and, roaring, drove the youngster over the crown of the hill. The last year's calf had been swaggering about before this in the proud consciousness of a pair of stubs. He had tried them once upon the calf, after an evening spent in brushing them up against an alder pole, when the calf squealed in pain. These spikes were less than a span long, and were not handsome; but the last year's calf thought them mighty weapons. So when the big bull chased the roistering braggart down the ridge, the calf was sincerely glad. It hearkened while the pursuit clattered down among the hard wood, the last year's calf squealing in terror, and at this juncture the cow turned and made off in the opposite direction. The calf had no alternative but to follow. Deserting the others, they rounded the mountain again, and once more returned to the thick swamp at the head of Mud

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Pond and the Bathurst Carry. Here they made their stay, clinging to the cover during daylight, and stealing down to the shore of the pond only when darkness drew its mantle over the woods.

Here they were standing one night when the calf heard from the other shore a long-drawn note go droning over the moonlit water. It was simple and low, ending abruptly in a plaintive guttural. The cow and the calf cocked their ears, listening, while the faint echo spoke from hill to hill. Then silence fell anew on the forest, and the cow went on feeding. A half hour passed. The same moaning intonation droned again, now louder and more appealing. The calf lifted its head, looking eagerly at the cow, and wondering why she did not move away from this vexatious sound. But the cow knew the meaning of the disturber: it was only another cow calling, and what heed should she give to this intruder's untoward plaint? She sniffed as if in disdain, and resumed her feeding; and the calf, convinced that this was not a source of peril, was guzzling at the grasses once more, when still another note struck a discord upon the silent night. *Unh!* The calf had heard that sound! It had not heard the love call of a cow moose before, but it remembered how the big bull had grunted when he chased the last year's calf. *Unh-oonh!* Was it the big bull still hectoring the arrogant stripling? The calf listened. The bull, whoever he was, swung over the crest of the ridge, stirring the night with the clanging of his horns upon the hard wood, and at every other stride grunting, *Unh-unh-oonh!*

E-ee-eee-u-uu-o-ooo-eunh! It was a cow's answering call, soft and muffled, — a dulcet murmur of invitation. On the ridge there was silence for an instant; then *Unh-unh-unh!* — the bull was coming on. He was eager, — too eager, for safety. He plunged down into the pond, — slosh, slosh, slosh, — grunted once, and was silent.

A ripping detonation crashed upon the stillness. The roar rattled against the mountain side, and beat back with staccato echoes pealing heavenward in a chaos of sound. A second followed; then night became abominable with the rattling, crashing reports. Dimly the calf heard between the shots a heavy splashing on the shallow shore, a turmoil of pealing echoes, and a cry, "He 's down!"

The cow and the calf fled from what they knew was a horror — for them. But it was a triumph for the men beyond on the pond. The big bull had been sacrificed to his pride of conquest. He had been tolled in to die in the pursuit of a graceless, grotesque imitation. His last liturgy had been his own masterful, deep-lunged answer to the hollow cheat of the birch-bark horn. He lay on his side now in the mud, one broad-palmed antler jutting from the water that was red from the slaughter. For the first time the calf had been in the presence of death.

They abandoned the precarious place, ranging leagues northward into the untold fastnesses of the Upsalquitch. Here they found refuge again, clinging to this drear, unlovely solitude; the cow, lorn in her lonesomeness, making sorrowful the darkness with her call. At the waning of the moon she was solaced, for across the night came the bark of an unmated bull hastening to the courtship. She answered; the bull drew nearer. At length he stood in a thicket across the bogan, and beat the bushes with his horns, striving to draw the cow to him. He was taking no chances; but when the calf squealed for the cow to return, the bull knew this was no cheat, and came rioting across the bogan, bristling and bold with ardor. The calf hung about, complaining, but the others gave no heed, and for once in its life the heir was left to its own devices. Then, when the dawn came, all three slunk into a thicket, the calf forlorn and drear.

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It was growing cold, — bitter cold. The bull, the cow, and the calf wandered southward, homeward once more to the mountain. Between Nictau and the Mamoziekel was a long hard-wood ridge, where they would yard for the winter. The bull's interest in possible rivals soon ceased. He was no longer the eager, braggart bully of the rut, but once more a suspicious, slinking creature, shy and timorous. With the first of the snow they shortened the range, and settled down in preparation for the long winter siege. At the base of the hill was a brook, and over the crest a hollow pocket sheltered from the wind. Thickets stood on every side, and the browse was rich and limitless. With all this food and water comfort seemed assured.

Into this haven wandered, one day, another moose. He was battered and lean; one ear was slit almost to the butt, and a long, fresh scar lay on his flank like a burn, — the marks of encounters with other bulls. With a sudden concern, the calf saw that the frayed newcomer was its early enemy, the last year's calf. But there was no more insolence or oppression remaining. He was content to take a peaceful place with the herd, and to feed about, insignificant and almost unnoticed.

Softly fell the snow, day after day. It sifted through the trees silently as the falling of a star, clogging the brush with its heavy mantle. Erelong the herd's excursions were cut down to passage along the ridge upon which they ranged. In their prospecting for feed the moose trod great paths to and fro, breaking out fresh lanes through the heavy banks as the browse became exhausted. Ice and snow had transformed them before December ended. The bull's horns were caked with frozen slush; his mane was a tinkling fringe of icicles. Their hair, too, was heavy and often blurred with dirt, and they walked laggardly and with hanging heads. Their struggle against wind and weather had begun.

Over the crest of the hill came a crouching figure, — a man. He was peering here and there eagerly, crawling onward a step at a time. His eyes were sharp and keen; his swart Indian features were drawn with the striving passion of the chase. On the soft going his snowshoes made no sound, and as silently the twigs parted across the smooth fabric of his mackinaw as he shouldered a way through the brush.

Something moved the cow to suspicion. She rose heavily and whirled about, staring at the figure on the hill. The Milicete's head rested on his arm, and a brief pause intervened. Then the woods dinned with the rifle's roar, and the cow plunged forward on her knees. Leaping to their feet, the other moose halted, snorting. A second shot added its clamor to the reverberating echoes, and, wheeling in their tracks, they hurled onward down the hill, the brush cracking and crashing in their wake. Again the rifle cracked, and the calf lunged forward. It felt the lead rip like fire along its flank, and, spurred to mad desperation, it pushed ahead, the crack-crack of the gun following as it fled. Then it plunged over the dip of the hollow among the hills, and silence once more fell in its train. It was alone; for, far behind, the cow lay on her side, her head resting across the round of a fallen tree, the snow red and dreadful about her. Eastward went the calf, and then, miles beyond, unable to stagger farther, it rounded to on the ridge overlooking the second and third Bathurst lakes. Convinced now that its safety lay in solitude, it drew away from the other moose, and, worn and lonely, yarded the remainder of the winter, orphaned and dull.

Spring came, freeing it from the prison of snow. Remembering the quiet of the Upsalquitch, it wandered northward, and, unmolested in this desert of swamp and bogland, grew lustily. By the end of the summer it had become as sly

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and crafty as any creature in the wilderness; also, it was growing a pair of stubs on its forehead, and dignity was in its ways. As the fall came, with a brush of reds and browns for the trees, a new, whimsical humor seized it. In its heart was a longing to wander, to return once more to the mountain in the south, to see what things were happening on the range, and above all to seek the society of a mate. Leaving the Upsalquitch, it rambled on its way; pausing at times to paw up potholes in a swamp, or to beat its stubs upon an alder bush, as the big bulls did.

Ranging to the shore of Mud Pond, the yearling sloshed across the shallows, treading the soft ooze and spattering mud head-high while he pushed his way through the tangled bush upon the shore. There in the thicket he paused, listening to the soft voices of the night. His heart was filled with ardor, and the lust of battle surged dimly in his mind. He longed to prove himself among the other bulls, but discretion warned. Yet once, to try himself, he grunted the guttural challenge of the mating bull, and the answer was electrical. *E-ee-eunh!* He heard the soft and wooing response, — *E-ee-eunh!* His mane bristled, and the hair on his neck puffed outward. After a moment's pause he grunted anew, — *Unh-uoonh!* Many minutes passed, while silence fell again upon the wilderness. Then again, *E-ee-eunh!* — a short, muffled call. *Unh! UNH!* the yearling grunted, — *Unh! oonh!* Like a whirlwind he roared out of the thicket, a deep guttural punctuating every stride. At full speed he drove across the mud bank, smearing himself to the flanks, and with his hair bristling, his eyes red and snapping, he swung about the point, and snorting hunched himself to a standstill.

There, almost under his nose, was a canoe, clearly revealed in the moonlight, and the air was strong with the scent of man, — man, his mortal, terrifying enemy. Too frightened to flee, he stood there staring down on the birch bark, and softly and silently it moved. Palsied, he beheld it drawing near, yet flight was forgotten. Nearer and nearer it came; then the bowman dropped his elbows, and at this gesture the moonlight glinted on a gun barrel.

"It 's a calf!" said a voice disgustedly.

At this the canoe swung abruptly around, but still the calf stood there in stupid astonishment.

"Sartin fool moose — hunh!" spoke another voice, unmistakably Milicete.

A setting pole hurled through the air end on like a spear, its blunt end banging the calf in the ribs. A sudden bellow of terror burst from him, and, leaping like a lucifee, he sought the bank and sped away sweating in an agony of fear. That ended his romancing for a time, but still the season had another lesson in store for him. The encounter on the pond taught him then and there that circumspection and craft are needed even in matters of love; but it did not teach him that age and weight count much in a tilt at arms. He had ranged over to the dead water north of the Mamoziekel, when he came face to face with the slit-eared bull, his old acquaintance.

Oonh! said the slit-eared bull.

Unh! challenged the yearling.

They came together with a crash of flying deadwood, the yearling forced back on his haunches. He struggled to his feet, and resumed the charge gamely. But by a sudden turn the spike-horn bull caught him on the hip, pierced him almost to the vitals, and then, pressing the onslaught, drove the yearling, baffled and bellowing, down the closed reaches of the cedar swamp, and away to safety over a near-by hill. That finished the yearling for the season; but he laid by, for future reckoning, a memory of this shameless, unmerciful beating. Fate destined that he must wait. The year passed, and a second season found him glorying in the company of a mate, a sleek, velvet-sided cow, who had never walked abroad be-

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fore in the glamour of a honeymoon. Jealously he guarded her from the attentions of another stripling who was plying about the premises. There on the caribou barren he had beaten him off in a battle royal, and, scarred and bleeding, but withal triumphant, he returned to find his old enemy, the slit-eared bull, in charge. For an hour they fought and trampled upon the oozy battleground, until once more the younger bull was an outcast and a wanderer, beaten, disgraced, and without heart. He slouched away to his old retreat between Nictau and the Upsalquitch.

The years had passed, — six, eight, ten, perhaps. Plenty snows, mebbe, as Tom Bear, the Milicete, said. Somewhere between the Sisson Branch and the head of the Little Tobique the bull was wandering, black, bulky, and heavy-humped. He was a colossus now; no longer like the weakling that had come into life in the blind valley on the mountain's flank. His horns, broadly palmed and fixed with a fringe of bayonet prongs, were the terror and envy of the herds. He had run a long course, and in the burnt ground below the Wabsky and the Odell he was a monarch absolute, his crest scarred with the wounds of a violent sway. Time had taught him nearly all that a moose can know. He could discern the cheat of a birch-bark horn almost as far as he could hear it; he had been tracked, hunted, and fired at, until the crack of a rifle was almost as familiar as the crash of a tree falling in the woodlands. Yet he still lived, mammoth and noble.

"Oh, so big — hunh!" exclaimed Tom Bear, the Milicete, stretching both arms to match a spread of horns. Tom was in difficulties. He was in jail at Andover, and with no vision of relief before him. But there had come a man from the lower settlements, looking for moose, and had sought Bear in his enforced retreat.

"Yeh — umph! They got a *wickhagan*[1] on Tom. Ain't so bad be in lockup. Only debt, this time."

"Only for debt, eh? How much?"

It was not a great amount, and the man from the settlements freed Tom Bear by a payment. Then they journeyed north, the Tobique in their wake, and the Sisson Branch before them. And about this time, perhaps, far up at the head of the brook where the flying caribou traffic among the barrens, a mighty contest was waging on the forest edge.

Once more the bull confronted his slit-eared rival. The other's strength and resources had grown, too. His horns matched, almost, in their bigness, the bull's broad spread, and he was big, too, in bulk and limb. *Oonh! Unh!* he grunted. His cow, lying hidden in a thicket, revealed herself, walking with a slow, stretching stride out into the open barren. The bulls' crests hung low before their swollen necks and manes bristling with eager rage. The cow coaxed urgently, as if gleeful of the coming encounter for her sake. She plied back and forth along the prospective battleground, watching, waiting; then the champions swung together with a crash.

The night clattered with the sound. The bulls' antlers clanged like meeting metal. Their palms gritted as they strove and struggled, grunting, gasping, fire in their eyes. *Unh-unh!* They locked their horns anew, their shaggy heads shaking, and the froth flying with the strokes. The moon arose, staring down upon their baresark frenzy, while they drove their hoofs into the soggy soil; and each time they shocked together the solemn reaches of the wilderness clanged with the tumult. Standing at a distance, the cow whimpered and whined and drooled across the open ground with moaning intonation. At the call the two fought with further maddened energy; and at last, inch by inch, the slit-eared rival began to give

[1] Milicete for "trap."

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way. His head was matted with blood and froth, his eye was dim and evil. At the first sign of conquest the coming victor plied himself afresh to conquer. He lunged back suddenly, and again sweeping forward, his hocks straining for the impulse, launched himself upon his foe. Clang! clang! Their antlers struck together, wrestling. The slit-eared bull fell back. He tried to turn and fly, but the victor unmercifully pressed him down. They wrestled then anew, their antlers grappling like arms, when, with a sudden, swift onslaught, the slit-eared bull was hurled backward, vanquished and half dead. With his last remaining strength he fled to cover, the victor's prongs thudding a quickstep on his ribs and thighs, while the cow, calling low and clearly, bade the victor return to her charms. Thus, in the rising dawn, old scores were wiped out, and a memory of disgraced defeat lived down.

Across the bog, at noon, came Tom Bear and the man from the settlements.

"Uh!" exclaimed Tom Bear, clutching him by the elbow. "So — see!"

The ground in a dozen different ways was torn and trodden, and hoofbeats marked the acres. The Milicete ranged to and fro like a working hound, marking a fleck of blood or a patch of hair upon the wasted moss. He saw the battle in these signs, and pointed at last where the beaten bull had fled to cover for his life. Then, ranging wider, he found the slots of the victor and the cow, moving northward across the barren to the heavy covert where the caribou had beaten an open trail. Swiftly and soft-footed he followed, and at the edge of the open hard wood halted, and raised a warning finger.

"So — big moose — big fellow. Call him out, mebbe. Think same one — yes, mus' be big fellow — so big." He spread his arms again, his dark features lighting with elation and the lust to kill. "Call him out to-night, mebbe — dunno. Try all same."

Every instinct of the Milicete was aroused in his awakened craft. He pitched his pack into a windfall, and strode off, catlike, into the forest. Presently he was back again, satisfied that the bull was resting not far away from the rigor of the conquest. He drew out his bark horn, and shaped and trimmed it anew, a lurking smile on his dark visage, yet, as if ashamed of his outburst of excitement, more taciturn than ever. He watched the sun sweep across the zenith, and at last, when it was setting behind a dusky fringe of brush upon a distant hill, the two crawled out upon the bog, and sought concealment in a bushy island at the centre. There the first sorrowing of the moose call spread its tremolo across the forest passes, whining away into the distance in low appeal. The hills gave back the call; then silence followed, while the dusky shadows trooped across the solitude. So rose the moon, her pale light transforming the woodland aisles, now ghostly dim and supernaturally quiet.

The echo of the horn beckoned from ridge and summit, at last tapering away into a perspective of hollow sound. Then silence fell. Somewhere in the distance a night bird cried, its booming note trying the straining silence anew, while the dead air lay soundless among the sleeping trees. Once more the Indian called, the birch-bark horn persuasively ringing the sonorous cadence of a calling cow, — *E-ee-ee-uu-ooo-uuu-o-unh!* Their ears roared in the stillness as they strained to catch the faintest sound. Minutes passed; they called again, and then out of the distance came the answer, — *Unh! Unh! Oonh!*

"Zut! Listen!" The Milicete bent his ear to the earth, his nostrils quivering. "Moose comin' now — big bull — huh — listen!"

Far distant was the sound, — sharp, abrupt. It was half the stroke of an axe, half the bark of a dog. They heard it draw nearer; now a deep guttural, em-

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phatic with passionate rage. It swung across the edge of the barren, drawing nearer, while the Milicete's tense respiration roared like steam from a vent.

"Big moose — mus' be careful. Let him come 'long slow!"

Over the night floated a low, imploring call. The Indian held up a warning finger. "Cow try call him back — huh!" He put the birch bark to his lips, and, with the horn close to the ground, moaned softly, — *E-euh!* A crash in the brush answered, and again the real cow complained to the deserting bull. Strong in the faith of his recent conquest, he plunged on through the brush, beating his antlers upon the trees and grunting harshly. But his craftiness and learning did not forsake him in this venture. He strayed only to the edge of the bog, and there stood grunting and threshing in the thicket, eager but suspicious. In vain the Milicete coaxed and besought, the forest sorrowful with the horn's pleading; the bull clung to cover, and would not show himself. Even the squealing bawl of a calf moose failed to stir him.

"Mebbe him mad yet," muttered Tom Bear. "Try him wit' fight."

Rasping the horn among the bushes, beating and striking at the bushes with the bark, he simulated the noise of a bull threshing his antlers in a fury. *Unh! Unh!* he called; then *Ooonh!* It was the last stroke of cunning. Ploughing through the covert, the bull dashed out on the open, his fury awesome, his mane and the hair upon his neck bristling with his spleen. He charged the bushy island, grunting at every stride, a figure of terrifying rage.

Crack! pealed a rifle shot, its splitting stroke clattering thunderously. *Crack!* again it sounded. Wheeling in his tracks, his frenzy spent in sudden fear, the bull sought safety in flight as speedy as his charge. "*Shoot!*" cried the Milicete, his voice pitching across the babel of echoes following in the train of the rifle shot. "*Shoot!*" Again the world reverberated with the shattering explosion, but the bull kept on, unchecked. With a crash of breaking wood, an uproar of cries, of treading hoofs, he was gone, convulsed with terror, yet once more unharmed.

"Hunh!" the Indian muttered, "big moose — so big!"

His contempt was obvious. He turned his back upon the shuddering sportsman, and drawing a blanket from his pack, rolled himself in the folds and ungraciously sought sleep. Meanwhile, across the forest, driving his way before him, and with the timorous cow clattering at his heels, the bull once more turned his way northward, seeking safety from man in the untracked depths at the north of the Tobique.

"Moose gone; Injun go home now," said Bear at dawn. He ignored the other's protests, and sullenly set along the back trail for home. Two days later another wickhagan sprung on Tom Bear; for he was taken up in the road at Andover, too drunk to stagger, yet muttering and murmuring under his breath, "Huh — so big moose — damn!"

Northward, ever northward, worked the big bull. He swept across the bogs and barrens of the Sisson Branch, swinging a little eastward to round the edge of Nictau. But one glimpse through the trees of Bald Mountain looming large upon his path drew his heart away from flight. He turned, and, crossing the head of Mud Carry, ranged southward anew, but along the eastern flank of the peak. There, between Bathurst and the Mamoziekel, he halted, and once more, after a week's passage, was unrestrained of fear. So, until the coming of the first snow, he plied his way along the ridges, a master of the range, jealous of his solitude, and ready to try the issue with any other bull.

In his jail retreat, Tom Bear's memory dwelt upon the moose that had come

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charging across the open that night upon the bog. Fretting and peevish, he awaited freedom, intent upon returning into the wilderness to take up the trail again. Once out of the limbo of the law, he plunged into the heart of the forest; and then for many days they heard no more of Tom Bear, — no, nor for many months.

December was waning. The last bear had gone hooting to its den, while the caribou were "using" now along the open bogs. The prowling marten, the black cat, and the lucifee were already growing lean on winter fare, and the black hide of the moose was dingy and thick in the face of the bitter weather. Following the trails the Indian came into Nictau, where the peak was blue-white with the clustering snows. Thence he ranged southward, ever looking for that track, searching the winter ranges, trying the ridges one after the other, and in the end falling upon a slot a span's length long.

"Huh! him so big moose!" he muttered.

It was late in the afternoon; another hour and the dusk would slink into dark. He gazed a moment at the sky; then wet a forefinger and tested the wind. Settling his blanket coat about him, he set off almost at right angles to the trail, swinging slowly to a parallel course, and, cautiously working onward step by step, sought along the forest for his quarry. His craft told him that the moose was near, and the Milicete's knowledge — "White man go fast; moose go faster; Injun go slow, catch him lying down" — was before him. He crawled along, in fact, peering over the crest of the hills and searching the hollows before he showed himself. Then, on the brink of a little pitch, he straightened suddenly and threw up his gun.

The bull was lying in the same blind valley where he had been born into the world. Man, for the moment, was forgotten; yet, there on the crown of the hill, man, evil and destructive, was staring down with glittering eyes. His memory fled back to the day when he had ranged this covert as a feeble calf. There was the place where the leaping lucifee had crouched to spring; here the very windfall under which the mother cow had rested at the time. Overhead, even as in the ages past, the peak loomed heavenward, confronting the clouds with its majesty, its breast clothed with wisps of vapor, and the ageless forests at its feet.

Listlessly the wind stirred round the gully, and the bull shambled to his feet. He stared up the slope, and saw the Indian's rifle spring to aim. An instant's pause, a moment of baffling effort; he swung ponderously about, his heavy bulk moving undeterminedly in the close confines. Then the woods clattered again with reverberating echo; he strode the windfall at a single step, and from his shoulder a gush of blood spattered the untracked snow. In his wake followed the repeating thunder of the gun, while his ears sang with the whimpering bullets flying after. Heaving up the farther slope, he drove madly through the copse; a riot of sounds, of crashing stubs, of horn ringing upon hard wood, marked his way through the thickness. Away to the northward, and behind, a patient, merciless enemy was picking the way, and gloating over the red blurs upon the trail.

Night fell, yet still the bull ranged on. The blood had ceased to flow, but his shoulder was stiff and working sorely. Through the silent forest he took his way, clinging to the ridges where his horns were unimpeded, skirting white-veiled ponds, — northward, northward toward the black depths of the Upsalquitch, the one safe haven in this hour of unwonted peril. With the dawn he circled on his back track, and lay down on the crest of a hill, where he might see an enemy from afar. A few hours of inactivity stiffened his shoulder until

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it was an agony to move. Looking backward, he saw something loping along, keeping steadfast to his trail, and peering eagerly ahead. It was his enemy — coming. Wearily he struggled to his feet, stood watching for a moment with lowered crest, and then took up again the flight. Over hill and barren, northward across the tangled sweep of lake and stream, sounding the ice with staggering feet, the bull plodded, the foam freezing upon his jaws and the wound burning upon his shoulder. Miles farther on he paused again, browsing scantly, and lying down once more. But his rest was vain. The loping figure, persistent, unmerciful, was still clinging to the chase, following the broad slots in the snow, and with the one object of destruction before it. Night fell when the chase had crossed far beyond the upper end of the Nepisiquit Carry, the bull lagging along, blundering his way through the brush, his breath heavy and hoarse. Here he rested during the dark hours, rising at the dawn to plod still farther northward in weariful effort. So far he had outwitted the destroyer; but then, whose persistence was to win in the end? The Milicete, with the obstinate purpose of his race, had determined. It was ordained, for had not nature given the moose for his food and covering? He had taken up the trail pledged to follow the quarry till endurance on one side or the other should fail. At night he camped on the track, resuming it when the light was high enough to show the way. Onward, ever onward, went the chase, the miles falling in their wake, and the distant pinnacle growing blue in the perspective.

A sudden frenzy of rage overwhelmed the hunted creature. He turned, a living, quivering form of fury. He beat the bushes with his horns, grunting, his mane bristling as in the days of rutting wrath. The Milicete, far behind, heard the challenge, and smiled darkly. He knew. Erelong, now, the quarry would be at bay. But a shift in the wind brought the taint sweeping forward to the swaying prey, and, his fury deserting, he fled as before.

Desperation fell upon the heart of the fleeing creature. He felt his strength departing, and a longing, deep as the desire of love, suffused his breast. He paused at the crest of a ridge, and looked backward across the rolling stretch of forest to where the mountain swept up from the plain and clothed its breast among the clouds. There he had drawn the inspiration of life, and there he should die. The fastnesses of the Upsalquitch were too remote for him to hope that his remaining strength would bear him to them. Yet irresolutely he felt that safety lay in that dark region far in the north, and irresolutely he turned. Gathering his forces together, he swung westward, and by a long loop cleared his pursuer. Then, with the goal set before him, he shacked away to the south, the last fires of vitality burning with renewed vigor. Night came again, and at the following dawn he was still going. His eye was dull and sickly, and the breath had frozen in long icicles upon his muffle and fringe. He lurched along through the trees, his head hanging low and a fever burning in his wound.

The first flakes of the coming storm fell among the trees, and the chase hurried on. It crossed the ice at the foot of Nictau, and, skirting the edge of the cedar-bound bay, made onward along the mountain's western flank. The moose hobbled painfully, every step an agony to his burning shoulder. But across the ice, when he paused on the edge of the forest to look back, was the same loping figure, inevitable as the passages of death. He hurried. Climbing the edge of the valley, he plunged over into the hollow, and there before him stood the place of his last mortal struggle. Behind a flanking windfall he paused, his breath roaring, his head to the foe, and a grim resolve manifest in his eye.

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A sound stirred him. A loping figure was swinging through the woods, brushing its way through the thickets, and peering along the vistas. Haste and eagerness bespoke themselves in the Milicete's manner; the time for the killing had come. The bull drew himself together, his orbs bloodshot and the breath whistling through his flaccid nostrils. Once more fury possessed him. He waited; the figure of death drew nearer. He gathered his energies in mad earnest. Skulking like a caribou calf, he waited until the Milicete was almost upon him; then, silent, he hurled himself upon his destroyer.

A spurt of flame flared through the dusk; a din of thunders surged in his ears. He felt something shock his very vitals with a touch of fire. Blindness was upon him. He plunged forward; another crash. There was man, and the rage of the moose was sublime. His enemy, appalled, sought to leap aside. His snowshoe tripped upon a stub; he stumbled and fell. With a downward, cutting stroke of a fore foot the bull struck him to earth as he sought to rise, and stood over the prostrate, battered form, trampling in insensate fury. But he could not see; his knees were weak beneath him; with a last, gasping roar, he lunged forward, strove to rise, and fell back, with his antlered crown resting across the bole of a fallen tree. Then the snow fell, soft and white and obliterating. Overhead was the mountain, dark and austere, looming large upon the houseless woods, and in its shadow the tragedy cloaked with silence.

Maximilian Foster.

CRITICISM AND ÆSTHETICS.

It is not so long ago that the field of literary criticism was divided into two opposing camps. France being the only country in the world where criticism is a serious matter, the battle waged most fiercely there, and doubtless greatly served to bring about the present general interest and understanding of the theoretical questions at issue. The combatants were, of course, the impressionistic and scientific schools of criticism, and particularly enlightening were the more or less recent controversies between MM. Anatole France and Jules Lemaître as representatives of the first, and M. Brunetière as the chief exponent of the second. They have planted their standards; and we see that they stand for tendencies in the critical activity of every nation. The ideal of the impressionist is to bring a new piece of literature into being in some exquisitely happy characterization, — to create a lyric of criticism out of the unique pleasure of an æsthetic hour. The stronghold of the scientist, on the other hand, is the doctrine of literary evolution, and his aim is to show the history of literature as the history of a process, and the work of literature as a product; to explain it from its preceding causes, and to detect thereby the general laws of literary metamorphosis.

Such are the two great lines of modern criticism; their purposes and ideals stand diametrically opposed. Of late, however, there have not been wanting signs of a spirit of reconciliation, and of a tendency to concede the value, each in its own sphere, of different but complementary activities. Now and again the lion and the lamb have lain down together; one might almost say, on reading the delightful paper of Mr. Lewis E. Gates on Impressionism and Appreciation,[1] that the lamb had assimilated the

[1] Atlantic Monthly, July, 1900.

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lion. For the heir of all literary studies, according to Professor Gates, is the appreciative critic; and he it is who shall fulfill the true function of criticism. He is to consider the work of art in its historical setting and its psychological origin, "as a characteristic moment in the development of human spirit, and as a delicately transparent illustration of æsthetic law." But, "in regarding the work of art under all these aspects, his aim is, primarily, not to explain, and not to judge or dogmatize, but to enjoy; to realize the manifold charms the work of art has gathered unto itself from all sources, and to interpret this charm imaginatively to the men of his own day and generation."

Thus it would seem that if the report of his personal reactions to a work of literary art is the intention of the impressionist, and its explanation that of the scientist, the purpose of the appreciative critic is fairly named as the illuminating and interpreting reproduction of that work, from material furnished by those other forms of critical activity. Must, then, the method of appreciation, as combining and reconciling the two opposed views, forthwith claim our adherence? To put to use all the devices of science and all the treasures of scholarship for the single end of imaginative interpretation, for the sake of giving with the original melody all the harmonies of subtle association and profound meaning the ages have added, is, indeed, a great undertaking. But is it as valuable as it is vast? M. Brunetière has poured out his irony upon the critics who believe that their own reactions upon literature are anything to us in the presence of the works to which they have thrilled. May it not also be asked of the interpreter if his function is a necessary one? Do we require so much enlightenment, only to enjoy? Appreciative criticism is a salt to give the dull palate its full savor; but what literary epicure, what real book lover, will acknowledge his own need of it? If the whole aim of appreciative criticism is to reproduce in other arrangement the contents, expressed and implied, and the emotional value, original and derived, of a piece of literature, the value of the end, at least to the intelligent reader, is out of all proportion to the laboriousness of the means. Sing, reading 's a joy! For me, I read.

But a feeling of this kind is, after all, not a reason to be urged against the method. The real weakness of appreciative criticism lies elsewhere. It teaches us to enjoy; but are we to enjoy everything? Since its only aim is to reveal the "intricate implications" of a work of art; since it offers, and professes to offer, no literary judgments, — having indeed no explicit standard of literary value, — it must, at least on its own theory, take its objects of appreciation ready-made, so to speak, by popular acclaim. It possesses no criterion; it likes whate'er it looks on; and it can never tell us what we are not to like. That is unsatisfactory; and it is worse, — it is self-destructive. For, not being able to reject, appreciation cannot, in logic, choose the objects of its attention. But a method which cannot limit on its own principles the field within which it is to work is condemned from the beginning; it bears a fallacy at its core. In order to make criticism theoretically possible at all, the power to choose and reject, and so the pronouncing of judgment, must be an integral part of it.

To such a task the critic may lend himself without arousing our antagonism. We have no pressing need to know the latent possibilities of emotion for us in a book or a poem; but whether it is excellent or the reverse, whether "we were right in being moved by it," we are indeed willing to hear, for we desire to justify the faith that is in us.

If, then, the office of the judge be an essential part of the critical function, the appreciative critic, whatever his other

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merits, — and we shall examine them later, — fails at least of perfection. His scheme is not the ideal one ; and we may turn back, in our search for it, to a closer view of those which his was to supersede. Impressionism, however, is at once out of the running ; it has always vigorously repudiated the notion of the standard, and we know, therefore, that no more than appreciation can it choose its material and stand alone. But scientific criticism professes, at least, the true faith. M. Brunetière holds that his own method is the only one by which an impersonal and stable judgment can be rendered.

The doctrine of the evolution of literary species is more or less explained in naming it. Literary species, M. Brunetière maintains, do exist. They develop and are transformed into others in a way more or less analogous to the evolution of natural types. It remains to see on what basis an objective judgment can be given. Although M. Brunetière seems to make classification the disposal of a work in the hierarchy of species, and judgment the disposal of it in relation to others of its own species, he has never sharply distinguished between them ; so that we shall not be wrong in taking his three principles of classification, scientific, moral, and æsthetic, as three principles by which he estimates the excellence of a work. His own examples, indeed, prove that to him a thing is already judged in being classified. The work of art is judged, then, by its relation to the type. Is this position tenable ? I hold that, on the contrary, it precludes the possibility of a critical judgment ; for the judgment of anything always means judgment with reference to the end for which it exists. A bad king is not the less a bad king for being a good father ; and if his kingship is his essential function, he must be judged with reference to that alone. Now a piece of literature is, with reference to its end, first of all a work of art. It represents life and it enjoins morality, but it is only as a work of art that it attains consideration ; that, in the words of M. Lemaître, it " exists " for us at all. Its aim is beauty, and beauty is its excuse for being.

The type belongs to natural history. The one principle at the basis of scientific criticism is, as we have seen, the conception of literary history as a process, and of the work of art as a product. The work of art is, then, a moment in a necessary succession, governed by laws of change and adaptation like those of natural evolution. But how can the conception of values enter here ? Excellence can be attributed only to that which attains an ideal end ; and a necessary succession has no end in itself. The " type," in this sense, is perfectly hollow. To say that the modern chrysanthemum is better than that of our forbears because it is more chrysanthemum-like is true only if we make the latter form the arbitrary standard of the chrysanthemum. If the horse of the Eocene age is inferior to the horse of to-day, it is because, on M. Brunetière's principle, he is less horse-like. But who shall decide which is more like a horse, the original or the later development ? No species which is constituted by its own history can be said to have an end in itself, and can, therefore, have an excellence to which it shall attain. In short, good and bad can be applied to the moments in a necessary evolution only by imputing a fictitious superiority to the last term ; and so one type cannot logically be preferred to another. As for the individual specimens, since the conception of the type does not admit the principle of excellence, conformity thereto means nothing.

The work of art, on the other hand, as a thing of beauty, is an attainment of an ideal, not a product, and, from this point of view, is related not at all to the other terms of a succession, its causes and its effects, but only to the abstract principles of that beauty at which it aims. Strangely enough, the whole principle of this contention has been admit-

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ted by M. Brunetière in a casual sentence, of which he does not appear to recognize the full significance. "We acknowledge, of course," he says, "that there is in criticism a certain difference from natural history, since we cannot eliminate the subjective element if the capacity works of art have of producing impressions on us makes a part of their definition. It is not in order to be eaten that the tree produces its fruit." But this is giving away his whole position! As little as the conformity of the fruit to its species has to do with our pleasure in eating it, just so little has the conformity of a literary work to its *genre* to do with the quality by virtue of which it is defined as art.

The Greek temple is a product of Greek religion applied to geographical conditions. To comprehend it as a type, we must know that it was an adaptation of the open hilltop to the purpose of the worship of images of the gods. But the most penetrating study of the slow moulding of the type will never reveal how and why just those proportions were chosen which make the joy and the despair of all beholders. Early Italian art was purely ecclesiastical in its origin. The exigencies of adaptation to altars, convent walls, or cathedral domes explain the choice of subjects, the composition, even perhaps the color schemes (as of frescoes, for instance); and yet all that makes a Giotto greater than a Pictor Ignotus is quite unaccounted for by these considerations.

The quality of beauty is not evolved. All that comes under the category of material and practical purpose, of idea or of moral attitude, belongs to the succession, the evolution, the type. But the defining characters of the work of art are independent of time. The temple, the fresco, and the symphony, in the moment they become objects of the critical judgment, become also qualities of beauty and transparent examples of its laws.

If the true critical judgment, then, belongs to an order of ideas of which natural science can take no cognizance, the self-styled scientific criticism must show the strange paradox of ignoring the very qualities by virtue of which a given work has any value, or can come at all to be the object of æsthetic judgment. In two words, the world of beauty and the world of natural processes are incommensurable, and scientific criticism of literary art is a logical impossibility.

But the citadel of scientific criticism has yet one more stronghold. Granted that beauty, as an abstract quality, is timeless; granted that, in the judgment of a piece of literary art, the standard of value is the canon of beauty, not the type; yet the old order changeth. Primitive and civilized man, the Hottentot and the Laplander, the Oriental and the Slav, have desired differing beauties. May it, then, still be said that although a given embodiment of beauty is to be judged with reference to the idea of beauty alone, yet the concrete ideal of beauty must wear the manacles of space and time, — that the metamorphoses of taste preclude the notion of an objective beauty? And if this be true, are we not thrown back again on questions of genesis and development, and a study of the evolution, not of particular types of art, but of general æsthetic feeling; and in consequence, upon a form of criticism which is scientific in the sense of being based on succession, and not on absolute value?

It is indeed true that the very possibility of a criticism which shall judge of æsthetic excellence must stand or fall with this other question of a beauty in itself, as an objective foundation for criticism. If there is an absolute beauty, it must be possible to work out a system of principles which shall embody its laws, — an æsthetic, in other words; and on the basis of that æsthetic to deliver a well-founded critical judgment. Is there, then, a beauty in itself? And if so, in what does it consist?

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We can approach such an æsthetic canon in two ways: from the standpoint of philosophy, which develops the idea of beauty as a factor in the system of our absolute values, side by side with the ideas of truth and of morality, or from the standpoint of empirical science. If the former is open to all the disagreements of differing philosophical convictions, the latter at least furnishes a firm foundation which even the antiphilosophical critic cannot dispute. For our purpose here, we may therefore confine ourselves to the empirical facts of psychology and physiology.

When I feel the rhythm of poetry, or of perfect prose, which is, of course, in its own way, no less rhythmical, every sensation of sound sends through me a diffusive wave of nervous energy. I *am* the rhythm because I imitate it in myself. I march to noble music in all my veins, even though I may be sitting decorously by my own hearthstone; and when I sweep with my eyes the outlines of a great picture, the curve of a Greek vase, the arches of a cathedral, every line is lived over again in my own frame. And when rhythm and melody and forms and colors give me pleasure, it is because the imitating impulses and movements that have arisen in me are such as suit, help, heighten my physical organization in general and in particular. It may seem somewhat trivial to say that a curved line is pleasing because the eye is so hung as to move best in it; but we may take it as one instance of the numberless conditions for healthy action which a beautiful form fulfills. A well-composed picture calls up in the spectator just such a balanced relation of impulses of attention and incipient movements as suits an organism which is also balanced — bilateral — in its own impulses to movement, and at the same time stable; and it is the correspondence of the suggested impulses with the natural movement that makes the composition good. Besides the pleasure from the tone relations, — which doubtless can be eventually reduced to something of the same kind, — it is the balance of nervous and muscular tensions and relaxations, of yearnings and satisfactions, which are the subjective side of the beauty of a strain of music. The basis, in short, of any æsthetic experience — poetry, music, painting, and the rest — is beautiful through its harmony with the conditions offered by our senses, primarily of sight and hearing, and through the harmony of the suggestions and impulses it arouses with the whole organism.

But the sensuous beauty of art does not exhaust the æsthetic experience. What of the special emotions — the gayety or triumph, the sadness or peace or agitation — that hang about the work of art, and make, for many, the greater part of their delight in it? Those among these special emotions which belong to the subject-matter of a work — like our horror at the picture of an execution — need not be here discussed. To understand the rest we may venture for a moment into the realm of pure psychology. We are told by psychology that emotion is dependent on the organic excitations of any given idea. Thus fear at the sight of a bear is only the reverberation in consciousness of all nervous and vascular changes set up instinctively as a preparation for flight. Think away our bodily feelings, and we think away fear, too. And set up the bodily changes and the feeling of them, and we have the emotion that belongs to them even without the idea, as we may see in the unmotived panics that sometimes accompany certain heart disturbances. The same thing, on another level, is a familiar experience. A glass of wine makes merriment, simply by bringing about those organic states which are felt emotionally as cheerfulness. Now the application of all this to æsthetics is clear. All these tensions, relaxations, — bodily "imitations" of the form, — have each the emotional tone which belongs to it.

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And so if the music of a Strauss waltz makes us gay, and Händel's Largo serious, it is not because we are reminded of the ballroom or of the cathedral, but because the physical response to the stimulus of the music is itself the basis of the emotion. What makes the sense of peace in the atmosphere of the Low Countries? Only the tendency, on following those level lines of landscape, to assume ourselves the horizontal, and the restfulness which belongs to that posture. If the crimson of a picture by Böcklin, or the golden glow of a Giorgione, or the fantastic gleam of a Rembrandt speaks to me like a human voice, it is not because it expresses to me an idea, but because it impresses that sensibility which is deeper than ideas, — the region of the emotional response to color and to light. What is the beauty of the Ulalume, or Khubla Khan, or Ueber Allen Gipfeln? It is the way in which the form in its exquisite fitness to our senses, and the emotion belonging to that particular form as organic reverberation therefrom in its exquisite fitness to thought, create in us a delight quite unaccounted for by the ideas which they express. This is the essence of beauty, — the possession of a quality which excites the human organism to functioning harmonious with its own nature.

We can see in this definition the possibility of an æsthetic which shall have objective validity because founded in the eternal properties of human nature, while it yet allows us to understand that in the limits within which, by education and environment, the empirical man changes, his norms of beauty must vary, too. Ideas can change in interest and in value, but these energies lie much deeper than the idea, in the original constitution of mankind. They belong to the instinctive, involuntary part of our nature. They are changeless, just as the "eternal man" is changeless; and as the basis of æsthetic feeling they can be gathered into a system of laws which shall be subject to no essential metamorphosis. So long as we laugh when we are joyful, and weep when we are sick and sorry; so long as we flush with anger, or grow pale with fear, so long shall we thrill to a golden sunset, the cadence of an air, or the gloomy spaces of a cathedral.

The study of these forms of harmonious functioning of the human organism has its roots, of course, in the science of psychology, but comes, nevertheless, to a different flower, because of the grafting on of the element of æsthetic value. It is the study of the disinterested human pleasures, and, although as yet scarcely well begun, capable of a most detailed and definitive treatment.

This is not the character of those studies so casually alluded to by the author of Impressionism and Appreciation, when he enjoins on the appreciative critic not to neglect the literature of æsthetics: "The characteristics of his [the artist's] temperament have been noted with the nicest loyalty; and particularly the play of his special faculty, the imagination, as this faculty through the use of sensations and images and moods and ideas creates a work of art, has been followed out with the utmost delicacy of observation." But these are not properly studies in æsthetics at all. To find out what is beautiful, and the reason for its being beautiful, is the æsthetic task; to analyze the workings of the poet's mind, as his conception grows and ramifies and brightens, is no part of it, because such a study takes no account of the æsthetic value of the process, but only of the process itself. The same fallacy lurks here, indeed, as in the confusion of the scientific critic between literary evolution and poetic achievement, and the test of the fallacy is this single fact: the psychological process in the development of a dramatic idea, for instance, is, and quite properly should be, from the point of view of such analysis, exactly the same for a Shakespeare and for the Hoyt of our American farces.

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The cause of the production of a work of art may indeed be found by tracing back the stream of thought; but the cause of its beauty is the desire and the sense of beauty in the human heart. If a given combination of lines and colors is beautiful, then the anticipation of the combination as beautiful is what has brought about its incarnation. The artist's attitude toward his vision of beauty, and the art lover's toward that vision realized, are the same. The only legitimate æsthetic analysis is, then, that of the relation between the æsthetic object and the lover of beauty, and all the studies in the psychology of invention — be it literary, scientific, or practical invention — have no right to the other name.

Æsthetics, then, is the science of beauty. It will be developed as a system of laws expressing the relation between the object and æsthetic pleasure in it; or as a system of conditions to which the object, in order to be beautiful, must conform. It is hard to say where the task of the æsthetician ends, and that of the critic begins; and for the present, at least, they must often be commingled. But they are defined by their purposes: the end and aim of one is a system of principles; of the other, the disposal of a given work with reference to those principles; and when the science of æsthetics shall have taken shape, criticism will confine itself to the analysis of the work into its æsthetic elements, to the explanation (by means of the laws already formulated) of its especial power in the realm of beauty, and to the judgment of its comparative æsthetic value.

The other forms of critical activity will then find their true place as preliminaries or supplements to the essential function of criticism. The study of historical conditions, of authors' personal relations, of the literary "moment," will be means to show the work of art "as in itself it really is." Shall we then say that the method of appreciation, being an unusually exhaustive presentment of the object as in itself it really is, is therefore an indispensable preparation for the critical judgment? The modern appreciator, after the model limned by Professor Gates, was to strive to get, as it were, the aerial perspective of a masterpiece, — to present it as it looks across the blue depths of the years. This is without doubt a fascinating study; but it may be questioned if it does not darken the more important issue. For it is not the object as in itself it really is that we at last behold, but the object disguised in new and strange trappings. Such appreciation is to æsthetic criticism as the sentimental to the naïve poet in Schiller's famous antithesis. The virtue of the sentimental genius is to complete by the elements which it derives from itself an otherwise defective object. So the æsthetic critic takes his natural meed of beauty from the object; the appreciative critic seeks a further beauty outside of the object, in his own reflections and fancies about it. But if we care greatly for the associations of literature, we are in danger of disregarding its quality. A vast deal of pretty sentiment may hang about and all but transmute the most prosaic object. A sedan chair, an old screen, a sun dial, — to quote only Austin Dobson, — need not be lovely in themselves to serve as pegs to hang a poem on; and all the atmosphere of the eighteenth century may be wafted from a jar of potpourri. Read a lyric instead of a rose jar, and the rule holds as well. The man of feeling cannot but find all Ranelagh and Vauxhall in some icily regular effusion of the eighteenth century, and will take a deeper retrospective thrill from an old playbill than from the play itself. And since this is so, — since the interest in the overtones, the added value given by time, the value *for us*, is not necessarily related to the value as literature of the fundamental note, — to make the study of the overtones an essential part of

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criticism is to be guilty of the Pathetic Fallacy; that is, the falsification of the object by the intrusion of ourselves, — the typical sentimental crime.

It seems to me, indeed, that instead of courting a sense for the aromatic in literature, the critic should rather guard himself against its insidious approaches. Disporting himself in such pleasures of the fancy, he finds it easy to believe, and to make us believe, that a piece of literature gains in intrinsic value from its power to stimulate his historical sense. The modern appreciative critic, in short, is too likely to be the dupe of his "sophisticated reverie," — like an epicure who should not taste the meat for the sauces. A master work, once beautiful according to the great and general laws, never becomes, properly speaking, either more or less so. If a piece of art can take us with its own beauty, there is no point in superimposing upon it shades of sentiment; if it cannot so charm, all the rose-colored lights of this kind of appreciative criticism are unavailing.

The "literary" treatment of art, as the "emotional" treatment of literature, — for that is what "appreciation" and "interpretation" really are, — can completely justify itself only as the crowning touch of a detailed æsthetic analysis of those "orders of impression distinct in kind" which are the primary elements in our pleasure in the beautiful. It is the absence — and not only the absence, but the ignoring of the possibility — of such analysis which tempts one to rebel against such phrases as those of Professor Gates: "the splendid and victorious womanhood of Titian's Madonnas," "the gentle and terrestrial grace of motherhood in those of Andrea del Sarto," "the sweetly ordered comeliness of Van Dyck's." One is moved to ask if the only difference between a Madonna of Titian and one of Andrea is a difference of temper, and if the important matter for the critic of art is the moral conception rather than the visible beauty.

I cannot think of anything for which I would exchange the enchanting volumes of Walter Pater, and yet even he is not the ideal æsthetic critic whose duties he made clear. What he has done is to give us the most exquisite and delicate of interpretations. He has not failed to "disengage" the subtle and peculiar pleasure that each picture, each poem or personality, has in store for us; but of analysis and explanation of this pleasure — of which he speaks in the Introduction to the Renaissance — there is no more. In the first lines of his paper on Botticelli, the author asks, "What is the peculiar sensation which his work has the property of exciting in us?" And to what does he finally come? "The peculiar character of Botticelli is the result of a blending in him of a sympathy for humanity in its uncertain conditions . . . with his consciousness of the shadow upon it of the great things from which it sinks." But this is not æsthetic analysis! It is not even the record of a "peculiar sensation," but a complex intellectual interpretation. Where is the pleasure in the irrepressible outline, fascinating in its falseness, — in the strange color, like the taste of olives, of the Spring and the Pallas? So, also, his great passage on the Mona Lisa, his Winckelmann, even his Giorgione itself, are merely wonderful delineations of the mood of response to the creations of the art in question. Such interpretation as we have from Pater is a priceless treasure, but it is none the less the final cornice, and not the corner stone of æsthetic criticism.

The tendency to interpretation without any basis in æsthetic explanation is especially seen in the subject of our original discussion, — literature. It is indeed remarkable how scanty is the space given in contemporary criticism to the study of an author's means to those results which we ourselves experience. Does no one really care how it is done? Or are they all in the secret, and inter-

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ested only in the temperament expressed or the aspect of life envisaged in a given work? One would have thought that as the painter turned critic in Fromentin at least to a certain extent sought out and dealt with the hidden workings of his art, so the romancer or the poet-critic might also have told off for us "the very pulse of the machine." The last word has not been said on the mysteries of the writer's art. We know, it may be, how the links of Shakespeare's magic chain of words are forged, but the same cannot be said of any other poet. We have studied Dante's philosophy and his ideal of love; but have we found out the secrets of his "inventive handling of rhythmical language"? If Flaubert is universally acknowledged to have created a masterpiece in Madame Bovary, should there not be an interest for criticism in following out, chapter by chapter, paragraph by paragraph, word by word, the meaning of what it is to be a masterpiece? But such seems not to be the case. Taine reconstructs the English temperament out of Fielding and Dickens; Matthew Arnold, although he deals more than others in first principles, never carries his analysis beyond the widest generalizations, like the requirement for "profound truth" and "high seriousness," for great poetry. And as we run the gamut of contemporary criticism, we find ever preoccupation with the personality of the writers and the ideas of their books. I recall only one example — the critical essays of Henry James — where the craftsman has dropped some hints on the ideals of the literary art; and even that, if I may be allowed the bull, in his novels rather than in his essays, for in critical theory he is the most ardent of impressionists. Whatever the cause, we cannot but allow the dearth of knowledge of, and interest in, the peculiar subject-matter of criticism, — the elements of beauty in a work of literature.

But although the present body of criticism consists rather of preliminaries and supplements to what should be its real accomplishment, these should not therefore receive the less regard. The impressionist has set himself a definite task, and he has succeeded. If not the true critic, he is an artist in his own right, and he has something to say to the world. The scientific critic has taken all knowledge for his province; and although we hold that it has rushed in upon and swamped his distinctly critical function, so long as we may call him by his other name of natural historian of literature, we can only acknowledge his great achievements. For the appreciative critic we have less sympathy as yet, but the "development of the luxurious intricacy and the manifold implications of our enjoyment" may fully crown the edifice of æsthetic explanation and appraisal of the art of every age. But all these, we feel, do not fulfill the essential function; the Idea of Criticism is not here. What the idea of criticism is we have tried to work out: a judgment of a work of art on the basis of the laws of beauty. That such laws there are, that they exist directly in the relation between the material form and the suggested physical reactions, and that they are practically changeless, even as the human instincts are changeless, we have sought to show. And if there can be a science of the beautiful, then an objective judgment on the basis of the laws of the beautiful can be rendered. The true end of criticism, therefore, is to tell us whence and why the charm of a work of art: to disengage, to explain, to measure, and to certify it. And this explanation of charm, and this stamping it with the seal of approval, is possible by the help, and only by the help, of the science of æsthetics, — a science now only in its beginning, but greatly to be desired in its full development.

How greatly to be desired we realize in divining that the present dearth of constructive and destructive criticism, of

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all, indeed, except interpretations and reports, is responsible for the modern mountains of machine-made literature. Will not the æsthetic critic be for us a new Hercules, to clear away the ever growing heap of formless things in book covers? If he will teach us only what great art means in literature; if he will give us never so little discussion of the first principles of beauty, and point the moral with some "selling books," he will at least have turned the flood. There are stories nowadays, but few novels, and plenty of spectacles, but no plays; and how should we know the difference, never having heard what a novel ought to be? But let the æsthetic critic give us a firm foundation for criticism, a real understanding of the conditions of literary art; let him teach us to know a novel or a play when we see it, and we shall not always mingle the wheat and the chaff.

Ethel D. Puffer.

THE JESTER.

THEY rode together down the claustral aisles
Of the dim woodland. From the cool retreats
And leafy privacies the mated birds
Ruffled their throats in song. High overhead
The sun coursed a diaphanous sky, and sent
Through swaying boughs his javelins of gold.
A slender stream rang all its crystal bells
'Twixt banks of moss and fern beside the way
Whither they passed unheeding. The sleek steeds
Set noiseless hoofs on mast and russet leaves,
The last year's fallen glory. Each was young,
And she was very fair. His arm was zoned
About her; the twin roses in her cheeks
Flamed as she drooped against him, her bright hair
Flowed o'er his shoulder, and her dancing plumes
Swept his bronzed cheek.
Then were they ware of one
Who, bowed and tattered, in the shadow stood
Leaning upon a staff. His sightless eyes
Were bent upon the twain, a flickering hand
Was out-thrust towards them, while across his breast,
Stained with unseasonable rains and dews,
The legend ran, "Sweet folk, alms for the blind."
With little sounds of pity they drew rein;
Upon the pleading palm a coin was laid,
And conscience-free they pricked along their path;
Till suddenly, from behind, a peal of mirth
Caught them as with a buffet, and they turned.
Then from his face the beggar plucked a mask,
His ragged garments from his body slipped,
And they beheld the dazzling wings of Love.

James B. Kenyon.

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BROKEN WINGS.

No one was more surprised than I was when my book, Broken Wings, was a success. When my friends liked it, I was delighted; but still that seemed natural, — they wanted it to be good, — and I was sure that they had read new meanings into it between the lines, and that their friendly eyes had overlooked the crudities and blunders. The surprise came when the public liked it; when it began to be quoted as one of the most-called-for books at the public libraries, and when I saw it in great piles in the shop windows, marked, So many thousand copies sold to date! I was inexpressibly pleased when the first request for my autograph arrived; but the time came when I could look callously upon these accompaniments of fame, and when the postage stamps with which my admirers favored me supplied the entire family. As time went on, my opinion upon pianos and soap began to be quoted. Interviews with me appeared in the papers and magazines, and I felt that it was only a matter of time before a Little Journey to my Famous Home would be in order. As the sale of the book continued, and a picture of Rose began to adorn the billboards, with an accompanying announcement of the superiority of the Rose Allen Cigar, I half believed that the success of Broken Wings was all a dream, and I wondered what my awakening would be.

I liked the book, myself, especially some parts of it; but I realized that it had not the usual elements of popular favor, and its sudden success was as much of a puzzle to me as it doubtless was to many others.

The hero, John Graham, is a New York man, about thirty years old when the story opens, and having the appearance of a cynical man of the world. Underneath this shell, however, is a nature sensitively questioning, — a nature which doubts its own leadings, and which fears that the guiding principle of action may be but superficial truth. This general attitude of inaction makes him distrust his own effectiveness; but his reserve keeps this from being seen, and his hesitation passes for indifference. When, therefore, forced to act quickly, he acts from impulse. Like many hesitating natures, action seems final to him, and while doubting its wisdom, he accepts unquestioningly the consequences of a hasty decision. While visiting in Plattsburg, a small New England village, Graham meets Rose Allen, a very beautiful girl, with a simple nature and an honest, healthy mind. Although much attracted by her, Graham, true to his character, hesitates; he questions first her fitness for the position he thinks of offering her, and then, quite honestly, his ability to make her happy. While he is trying to decide these problems, the courtship drags through several months. Sure at last that Rose cares for him, Graham proposes to her; and no sooner has she owned her affection than, swept off his feet by a burst of passion, he adds to the already lengthy catalogue of her veritable charms all those that his fancy deems desirable. She is beautiful, she is intelligent, — nay, he will interrupt, she is more than that: she has a strength of imagination, a poetic fancy, an intellectual power, that have seldom been equaled! Rose is troubled by Graham's imaginings, and assures him sincerely that she has none of these qualities. As he insists, she becomes very unhappy, fancying that when he knows the truth he will cease to care for her. She endeavors to get his point of view. Hoping to please him, she even tries to read poetry, which she has never cared for; but though she tries consci-

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entiously, perhaps because she tries conscientiously, it still fails to interest her. This state of affairs goes on for some weeks; Graham treading more and more on air, Rose becoming more and more wretched. One day she reads a short poem in a magazine. It sounds like some of the poems Graham has read to her. It is so simple that she wonders why any one thought it worth writing; but she has an instinctive feeling that Graham would like it. He comes in just then, and she shows it to him. "You wrote it, Rose?" he cries. Poor Rose! Her head swims; she is only conscious that Graham is holding her hands, that he is insisting that she wrote the poem. "You did, Rose, I know you did!" Tired of the struggle, half hypnotized, she assents. Graham is delighted. He reads the poem again and again, assuring her that he would have known she had written it if she had not told him; it is so fresh, so pure, so unaffected! "I did not know you cared for me like that," he murmurs, tears in his eyes. "There are depths in your soul of which I had not dreamed. I am all unworthy of you."

Frightened now at what she has done, Rose tries to confess, but they are interrupted before she can do so. When they meet, the next day, she sees at once that Graham knows; she reads her doom in his steady gray eyes. She feels her spiritual degradation, her intellectual impotence; not only she did not write the poem, but she knows that she could not have done so. She has laid claim to thoughts that were not her own as well as to words. And yet, she thinks angrily, drawing in her breath quickly, she loves John more than any other woman, poetess or not, could ever love any man. Why did he wish her to be so different from herself? She loves him —

She looks up into his steady gray eyes. Cold fear enters her soul, and her lips grow white. "I am going around the world," she hears him say, "to try to forget you. I hope our paths will never cross again." She covers her face with her hands and does not see him go; but she knows that his head is held high, and that he does not falter or look back.

Graham remains abroad for several years, and time serves somewhat to soften his anger; not to such an extent, however, that he goes to see Rose on his return, though he thinks of doing so. After a year or two at home he goes away again, and on his travels he meets a lady who spent a summer in Plattsburg two years before. Graham asks her about Rose. At first she does not remember her; then she says suddenly: "Oh yes! Poor little thing! Did you never hear her story? She married a cousin of hers, a very nice young fellow, who had been devoted to her for years. After her marriage she grew steadily thinner and thinner, and whiter and whiter, and the summer I was there she died. She never seemed unhappy," adds the lady, glancing at Graham, "but I always thought she must have been so."

Graham is profoundly touched. All his old love for Rose surges back. His dear little Rose! She had died of a broken heart! He had not been quite fair to her, perhaps; she had lacked a profound knowledge of the subtler ethical laws, but her nature had been a simple and a loving one, and he had expected too much.

The passage of time, bringing to Graham a deeper knowledge of life, shows him his own conduct in a new light. Rose had loved him, — loved him so much that she had tried to change her very nature to please him; and he had imposed on this love! Not satisfied with the gift the gods had given him, he had tried, in his stupid human way, to improve on it. He had insisted first that Rose could write poetry, and then that she had done so. Her very love for him had weakened her will power; she wanted to please him, and he had overpowered her and left her. She had grown to depend

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on him utterly, and when the prop was withdrawn she could not stand alone. To be sure, his mocking, doubting self would add, when he was feeling most sentimental: "If you had married her, she might still have died of a broken heart. It may be better as it is."

As the years go by, many of Graham's friends die, but he is left: a lonely old man, still cynical in aspect, but ever hugging more closely to his bosom the ideal his own blindness kept him from realizing, — an ideal that might have freshened his dusty life. He always means to go back to Plattsburg, but is deterred by a series of trifling events, so that when he goes at last he is a white-haired man of seventy. The town has changed; it does not interest him, and he turns his footsteps toward the churchyard. The sexton, to whom he applies for information, is an old resident of the town, and from him Graham learns that Rose never married. "'Course I 'm sure," the old man says. "Ye must hev heered about anuther gell. Miss Allen lived two doors from us, en she never merried at ull, but lived by herself untell she died, two years ago. . . . Thet 's her stun, — the gray one with the cross on."

The book notices puzzled me a good deal at first, until I came to the mortifying conclusion that none of the critics had read my book, and that some of them had not even opened it. A smile of gratified pride spread over my face when I saw that I was as "analytical as George Eliot," but by the time I read that "no such clever satire had been penned since Thackeray wrote Vanity Fair" I had begun to doubt! The Daily Telegram started out well, I thought, but ended so queerly that I tried to believe there had been a typographical error: —

"In this day of cheap sensationalism, it is a delight to find a book so fresh and charming as Broken Wings. It is so simply told, and yet with such consummate skill, that one follows the story eagerly, hardly realizing the tragic psychological problem underlying it. It is vital, true to life, but not didactic. It may be thoroughly appreciated by only a few; its undercurrents are too deep to be felt by the masses, but it cannot fail to be an influence toward higher thoughts along those lines."

I knew the book reviewer on the Weekly Spectator, and as he had informed me that he meant to give me a "stunning send-off," I looked with interest for his notice.

"In Broken Wings," he said, "we have a book of a type not unusual. The style and finish of this volume are, however, much above the average, and it is with regret that we notice a few faults, which, though trifling, keep it from being a really great book. For instance, in speaking of the heroine the author says: 'She was simple and sweet, like a straight young apple tree, — a tree that has always had plenty of air and light, and whose fair pink flowers give vague, delicious promise of a coming summer.' This, we admit, is a clever bit of phrasing, but it utterly fails to convey any impression. There are, indeed, throughout the story, many attempts at verbal brilliancy, which weaken the book, as does the author's want of sympathy with her characters and her absolute lack of humor. In spite of these surface faults, it is a strong book, and one likely to be much read and discussed this coming winter. It is emphatically well worth reading."

If this was my friend's idea of a "stunning send-off," I was ready to stand by the French general who begged to be defended from his friends! That notice amused me, on the whole, but I was really hurt by the one in the Advertiser. Had I tried to show the struggle of a soul, only to be greeted as the writer of a pleasant and harmless book for the young? No Sunday-school library could

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afford to be without it? I hope that critic did not read my book, but this is what he said: —

"The book moves quietly as a summer stream, on whose calm surface is reflected the every-day affairs of those who dwell on its borders. The scrupulous avoidance of the sensational, and the dominance of the uneventful, far from weakening the book, impart an atmosphere of restful calm."

The climax of my success, however, came one August day, when I received a letter from Mr. John Arthur Overdon, asking if he might dramatize Broken Wings, and begging an interview in which to set forth the mutual advantages of such an arrangement. I knew of him as the author of a very successful farce, What 's the Matter with Tompkins? which was having a great run at one of the theatres, and I wondered what it was in my book that attracted him.

It was a small, alert man who rose neatly to meet me when I entered the drawing-room. He was below medium height, and his features, in no way remarkable of themselves, added to a general expression of keen watchfulness. His attire was careful, and he carried a silk hat. I thought of a fox terrier I had seen at the dog show, trained to wear a coat and walk upon his hind legs. I told him that I appreciated the compliment he paid me in wishing to put my book on the stage, but that I was forcibly reminded by the occurrence of Mrs. Stuart's suggestion that Mrs. Dana's How to Know the Wild Flowers be dramatized.

He admitted, unsmilingly, that the lack of incident in my story would add very much to his work. "I shall have to rearrange, to interpolate," he said. "There does seem to be very little to go on; but I have had some experience in this kind of thing, and you need not fear failure. I confess," he added candidly, — to pay me, perhaps, for doubting his ability to make a silk purse out of the meagre materials at hand, — "I don't see why the book has had such a run. It 's all out of the popular line. But it 's had a great sale, for some reason, and if I can get it on the stage before people forget all about the book, the name will help the play." He saw that I hesitated, and continued: "I 'll tell you what I 'll do: make a pretty full outline of it, and bring it up for you to see. There 's no occasion, though, for you to be a bit uneasy; the play will heighten, not spoil, the artistic effect of your book, beside bringing it to the knowledge of a greater public."

After he had gone I realized that I had consented to let my book go. The first break was made, and I must now try to see Mr. Overdon's point of view, and not to mind the few unimportant changes he might make. In my wildest flights of fancy, however, it never occurred to me that he might attempt to pass off my ewe lamb upon an unsuspecting public as a trick poodle.

"It 's not so *bad*," he said, the next time I saw him. "By a few trifling changes we can make it really very dramatic. The first act will be set at the picnic where Rose and Graham meet. That will give a chance for effective setting and costumes, — white muslin and blue ribbons, and all that sweet simplicity, you know. There will be some pretty scenes between some of the girls and young men, and we might bring in an old fortune teller and have her tell Rose's fortune: 'After youth comes age, after love comes death, after sorrow comes peace, but happiness never comes,' — something that sounds mysterious, and can be made to fit almost anything. To introduce a little action into the scene, Graham will fall into a ravine, and Rose will rescue him. Ropes and Rocks and Courage That Knows Not Fear and An Old Tree. It will be great."

"But Graham did not fall into a ravine," I pleaded, "and Rose never had her fortune told" —

"It is the spirit of the book I am try-

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ing to get," he explained patiently. "We must make trifling concessions in detail to the demands of the drama. The only reason Robert Elsmere was not a success, when it was put on the stage, was because of a petty slavery to the letter of the book. To tell you the truth," he added, "I am thinking of the money, too. Why, do you realize that Barrie got more for his per cent on the play of The Little Minister than on the whole sales of the book? A quarter of a million dollars! Why, on my farce, What's the Matter with Tompkins? I took in forty thousand dollars in one year." There seemed to be nothing too high or too low for him to compare me with; but my head swam with the figures he set so alluringly before me.

When he brought the second act he was sure he had pleased me. "I've tried," he said, "in this act, to let you have things all your own way. Of course I've had to crowd events a little, but I've not put in a thing, and only changed one idea. I've opened up this act by the proposal" —

"But, Mr. Overdon," I cried, "the whole interest of the book lies in the development of Graham's character, and the key to his nature is his hesitation, his questioning! That is what brings his conduct in leaving Rose so suddenly out in strong relief. If he is rescued from sudden death at the end of Act I., and proposes at the beginning of Act II., you make it impossible for any one to get any idea of his character!"

"You could not very well *explain* his character without making it prosy," he replied. "It'll have to come out in the course of the play from his actions. That's what ruined Dr. Claudius on the stage. It was not put into dramatic form at all; everything was reported, and nothing was done. It was an awful failure."

"It is hardly fair," I admitted, "to judge so hastily. Pray go on, Mr. Overdon."

"Well, when he proposes to her he tells her a lot about her imagination and her poetry, — you know, what you make him say a little later; and just then they are interrupted. Oh! I did think, if you did not mind, we might introduce a little comedy right here in the person of a Swedish butler. Swedish is quite new, and would take like hot cakes. A kind of jolly 'Yump, Yonny, yump! Ay tank ye can mek it in tu yumps' fellow. He comes in and interrupts them, and Rose takes up a magazine to hide her confusion. In it she finds the poem, you know, and shows it to Graham; and then that scene is pretty straight out of the book, too. I have to prolong it a little, because it's the strong scene of the play, you see, and gives the hero a chance to do the stern, unrelenting, and haughty. Right in the middle I thought I'd have the butler come in again and tell a funny story, to relieve the situation a bit. An audience won't stand too much unadulterated tragedy. Coquelin told me himself that that is why Rostand introduced the character of Flambeau into L'Aiglon. Just at the end of the act I did make a trifling change. The idea is really the same, but it makes it a little more dramatic, more exciting. It turns out that the poem that Rose claims she has written was really written by Graham himself. I call that a pretty good idea. I wonder you did not think of it."

I eyed him sternly. "I should hardly call it a trifle," I said. He looked flattered. "In fact," I went on, "it changes and spoils the whole situation. Instead of Graham's being disappointed at the flaw in his ideal, it puts in an element of personal pique. It belittles him" —

"I think not," said Mr. Overdon, with the air of a man who, as he would have said, has the ace up his sleeve. "Graham's not going to tell her *at all* that he wrote the poem! The audience will know from his manner, but he's going away letting her think that he believes she wrote the poem. It always flatters

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an audience to be in a secret when some of the people on the stage don't know it. There 's going to be a chance for some very pretty acting right there."

"What will be his reason for leaving her, then?" I inquired politely.

"Oh, I don't know. That 's not important. It 's always easy enough to trump up a lovers' quarrel, you know. This is only the outline; I have to fill it in later. There are lots of ragged ends that will have to be worked in. The prophecy of the fortune teller, for instance, will have to be alluded to in every act.

"Now one great fault of your book — that is, in staging it — is that there are so few good rôles. The whole play cannot be done by two actors. It would be too hard on them, and not fair to the rest of the company, to say nothing of the danger of tiring out the audience. In the third act, therefore, while I 've stuck closely to the spirit of the book, I 've deviated considerably from the lines. This act is divided into two scenes, which contrast the way Rose and Graham took their separation. The first scene will be laid in a café in Paris. Graham will be there with a stunning-looking adventuress, and there will be lots of pretty girls and students, and jokes and singing. Kind of a Trilby business, you know. That might not have been a good play, madam," glancing at my face. "I admire the Bard of Avon, myself; but Trilby drew bigger houses than Hamlet ever did, and in these days a man must consider his heirs. Besides," he went on shrewdly, "of course that scene 's not in the book, but John Arthur will wager considerable that 's just what Graham did in Paris."

As I had lost the power of speech, he took my silence for assent, and proceeded: "The adventuress will get in some tall work, and one of the girls will sing a song, — in French, you know, to make the audience think it 's something spicy. Then the tables will be piled up in the corner, and some of the girls will sit on the tables, and the rest will dance. How does that strike you?"

"Who am I," I replied feebly, "to block the way of Progress? They have introduced two little Evas and a cake walk into Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Mr. Overdon laughed genially. "I suppose it is tough on you," he said. "But if you 'd study the drama a little, and look up the books that have been staged, and why they succeeded or failed, you would feel better about this one of yours. I am honestly trying to get the spirit of your book, and to convey dramatically the same impression you created by the narrative."

I did not see Mr. Overdon again for some days. Then he informed me that he had been working very hard. "The second scene in the third act may seem simple to *you*," he remarked, "but it 's the kind of thing that 's got to ring true, or it 's not worth trying. There 's no effect, no sensation, to carry it through. In the first scene we have Graham in Paris; in the second, Rose in her simple New England home. That 's an effective contrast, in the first place. She will be simply dressed, and look a little pale. When the curtain goes up she will be seated by the lamp, sewing or knitting a shawl for a poor old woman. One or two neighbors come in to ask favors of her, showing her kind heart and the way she is loved in the village. Then the minister comes and proposes to her — I beg your pardon, I thought you were going to say something. The minister, I say, proposes to her. He is a good-looking chap, and full of these new-fangled ideas about making the church a centre for the poor, and mothers' clubs, and soup kitchens, and all that. He is fond of Rose, and then he appeals to her generosity, too, by telling her how much he needs her advice and help. The stage will be in half light, and the firelight will flicker on their faces and on the blue and white dishes on the dresser. That 's

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another good contrast, you see, between these two and Graham and the adventuress in the glare of the lighted café. Those two scenes will work up finely for the posters. Rose tells the minister that a life of activity and usefulness appeals to her, and that she thanks him for his offer, but that her hand can never be his, because her heart belongs to another. Then he gives up talking about Sunday schools, and goes in for love-making; but though she is much affected, she remains firm, and he goes away. The curtain goes down as she sits there alone, looking into the fire."

I felt as though I were reading a continued story in a magazine, and waited eagerly for the next installment. There was a new expression on Mr. Overdon's face when I saw him again, and, after careful study, I made up my amazed mind that it was one of embarrassment.

"Yes," he confessed, "I 'm bunkered on this hole. There are two or three possible ways to get out, but the thing is, which way is going to take with the populace? Of course, an effective scene might be made of the village churchyard, and the white-haired old man and the sexton with leaves falling on them" —

"Cyrano de Bergerac?" I inquired.

"That would be a pretty risky attempt, though," he pursued. "You see, in Cyrano, the ending is tragic enough, but the hero and heroine are both there. Now we might have Graham get to Plattsburg just in time to have an affecting scene with Rose before she dies; but, to tell you the truth, I am plain afraid to put an unhappy ending to this play. The whole course of the story demands a reconciliation. I know that you did not have one, and that the book sold, but it 's different with a play. Did you ever hear what Fox said about an oration? 'Does it read well?' he asked. 'If it does, it 's a very bad oration.' Now that 's pretty true of a play; and just because one ending went in the book, it 's no sign it would in a play. There 's plenty of precedent for as great changes. When Henry Esmond was dramatized, Henry married Beatrix. What do you think?"

"My inexperience is infinite," I pleaded. "What, Mr. Overdon, would be your idea?"

"I *have* an idea in my mind of an ending that might be both effective and suitable. Set the last act after five years, say, and at the time of the Cuban war. Let Rose go as a nurse, and have the scene in a hospital ward in Cuba."

"I see," I interrupted; "and by some happy coincidence, Graham, who has been fired with patriotism and joined the army, is wounded, and brought into this very ward?"

"That 's the idea," he said cordially; "that 's it exactly. We might have one of his legs amputated, you know, and have an affecting scene; have the doctor say that Rose has saved his life, and the curtain go down on a God-bless you-they-all-lived-happy-after tableau.

"That happy scene reminds me I 've got some news for you. Rattling good news from a financial standpoint, — and from an artistic one, too, — though it means a rush for me. Juliette Irman wants to star in Broken Wings this season, and she wants the play all finished by the first of September."

"Miss Irman is a very charming actress," I said, much pleased, "but I should hardly think the part would give her enough scope. Even she would have difficulty in making much of Rose."

"Rose!" he cried. "Rose! Bless me, I thought I told you! She does not want to play Rose! She will play Graham!"

My acquaintance with Mr. Overdon had been a season of growing mortification to me. Consciously, day by day, I had lost my individuality. Powerless to prevent, I had seen my will power grow weaker and weaker. I had even begun to feel a sneaking sympathy for Rose, whom I had always looked down

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upon. I felt now that my last opportunity was slipping away, and I tried for the last time to assert myself.

"Mr. Overdon," I asked coldly, in reply to his inquiry if we had not done pretty well, *after all*, — "Mr. Overdon, what did you think of calling your play?"

He looked puzzled for a moment, as if unable to fathom the reason for my discontent. "Oh, pshaw!" he declared generously. "Why, my dear young lady, it 's your book all right. You put altogether too much emphasis on the trifling innovations I 've made. No one else would even notice them. I 've only put your thoughts into dramatic form. Don't you be bothered by any ideas of false pride about the authorship. The credit is yours, and you 'll get it fast enough. All I have tried to do is to preserve the spirit of your book."

I succumbed weakly. Could degradation farther go? Desperate at my own weakness, I felt a mad desire to trample upon the upturned face of my fallen idol, as it lay at my feet, mutely reproaching me for its existence.

"Mr. Overdon," I cried gayly, "I think the last scene is a little dull! It might be improved. Set it in a hospital tent in Cuba, by all means, and have Rose there as nurse, and Graham as patient. The adventuress also will be there, having followed Graham from Paris; but she will be converted by the minister who was in love with Rose, and who now opportunely turns up as a fighting chaplain in one of the regiments stationed there. Then, why not have some of the negroes sing and dance to amuse the patients, and then have Colonel Roosevelt come in on horseback in his Rough Rider uniform? Don't you remember how well it took when Mansfield came in on horseback in Henry V.? And then any allusion to Roosevelt is sure to awaken applause just now. He could stop by Graham's cot and lean over to take his hand, saying, 'If there were more men like you, this would be a better country.' Then every one would cheer, and Roosevelt would go out to lead the charge up the San Juan hill. The flap of the tent could be left open, enabling the audience to see the charge, and hear the cheering and the guns. A few wounded might be brought in, and then cries of 'Victory! Victory!' be heard. Rose and Graham, who up to this time have been a little distant, find themselves together; and as the cry of 'Victory!' comes, Graham takes her hands, and says: 'We, too, Rose, have had our struggle. Thank God that we, too, have won a victory!' Tableau! Curtain!"

Mr. Overdon had been sitting on the edge of his chair, listening. As I finished he jumped up, and, seizing me by both hands, forced me to execute an uncouth dance in celebration of my complete defeat.

"It 's wonderful!" he said, when obliged to pause for want of breath. "Wonderful! There is not a play on the boards to-day that can touch it. We 'll make a dramatist of you yet," looking at me admiringly. "No one would ever have imagined from reading the book that you had it in you!"

I signed the contracts without a murmur. Mr. Overdon's patent-leather boots may have concealed a cloven hoof, for all I knew; I was too completely crushed to care. A vision of Peter Schlemil dickering with the devil for his shadow flitted through my mind. Ah, Peter Schlemil, the devil has more tricks than one!

Katharine Head.

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A HERMIT'S NOTES ON THOREAU.

In a secluded spot in the peaceful valley of the Androscoggin I took upon myself to live two years as a hermit, after a mild Epicurean fashion of my own. Three maiden aunts wagged their heads ominously; my nearest friend inquired cautiously whether there was any taint of insanity in the family; an old gray-haired lady, a veritable saint, who had not been soured by her many deeds of charity, admonished me on the utter selfishness and godlessness of such a proceeding. But I clung heroically to my resolution. Summer tourists in that pleasant valley may still see the little red house among the pines, — empty now, I believe; and I dare say gaudy coaches still draw up at the door, as they used to do, when the gaudier bonnets and hats exchanged wondering remarks on the cabalistic inscription over the lintel, or spoke condescendingly to the great dog lying on the steps. As for the hermit within, having found it impossible to educe any meaning from the tangled habits of mankind while he himself was whirled about in the imbroglio, he had determined to try the efficacy of undisturbed meditation at a distance. So deficient had been his education that he was actually better acquainted with the aspirations and emotions of the old dwellers on the Ganges than with those of the modern toilers by the Hudson or the Potomac. He had been deafened by the "indistinguishable roar" of the streets, and could make no sense of the noisy jargon of the market place. But — shall it be confessed? — although he learned many things during his contemplative sojourn in the wilderness, he returned to civilization, alas, as ignorant of its meaning as when he left it.

However, it is not my intention to justify the saintly old lady's charge of egotism by telling the story of my exodus to the desert; that, perhaps, may come later and at a more suitable time. I wish now only to record the memories of one perfect day in June, when woods and mountains were as yet a new delight.

The fresh odors of morning were still swaying in the air when I set out on this particular day; and my steps turned instinctively to the great pine forest, called the Cathedral Woods, that filled the valley and climbed the hill slopes behind my house. There, many long roads, that are laid down in no map, wind hither and thither among the trees, whose leafless trunks tower into the sky, and then meet in evergreen arches overhead. There

> "The tumult of the times disconsolate"

never enters, and no noise of the world is heard save now and then, in winter, the ringing strokes of the woodchopper at his cruel task. How many times I have walked those quiet cathedral aisles, while my great dog paced faithfully on before! Underfoot the dry, purple-hued moss was stretched like a royal carpet; and at intervals a glimpse of the deep sky, caught through an aperture in the groined roof, reminded me of the other world, and carried my thoughts still farther from the desolating memories of this life. Nothing but pure odors were there, sweeter than cloistral incense; and murmurous voices of the pines, more harmonious than the chanting of trained choristers; and in the heart of the wanderer nothing but tranquillity and passionless peace. Often now the recollection of those scenes comes floating back upon his senses when, in the wakeful seasons of a summer night, he hears the wind at work among the trees; even in barren city streets some sound or spectacle can act upon him as a spell, banishing for a

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moment the hideous contention of commerce, and placing him beneath the restful shadows of the pines. May his understanding cease its function, and his heart forget to feel, when the memory of those days has utterly left him, and he walks in the world without this consolation of remembered peace.

Nor can I recollect that my mind, in these walks, was much called away from contemplation by the petty curiosities of the herbalist or bird-lorist, for I am not one zealously addicted to scrutinizing closely into the secrets of Nature. It never seemed to me that a flower was made sweeter by knowing the construction of its ovaries, or assumed a new importance when I learned its trivial or scientific name. The wood thrush and the veery sing as melodiously to the uninformed as to the subtly curious. Indeed, I sometimes think a little ignorance is wholesome in our communion with Nature, until we are ready to part with her altogether. She is feminine in this as in other respects, and loves to shroud herself in illusions, as the Hindus taught in their books. For they called her Maya, the very person and power of deception, whose sway over the beholder must end as soon as her mystery is penetrated.

"Like as a dancing girl to sound of lyres
Delights the king and wakens sweet desires
For one brief hour, and having shown her art
With lingering bow behind the scene retires:

"So o'er the Soul alluring Nature vaunts
Her lyric spell, and all her beauty flaunts;
And she, too, in her time withdrawing, leaves
The Watcher to his peace — 't is all she wants.

"'Now have I seen it all!' the Watcher saith,
And wonders that the pageant lingereth:
And, 'He hath seen me!' then the other cries,
And wends her way: and this they call the Death."

Dear as the sound of the wood thrush's note still is to my ears, something of charm and allurement has gone from it since I have become intimate with the name and habits of the bird. As a child born and reared in the city, that wild, ringing call was perfectly new and strange to me when, one early dawn, I first heard it, during a visit to the Delaware Water Gap. To me, whose ears had grown familiar only with the rumble of paved streets, the sound was like a reiterated unearthly summons inviting me from my narrow prison existence out into a wide and unexplored world of impulse and adventure. Long afterwards I learned the name of the songster whose note had made so strong an impression on my childish senses, but still I associate the song with the grandiose scenery, with the sheer forests and streams and the rapid river of the Water Gap. I was indeed almost a man — though the confession may sound incredible in these days — before I again heard the wood thrush's note, and my second adventure impressed me almost as profoundly as the first. In the outer suburbs of the city where my home had always been, I was walking one day with a brother, when suddenly out of a grove of laurel oaks sounded, clear and triumphant, the note which I remembered so well, but which had come to have to my imagination the unreality and mystery of a dream of long ago. Instantly my heart leapt within me. "It is the fateful summons once more!" I cried; and, with my companion, who was equally ignorant of bird-lore, I ran into the grove to discover the wild trumpeter. That was a strange chase in the fading twilight, while the unknown songster led us on from tree to tree, ever deeper into the woods. Many times we saw him on one of the lower boughs, but could not for a long while bring ourselves to believe that so wondrous a melody should proceed from so plain a minstrel. And at last, when we had satisfied ourselves of his identity, and the night had fallen, we came out into the road with a strange

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solemnity hanging over us. Our ears had been opened to the unceasing harmonies of creation, and our eyes had been made aware of the endless drama of natural life. We had been initiated into the lesser mysteries; and if the sacred pageantry was not then, and never was to be, perfectly clear to our understanding, the imagination was nevertheless awed and purified.

If the knowledge and experience of years have made me a little more callous to these deeper influences, at least I have not deliberately closed the door to them by incautious prying. Perhaps a long course of wayward reading has taught me to look upon the world with eyes quite different from those of the modern exquisite searchers into Nature. I remember the story of Prometheus, and think his punishment is typical of the penalty that falls upon those who grasp at powers and knowledge not intended for mankind, — some nemesis of a more material loneliness and a more barren pride torturing them because they have turned from human knowledge to an alien and forbidden sphere. Like Prometheus, they shall in the end cry out in vain: —

> "O air divine, and O swift-wingëd winds!
> Ye river fountains, and thou myriad-twinkling
> Laughter of ocean waves! O mother earth!
> And thou, O all-discerning orb o' the sun! —
> To you, I cry to you; behold what I,
> A god, endure of evil from the gods."

Nor is the tale of Prometheus alone in teaching this lesson of prudence, nor was Greece the only land of antiquity where reverence was deemed more salutary than curiosity. The myth of the veiled Isis passed, in those days, from people to people, and was everywhere received as a symbol of the veil of illusion about Nature, which no man might lift with impunity. And the same idea was, if anything, intensified in the Middle Ages. The common people, and the Church as well, looked with horror on such scholars as Pope Gerbert, who was thought, for his knowledge of Nature, to have sold himself to the devil; and on such discoverers as Roger Bacon, whose wicked searching into forbidden things cost him fourteen years in prison. And even in modern times did not the poet Blake say: "I fear Wordsworth loves nature, and nature is the work of the Devil. The Devil is in us as far as we are nature"? It has remained for an age of skepticism to substitute science for awe. After all, can any course of study or open-air pedagogics bring us into real communion with the world about us? I fear much of the talk about companionship with Nature that pervades our summer life is little better than cant and self-deception, and he best understands the veiled goddess who most frankly admits her impenetrable secrecy. The peace that comes to us from contemplating the vast panorama spread out before us is due rather to the sense of a great passionless power entirely out of our domain than to any real intimacy with the hidden deity. It was John Woolman, the famous New Jersey Quaker, who wrote, during a journey through the wilderness of Pennsylvania: "In my traveling on the road, I often felt a cry rise from the centre of my mind, thus, 'O Lord, I am a stranger on the earth, hide not thy face from me.'"

But I forget that I am myself traveling on the road; and all this long disquisition is only a chapter of reminiscences, due to the multitudinous singing of the thrushes on this side and that, as we — I and my great dog — trod the high cathedral aisles. After a while the sound of running water came to us above the deeper diapason of the pines, and, turning aside, we clambered down to a brook which we had already learned to make the terminus of our walks. Along this stream we had discovered a dozen secret nooks where man and dog might lie or sit at ease, and to-day I stretched myself on a cool, hollow rock, with my eyes

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looking up the long, leafy chasm of the brook. Just above my couch the current was dammed by a row of mossy boulders, over which the water poured with a continual murmur and plash. My head was only a little higher than the pool beyond the boulders, and, lying motionless, I watched the flies weaving a pattern over the surface of the quiet water, and now and then was rewarded by seeing a greedy trout leap into the sunlight to capture one of the winged weavers. Surely, if there is any such thing as real intimacy with Nature, it is in just such quiet spots as this; the grander scenes require of us a moral enthusiasm which can come to the soul only at rare intervals and for brief moments.

But at last I turned from dreaming and moralizing on the little life about me, and began to read. The volume chosen was the most appropriate to the time and place that could be imagined, — Thoreau's Walden; and having entered upon an experiment not altogether unlike his, I now set myself to reading the record of his two years of solitude. I learned many things from that morning's perusal. Several times I had read the Odyssey within sight of the sea, and the murmur of the waves on the beach beating through the rhythm of the poem had taught me how vital a thing a book might be, and how it could acquire a peculiar validity from harmonious surroundings; but now the reading of Thoreau in this charmed and lonely spot emphasized this commonplace truth in a peculiar manner. Walden studied in the closet, and Walden mused over under the trees, by running water, are two quite different books. And then, from Thoreau, the greatest by far of our writers on Nature, and the creator of a new sentiment in literature, my mind turned to the long list of Americans who have left, or are still composing, a worthy record of their love and appreciation of the natural world. Our land of multiform activities has produced so little that is really creative in literature or art! Hawthorne and Poe, and possibly one or two others, were masters in their own field; yet even they chose not quite the highest realm for their genius to work in. But in one subject our writers have led the way, and are still preëminent: Thoreau was the creator of a new manner of writing about Nature. In its deeper essence his work is inimitable, as it is the voice of a unique personality; but in its superficial aspects it has been taken up by a host of living writers, who have caught something of his method, even if they lack his genius and singleness of heart. From these it was an easy transition to compare Thoreau's attitude of mind with that of Wordsworth and the other great poets of the century who have gone to Nature for their inspiration, and have made Nature-writing the characteristic note of modern verse. What is it in Thoreau that is not to be found in Byron and Shelley and Wordsworth, not to mention old Izaak Walton, Gilbert White of Selborne, and a host of others? It was a rare treat, as I lay in that leafy covert, to go over in memory the famous descriptive passages from these authors, and to contrast their spirit with that of the book in my hand.

As I considered these matters, it seemed to me that Thoreau's work was distinguished from that of his American predecessors and imitators by just these qualities of awe and wonder which we, in our communings with Nature, so often cast away. Mere description, though it may at times have a scientific value, is after all a very cheap form of literature; and, as I have already intimated, too much curiosity of detail is likely to exert a deadening influence on the philosophic and poetic contemplation of Nature. Such an influence is, as I believe, specially noticeable at the present time, and even Thoreau was not entirely free from its baneful effect. Much of his writing, perhaps the greater part, is the mere record of observation and classification,

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and has not the slightest claim on our remembrance, — unless, indeed, it possesses some scientific value, which I doubt. Certainly the parts of his work having permanent interest are just those chapters where he is less the minute observer, and more the contemplative philosopher. Despite the width and exactness of his information, he was far from having the truly scientific spirit; the acquisition of knowledge, with him, was in the end quite subordinate to his interest in the moral significance of Nature, and the words he read in her obscure scroll were a language of strange mysteries, oftentimes of awe. It is a constant reproach to the prying, self-satisfied habits of small minds to see the reverence of this great-hearted observer before the supreme goddess he so loved and studied.

Much of this contemplative spirit of Thoreau is due to the soul of the man himself, to that personal force which no analysis of character can explain. But, besides this, it has always seemed to me that, more than any other descriptive writer of the country, his mind is the natural outgrowth, and his essays the natural expression, of a feeling deep-rooted in the historical beginnings of New England; and this foundation in the past gives a strength and convincing force to his words that lesser writers utterly lack. Consider the new life of the Puritan colonists in the strange surroundings of their desert home. Consider the case of the adventurous Pilgrims sailing from the comfortable city of Leyden to the unknown wilderness over the sea. As Governor Bradford wrote, "the place they had thoughts on was some of those vast & unpeopled countries of America, which are frutfull & fitt for habitation, being devoyd of all civill inhabitants, wher ther are only salvage & brutish men, which range up and downe, little otherwise than ye wild beasts of the same." In these vast and unpeopled countries, where beast and bird were strange to the eye, and where "salvage" men abounded, — men who did not always make the land so "fitt" for new inhabitants as Bradford might have desired, — it was inevitable that the mind should be turned to explore and report on natural phenomena and on savage life. It is a fact that some of the descriptions of sea and land made by wanderers to Virginia and Massachusetts have a directness and graphic power, touched occasionally with an element of wildness, that render them even to-day agreeable reading. This was before the time of Rousseau, and before Gray had discovered the beauty of wild mountain scenery; inevitably the early American writers were chiefly interested in Nature as the home of future colonists, and their books are for the most part semi-scientific accounts of what they studied from a utilitarian point of view.

But the dryness of detailed description in the New World was from the first modified and lighted up by the wondering awe of men set down in the midst of the strange and often threatening forces of an untried wilderness; and this sense of awful aloofness, which to a certain extent lay dormant in the earlier writers, did nevertheless sink deep into the heart of New England, and when, in the lapse of time, the country entered into its intellectual renaissance, and the genius came who was destined to give full expression to the thoughts of his people before the face of Nature, it was inevitable that his works should be dominated by just this sense of poetic mystery.

It is this New World inheritance, moreover, — joined, of course, with his own inexplicable personality, which must not be left out of account, — that makes Thoreau's attitude toward Nature something quite distinct from that of the great poets who just preceded him. There was in him none of the fiery spirit of the revolution which caused Byron to mingle hatred of men with enthusiasm for the Alpine solitudes. There was none of

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the passion for beauty and voluptuous self-abandonment of Keats; these were not in the atmosphere he breathed at Concord. He was not touched with Shelley's unearthly mysticism, nor had he ever fed

"on the aerial kisses
Of shapes that haunt thought's wildernesses;"

his moral sinews were too stark and strong for that form of mental dissipation. Least of all did he, after the manner of Wordsworth, hear in the voice of Nature any compassionate plea for the weakness and sorrow of the downtrodden. Philanthropy and humanitarian sympathies were to him a desolation and a woe. "Philanthropy is almost the only virtue which is sufficiently appreciated by mankind. Nay, it is greatly overrated; and it is our selfishness which overrates it," he writes. And again: "The philanthropist too often surrounds mankind with the remembrance of his own cast-off griefs as an atmosphere, and calls it sympathy." Similarly his reliance on the human will was too sturdy to be much perturbed by the inequalities and sufferings of mankind, and his faith in the individual was too unshaken to be led into humanitarian interest in the masses. "Alas! this is the crying sin of the age," he declares, "this want of faith in the prevalence of a man."

But the deepest and most essential difference is the lack of pantheistic reverie in Thoreau. It is this brooding over the universal spirit embodied in the material world which almost always marks the return of sympathy with Nature, and which is particularly noticeable in the poets of the present century. So Lord Byron, wracked and broken by his social catastrophes, turns for relief to the fair scenes of Lake Leman, and finds in the high mountains and placid waters a consoling spirit akin to his own.

"Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?"

he asks; and in the bitterness of his human disappointment he would "be alone, and love Earth only for its earthly sake." Shelley, too, "mixed awful talk" with the "Great Parent," and heard in her voice an answer to all his vague dreams of the soul of universal love. No one, so far as I know, has yet studied the relation between Wordsworth's pantheism and his humanitarian sympathies, but we need only glance at his Lines on Tintern Abbey to see how closely the two feelings were interknit in his mind. It was because he felt this

"sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;"

it was because the distinctions of the human will and the consequent perception of individual responsibility were largely absorbed in this dream of the universal spirit, that he heard in Nature "the still, sad music of humanity," and reproduced it so sympathetically in his own song. Of all this pantheism, whether attended with revolt from responsibility or languid reverie or humanitarian dreams, there is hardly a trace in Thoreau. The memory of man's struggle with the primeval woods and fields was not so lost in antiquity that Nature had grown into an indistinguishable part of human life. Governor Bradford wrote his story of the Pilgrims, "that their children may see with what difficulties their fathers wrastled in going throug these things in their first beginnings," and the lesson had not been lost. If Nature smiled upon Thoreau at times, she was still an alien creature who only succumbed to his force and tenderness, as she had before given her bounty, though reluctantly, to the Pilgrim Fathers. A certain companionship he had with the plants and wild beasts of the field, a certain intimacy with the dumb earth; but he did not seek to merge his personality in their impersonal life, or look to them for a re-

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sponse to his own inner moods; he associated with them as the soul associates with the body.

More characteristic is his sense of awe, even of dread, toward the great unsubdued forces of the world. The loneliness of the mountains such as they appeared to the early adventurers in a strange, unexplored country; the repellent loneliness of the barren heights frowning down inhospitably upon the pioneer who scratched the soil at their base; the loneliness and terror of the dark, untrodden forests, where the wanderer might stray away and be lost forever, where savage men were more feared than the wild animals, and where superstition saw the haunt of the Black Man and of all uncleanness, — all this tradition of sombre solitude made Nature to Thoreau something very different from the hills and valleys of Old England. "We have not seen pure Nature," he says, "unless we have seen her thus vast and drear and inhuman. . . . Man was not to be associated with it. It was Matter, vast, terrific, — not his Mother Earth that we have heard of, not for him to tread on, or be buried in, — no, it were being too familiar even to let his bones lie there, — the home, this, of Necessity and Fate." After reading Byron's invocation to the Alps as the palaces of Nature; or the ethereal mountain scenes in Shelley's Alastor, where all the sternness of the everlasting hills is dissolved into rainbow hues of shifting light as dainty as the poet's own soul; or Wordsworth's familiar musings in the vale of Grasmere, — if, after these, we turn to Thoreau's account of the ascent of Mount Katahdin, we seem at once to be in the home of another tradition. I am tempted to quote a few sentences of that account to emphasize the point. On the mountain heights, he says of the beholder: "He is more lone than you can imagine. There is less of substantial thought and fair understanding in him than in the plains where men inhabit. His reason is dispersed and shadowy, more thin and subtile, like the air. Vast, Titanic, inhuman Nature has got him at disadvantage, caught him alone, and pilfers him of some of his divine faculty. She does not smile on him as in the plains. She seems to say sternly, Why came ye here before your time? This ground is not prepared for you. Is it not enough that I smile in the valleys? I have never made this soil for thy feet, this air for thy breathing, these rocks for thy neighbors. I cannot pity nor fondle thee here, but forever relentlessly drive thee hence to where I *am* kind."

I do not mean to present the work of Thoreau as equal in value to the achievement of the great poets with whom I have compared him, but wish merely in this way to bring out more definitely his characteristic traits. Yet if his creative genius is less than theirs, I cannot but think his attitude toward Nature is in many respects truer and more wholesome. Pantheism, whether on the banks of the Ganges or of the Thames, seems to bring with it a spreading taint of effeminacy; and from this the mental attitude of our Concord naturalist was eminently free. There is something tonic and bracing in his intercourse with the rude forces of the forest; he went to Walden Pond because he had "private business to transact," not for relaxation and mystical reverie. "To be a philosopher," he said, "is not merely to have subtle thoughts, nor even to found a school, but so to love wisdom as to live according to its dictates, a life of simplicity, independence, magnanimity, and trust;" and by recurring to the solitudes of Nature he thought he could best develop in himself just these manly virtues. Nature was to him a discipline of the will as much as a stimulant to the imagination. He would, if it were possible, "combine the hardiness of the savages with the intellectualness of the civilized man;" and in this method of working

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out the philosophical life we see again the influence of long and deep-rooted tradition. To the first settlers, the red man was as much an object of curiosity and demanded as much study as the earth they came to cultivate; their books are full of graphic pictures of savage life, and it would seem as if now in Thoreau this inherited interest had received at last its ripest expression. When he traveled in the wilderness of Maine, he was as much absorbed in learning the habits of his Indian guides as in exploring the woods. He had some innate sympathy or perception which taught him to find relics of old Indian life where others would pass them by, and there is a well-known story of his answer to one who asked him where such relics could be discovered: he merely stooped down and picked an arrowhead from the ground.

And withal his stoic virtues never dulled his sense of awe, and his long years of observation never lessened his feeling of strangeness in the presence of solitary Nature. If at times his writing descends into the cataloguing style of the ordinary naturalist, yet the old tradition of wonder was too strong in him to be more than temporarily obscured. Unfortunately, his occasional faults have become in some of his recent imitators the staple of their talent; but Thoreau was preëminently the poet and philosopher of his school, and I cannot do better than close these desultory notes with the quotation of a passage which seems to me to convey most vividly his sensitiveness to the solemn mystery of the deep forest.

"We heard," he writes in his Chesuncook, "come faintly echoing, or creeping from afar, through the moss-clad aisles, a dull, dry, rushing sound, with a solid core to it, yet as if half smothered under the grasp of the luxuriant and fungus-like forest, like the shutting of a door in some distant entry of the damp and shaggy wilderness. If we had not been there, no mortal had heard it. When we asked Joe [the Indian guide] in a whisper what it was, he answered, —'Tree fall.'"

Paul Elmer More.

TWO SONNETS.

SUMMUM BONUM.

How blest is he that can but love and do,
  And has no skill of speech nor trick of art
Wherewith to tell what faith approveth true,
  And show for fame the treasures of his heart!
When, wisely weak, upon the path of duty
  Divine accord has made his footing sure,
With humble deeds he builds his life to beauty,
  Strong to achieve, and patient to endure.
But they that in the market place we meet,
  Each with his trumpet and his noisy faction,
Are leaky vessels, pouring on the street
  The truth they know ere it has known its action.
And which, think ye, in His benign regard,
Or words or deeds shall merit the reward?

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RESIGNATION.

When friends forsake, and fortune in despite
Of Thy rich bounty strips me to the wind,
With eye undimmed I mark their faithless flight,
Because in Thee a refuge still I find.
To them Thy love I may not tell or teach,
Lest they bemock, not me, but Thee through me;
What Thou dost give I may not give to speech,
Because in deeds my speech must ever be.
Oh, let me live so that my life will show
That I have treasure that they know not of;
So if, through envy, they would seek to know
And rob my secret, they will learn Thy love;
For thus the glory will be ever Thine,
And the reward of faithful service mine.

Peter McArthur.

THE DULL SEASON IN POLITICS.

It is a notable journey that President McKinley has undertaken, and there are none of his fellow citizens who will grudge him a holiday. He has carried his great responsibilities cheerfully, and, as he passes from state to state in his triumphal progress, he is certain to diffuse a comfortable glow of equanimity and optimism. Generations have passed since we have enjoyed, in our national politics, a similar "era of good feeling." The President will naturally make the most of it. His personal amiability is beyond dispute; he is supreme in a victorious party; and, with a political skill which those who fail to agree with him are the first to recognize, he has disarmed and disconcerted the opposition. He will receive everywhere a cordial welcome, as befits the President of the republic, and he will utilize with his accustomed sagacity his opportunities for ascertaining and following the drift of public opinion. He is anxious to please, and wants to be the kind of President we want him to be.

It is the dull season in politics, or he could not have planned so extensive a tour of inspection. For the first time since the war with Spain, there is a little breathing space in our foreign struggles. The establishment of civil government in the Philippines seems at last to have begun in good earnest. The Taft Commission is performing effective service. The political consequences of Aguinaldo's capture can scarcely fail to be advantageous to us, though it is to be regretted that the brave officer who trapped him resorted to methods which were apparently forbidden by our own rules of warfare, and which, if practiced upon American troops, would have been denounced as Malay perfidy. However, the ethics of war are puzzling at best, and the country has already forgotten the details of Aguinaldo's capture in its satisfaction with the fact that the Philippines are passing into a new and more orderly phase of political existence. Those of us who believe in their permanent retention, and those who still doubt both the righteousness and the wisdom of such a policy, may now join in sincere efforts

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for the tranquillity and reorganization of the islands. The swifter the establishment of civil order, of commerce and law and education, the sooner will both Filipinos and Americans be able to decide what shall be their future relations.

Cuba, too, is quiet at present. Much will turn upon the unheralded and unknown development of opinion there in the next few months. In refusing assent to the terms of the Platt Amendment, the Constitutional Convention did what was to be expected. The Latin-American mind, agile as it is, seems to have difficulty in reconciling the Teller Resolution with the Platt Amendment, though this task is easy for some of our native sleight-of-hand performers, particularly those of the religious press. The plain truth is that there was some hysteria in Washington in the spring of 1898, together with much generosity of feeling toward the struggling Cubans; and that now we are in a very different mood, and are bent more upon safeguarding our own interests than upon preserving the Cubans' self-respect. Their *amour-propre* has of course been wounded; but the Anglo-Saxon has never been very lucky in dealing with the feelings of weaker peoples, and there is a reasonable hope that time and the exercise of mutual courtesy will allay all serious misunderstanding, and bring Cuba into still more amicable relations with the United States.

It is said that the State Department is taking advantage of the dull season to renew its efforts for a treaty with Great Britain, along the line of the Hay-Pauncefote convention. The importance of an Isthmian canal is obvious; the importance of keeping our national faith, as expressed in the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, is less obvious, in the opinion of many of our public men. But we believe that the business sense of the country will, in this instance, strengthen the moral force of our treaty obligations, and that we shall ultimately have an unfortified canal, whose neutrality will be strictly guaranteed. Such is the recommendation of our army and navy experts, and a neutral canal will be one more step toward the goal of international good will.

Unless disquieting news comes from China, where our diplomacy and our soldiers have made such an admirable record, the summer opens with the foreign political horizon fairly clear, as far as we are directly concerned. At home, the reorganization of the Democratic party is still an affair of the future. Congress is not in session. The President is touring the country. Private citizens are engrossed in making and spending the incomes that prosperous times have made possible. And yet a great deal is silently happening, to shape our political destiny.

In this season of apathy toward the issues of partisan politics, and of freedom from the immediate stress of foreign complications, the real life of the American people is going steadily forward. Regrettable, on many grounds, as is our present temper of extreme reaction against theory, — particularly against those theories of democratic self-government to which we owe our very existence as a nation, — we are nevertheless learning long lessons in the school of fact. The vast mechanism of our social and industrial life is ceaselessly active. We are beginning to reach an understanding of the question of the trusts, not through heated congressional debate, but by actual experience with the good and the evil results of these gigantic combinations. While authors and editors are writing books and articles to prove that the negro will never fit himself for citizenship, Booker Washington and thousands of less distinguished men of his race are quietly demonstrating that the negro is already an excellent citizen. While politicians in high office are suavely treacherous to the cause of civil service reform, the business interests of practical men

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are every day insisting upon and securing a better civil service. Whenever the excitement of national party politics subsides, in a thousand municipalities men are chosen to office on their merits, and recent municipal elections have illustrated anew the preference of the American voter for honest candidates, with opinions of their own and the courage of their convictions. We have not yet outgrown the evil of class legislation, — the very next Congress may pass a shipping subsidy measure as indefensible in principle as the recent bill, though more adroitly drawn, — but with each year the education of the masses and the wider distribution of political power are making class legislation more difficult.

In short, it is in the dull season of politics that the underlying structure of our self-governing, industrial democracy can most readily be perceived. Americans who are thrown into daily contact with wage-earners, with the normal life of our hard-working, peace-loving people, are seldom tempted to despair of the republic. They can see everywhere the growth of a more healthy municipal conscience, a greater willingness to test theory by fact, the evolution of a more real freedom for the individual. Doubtless there will always be blunders to confess, disasters to record, particularly when our institutions are confronted by foreign conditions and forces, undreamed of by the founders of the republic. But our mistakes may well teach us a little wholesome humility, without lessening our loyalty to American ideals and our faith in American character.

MAX MÜLLER AT OXFORD.

THE warmest of the late Mr. Max Müller's admirers will hardly refrain from a faint, fugitive, and tender smile when he reads the ingenuous apology prefixed to the newly published Autobiography of the Oriental scholar.[1] Friends, it seems, had complained to him that there was not enough of himself in the two volumes of reminiscences which were issued in 1898 and 1899 under the title of Auld Lang Syne. To that neutral being, the general reader, there seemed, no doubt, to be a good deal of himself even in those discursive memoirs. Yet to have known him, as the present writer did, from fifteen to twenty years ago, in the fullness of his mental power, and when even his extraordinary personal beauty was almost unimpaired by time, is to feel that the gracious and unique personality of the man was a more memorable thing than all his philological researches, metaphysical theories, and social advantages put together.

Historically the Autobiography is only a fragment; and Mr. Wilhelm Max Müller tells us in his modest preface under what affecting circumstances that fragment received its latest revision at his father's hands: "Even when he was lying in bed, far too weak to sit up in a chair, he continued to work at the manuscript with me. I would read portions aloud to him, and he would suggest alterations and dictate additions. I see that we were actually at work on this up to the 19th of October, and on the 28th he was taken to his well-earned rest." The connected narrative stops short altogether in the first years of the young German philologist's popularity in Oxford, when he was about thirty years of age, before he had fortified his uncertain social position in a foreign

[1] *My Autobiography.* By F. MAX MÜLLER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

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land, as well as insured his own singular domestic happiness, by his marriage with Georgina Grenfell, whose maiden name represented so much of what is most admirable in England in the way both of civic and of military tradition.

Not the least engaging among Friedrich Max Müller's many pleasant personal qualities was a certain trustful and rather whimsical candor, which led him, upon occasion, to speak openly of things advantageous to himself, such as a more self-conscious and really vainer person would have kept sedulously concealed. When he relates how the librarian of the Bibliothèque Royale, in Paris, used to shout to Ernest Renan to fetch certain Sanskrit manuscripts for the use of Mr. Max Müller, he fully perceives the humor of the situation, and hopes and expects that his reader will perceive it, too. Nor did he ever cease to find an exquisite kind of amusement in his own position as Fellow of All Souls. For *him*, the self-devoted *Stubengelehrte*, the youth of austere training and unworldly ideals, to have drifted into that fat paradise of the voluptuaries of learning struck him as a delightful joke on the part of Fate, and one which he frankly enjoyed seeing appreciated by others. Two of the prizes which he most ardently desired, and which many thought he deserved and should have received, — the Boden Professorship of Sanskrit and the presidency of the Indian Institute, — fell to other competitors; but he accepted his defeat, and the compensations which were indirectly offered him therefor, with that unalterable sweetness which seemed a natural product of his own light, easy-going, but very genuine piety. "We must allow the gods to be good to us in their own way," he would have said, "and not in ours." He knew that he was a personage and a power in Oxford, and had done a most important work there in the impulse which he gave to philological, and especially Oriental studies, at that critical moment when the old rigid scholastic barriers were crumbling and everything was ripe for change. Some of his younger disciples came eventually to feel, as young disciples are so prone to do, that they had outstripped their teacher. It was almost one to him, whose main desire and most steadfast preoccupation were, after all, the prosperity of sound learning and the spread of essential truth. So, too, with the curiously impartial attitude which he managed to maintain through all the agitating conflicts and tragical episodes that accompanied the so-called Oxford Movement. He was freely accused of time-serving, and a canny determination to keep well with both the impassioned parties in that desperate strife. In reality, he viewed them both from the outside, in a spirit of mild and debonair detachment, serene in the enjoyment of his own simple creed, which was that of a highly diluted and idealized Lutheranism. "The religious and devotional element," he observes in the chapter on Childhood in Dessau, "is very strong in Germany, but the churches are mostly empty. A German keeps his religion for week days rather than Sundays." In this vague but genial belief he lived and died content; and it is in a spirit of the simplest good faith that he describes himself as trying earnestly, but vainly, to convince Froude and Kingsley and Liddon how entirely imaginary most of their spiritual troubles were. No doubt, also, as he himself suggests, he imbibed a certain amount of Oriental quietism from those philosophies of the East which early became his favorite study. He came to Oxford, as has been said, in the declining years of the fine old semi-monastic and yet exceedingly mundane order. He saw the centenarian Dr. Routh, of Magdalen, who had known a lady who had seen Charles I. walking in those dreamy "Parks" that derived their name from the disposition of the royal

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artillery in the Civil War; and he lived to witness the æsthetically deplorable development of "villa land" in the direction of Woodstock and Banbury, and a numerous and influential society of married dons. He arrived from Leipsic, via Paris, in the light marching order of a wandering scholar, while Newman was yet at Littlemore, and he saw, before the close of his Oxford career, lecture rooms crowded with note-scribbling ladies, pupils flocking to the summer school, and Mansfield College completed and prosperous! By temperament he was German of the Germans; and it is one more proof of his gentle but invincible independence of spirit that, though so fully adopted into the British order of things, and highly distinguished by British Royalty (which, however, is also German), — "in spite," as one may say, "of all temptations to belong to other nations," — he was never to any appreciable degree Anglicized. Furthermore, he was a German of that speculative and romantic period from whose transcendental ideals the aggressive Germany of Bismarck and his creature the Emperor William III. appears, at least, to have reacted so far. Brought up by his pretty, pensive, and very early widowed mother, in the old-fashioned walled capital of the little mid-German state of Dessau, of which he gives, in his first chapter, a captivating description, his were not merely the simple habits and strict moral refinement, but the unconscious and therefore wholly unashamed sentimentality, the marked artistic and especially musical aptitude, and, above all, the passion for abstract truth, which belonged to the Germany of Kant and Hegel, Mendelssohn and Schubert, Schiller, Uhland, Adelbert von Chamisso, and de la Motte Fouqué. This was the very country of lisping lyrics, pious memories, and sober lives, which Longfellow discovered to the inquisitive spirits of Boston, Cambridge, and Concord, 't is sixty years since.

When the young Friedrich Maximilian was sent, at the age of twelve, from Dessau to a preparatory school in the university town of Leipsic, his darling ambition was to become a philosopher, and he is very entertaining about the metaphysical craze which raged, at that period, all over Germany. Kant and the Critique of Pure Reason he found discouraging upon first acquaintance, but Hegel's famous Idea seemed to promise the solution of every mystery. From the Minister of Instruction down to the village schoolmaster everybody claimed to be an Hegelian, and this was supposed to be the best road to advancement. "Ultimately, however," he characteristically adds, "while dreaming of a chair of philosophy in a German university, I began to feel that I must know something special, something that no other philosopher knew, and that induced me to learn Sanskrit, Arabic, and Persian. I had only heard what we call in Germany the chiming, not the striking of the bells of Indian philosophers." Later on, as all the world knows, he came to regard the study of language and the study of thought as one, and finally defended against all comers the thesis that there is no such thing as thought without language. People who had begun to read seriously in the sixties well remember how fresh and stimulating were the essays on the Study of Language and the Chips from a German Workshop; but the positive and permanent value of Max Müller's contributions to the science even of human speech has probably yet to be determined. No doubt he suffered unduly for a time from the first inevitable reaction against his vogue in Oxford. To the elder men of the old order, stagnating in their academic traditions, he was a welcome novelty; but precisely because these made a pet, the men of the new order were half inclined to make a butt of him, and it became the fairly wearisome *cliché* of a certain

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clique to jeer at the sun myth. I have always thought, also, that the real originality of some of his views, at the time when they were first propounded, combined with a certain perverse insular distrust of his personal affability to foster something like the dogged prejudice with which the German Prince Consort had always to contend.

It will hardly be possible, however, to judge fairly either of his work or of the adequacy of its reward until the fuller memoirs which Mrs. Max Müller is now preparing shall have been given to the world; and assuredly there was never a wife better fitted, either by womanly sympathy or intellectual acumen, to interpret a distinguished husband to the public.

Meanwhile, the Autobiography, imperfect as it is, recalls delightfully to an old acquaintance, and must, I think, convey even to one who never knew him, a clear image of the man. He was usually at his best as a host; especially at All Souls, where I recall him upon a warm April day, "in such a time as comes before the leaf," but when the tall windows of the college hall were thrown wide open to an expanse of emerald English turf, bordered by a blaze of jonquils and *Pyrus japonica*, enthusiastically doing the honors of that stately place. He expatiated by turns, and with the same boyish zest, on the beauteous anomaly of a college without pupils; on the use of those ingeniously turned mahogany rods, ending, some in a horse-shoe-shaped appendage, and some in a large curve like that of a crosier, which had been invented by a gouty Fellow to facilitate the progress of the wine; and on the fitness of the word "tumbler" as originally applied to certain clumsy little silver cups with convex bottoms, which would stand upright only when filled and weighted with the potent college ale.

Of the more private hospitalities of that sunny house overlooking the Parks, where so many of our compatriots have received a hearty welcome, it seems hardly allowable to speak. The freedom of that house was to many an undergraduate one of the best boons of his Oxford days; and there was an old joke about claiming kinship with the family, embodied in one of the epigrammatic quatrains that were in vogue at one time, and of which the witty two upon the Master of Balliol and the Dean of Christ Church are familiar on both sides of the sea. The reader can safely fill in the blanks in the following with any one of a half dozen trochaic proper names, intimately associated with the more modern renown of Oxford: —

"I am —— ——; I have dozens
Of the most enchanting cousins.
I 'm going across the Parks to tea;
Won't you come along with me?"

The entertainment in that house was frequently musical, and always of the best. Both the then surviving daughters inherited their father's musical temperament and were accomplished performers, though neither ever quite attained to his own astonishing early proficiency at the piano. He gloried in telling that, as a boy of sixteen at Leipsic, he had been affectionately patted on the shoulder by Felix Mendelssohn for his manner of playing one of the master's own pieces; but he would explain with hardly inferior relish how it was his playing which won him admission, while he was yet green in Oxford, to the houses of some of the most exclusive heads, albeit those magnates never dissembled their opinion that it was no part of a gentleman's business to understand the pianoforte.

The first break in the ideal family circle at Norham Gardens — "husband, wife, and children three" — came with the marriage of the exquisite elder daughter, Mary, to Frederic Conybeare, a don of University College, since known to the world for his gallant exertions on behalf of Captain Dreyfus and for some pungent political pamphlets. In Mary

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Conybeare, the genius of the father who idolized her and the exceptional physical beauty of both parents reappeared in a strangely etherealized form. She was one of those of whom we all seem to perceive, after they are gone, that a hundred mystic signs had always marked them for another world than this. I can see her still, with her classic head and straight, sweet features, with a wreath, in her dark hair, of gold olive leaves beaten flat and thin, which had been copied from an Etruscan model for one of her wedding gifts, — a vision of almost incredible human grace, "a dream of form in days of thought." I also remember her husband's telling me, to illustrate the astonishing quickness of her mind and her fine inherited aptitudes, how he taught her Greek orally, one summer when they passed six weeks at a German bath, and she accompanied him on the long forest and mountain walks which his physician had ordered. The alphabet she had known before, but she learned from his lips, in that short time, declensions, conjugations, a considerable vocabulary, and enough of syntax to be able to construe easy Greek, like that of Xenophon, with entire ease, the first time she opened a book.

"I do not wonder," as Ruskin says, "at what men suffer, but I do wonder at what they lose. . . . The fruit stricken to earth before its ripeness, . . . the dead, naked, eyeless *loss*, — what good comes of that?"

All Oxford was heartstricken by the tidings of Mrs. Conybeare's sudden death at the seaside, within three years after her marriage.

> "The light of her young life went down
> As sinks behind a hill
> The glory of a setting star,
> Clear, suddenly and still."

And the father whose pride she was, and who had remained young so long, began to be an old man from that sorrowful day.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Good Fortune of Benjamin Harrison.

I MUST introduce myself to the Club as an insatiable reader of obituaries. I cannot recall the time when I was not something of a connoisseur in epitaphs. Though I cannot claim the distinction of a genuinely melancholy temperament, I confess that when I open a newspaper I look first, indeed, — but this is mere habit, — at the baseball games, then at the death notices, and only thereafter do I settle down to the normal digestion of the news of the day. I am a lover of funeral oratory, — at least when I can read it over a quiet pipe; for I do not greatly like to listen to its delivery. My edition of Bossuet is well thumbed, and I have just filed away for a third reading the noble eulogy recently pronounced by Senator Lodge upon Governor Roger Wolcott of Massachusetts.

With such a passion for noting the judgment of the world upon those who have lately left it, I have naturally read every available comment upon the career of Benjamin Harrison. The American newspaper allows itself to speak frankly of the eminent dead, however it may occasionally take counsels of policy in speaking of the living. The character of the former President has been freely discussed in every quarter of the country, but I have noted scarcely an exception to the general heartiness of praise, to the widespread acknowledgment of his high character and patriotic spirit. Fortunate in many things, Benjamin Harrison was supremely fortunate

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in winning the kindly and true word of eulogy when he passed away from us.

And yet it is curious that it should have been so. He was not a man of "magnetic" temperament. To most observers he seemed rather cold. His mental equipment was that of the logician. During most of his political life he was a partisan of the stricter sort, and often an ungenerous partisan. He was respected, even by his opponents, but was never really popular outside of his own state. He was the sort of political leader who is trusted, but not toasted. After relinquishing his high office he went back to hard work in his profession. He shunned notoriety. His public appearances were rare, although his felicity and dignity as a speaker made them memorable. It was a worthy record, out of the presidency as in it, but it does not seem to account entirely for the universal sense of loss in his death.

How much of that sense of loss was due to our instinctive recognition of the value of independent political opinion? In the last year of his life, Mr. Harrison, as everybody knows, differed fundamentally from his party upon certain momentous questions. In his Ann Arbor address and in his papers in the North American Review he gave forcible expression to his convictions. A few party newspapers declared that he "lacked tact," that he had "made a mistake." But the country at large, whether it agreed with him or not, was very much interested. It liked his courage. Furthermore, he showed unexpected wit and urbanity and good temper in asserting the rights of weak nations like the Boers, and the obligations of strong nations like our own. He knew that he stood, at least temporarily, in a minority, but instead of growing cynical and despairing on that account, he led the forlorn hope with imperturbable good nature.

Was it for such reasons that Mr. Harrison's influence was growing, to the very moment of his death? We Americans like the winner, and are quick enough to range ourselves upon the winning side, but we admire a cheerful loser, too. Benjamin Harrison had that sturdy old-fashioned American disposition which takes fortune's buffets and rewards with equal thanks, is not very prompt to discover when it is beaten, and in victory or defeat never takes itself so seriously as it does the good cause. Everybody seemed to recognize, at the hour of Mr. Harrison's passing, that here was a man of the fine old type; and this universal recognition of excellence is at once the great good fortune of the statesman who is gone, and the best evidence of the fundamental soundness of American public opinion.

On Knowing your Missionary.

MARK TWAIN has announced the verdict that the missionary's head is not so good as his heart, and that he is liable to errors of judgment. The *Tu quoque* argument is always embarrassing, but really, dear and honored Mark, have you not described in those words your own predicament? Your swift attack upon what you conceived to be outrageous wrong has made us like you even better than before, but could there be a more grave error of judgment than your readiness to pronounce sentence upon very scanty knowledge of the facts? When you lay bare the cant and hypocrisy of civilized nations, we applaud the moral courage that speaks the truth as it sees it, regardless of the popular fashion of the hour. But when you castigate American missionaries, please remember that they are the pride of a missionary-producing people. Some of us plain stay-at-homes, who have never had your opportunity for traveling around the world, are persuaded that we know the American missionaries rather better than you do. We were brought up with them, have summered and wintered with them, have gone through school and college with them, have read letters from them

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and written letters to them all our lives. We have contributed hard cash — the Lord knows it was little enough! — to help them in their work; have welcomed them home on their rare vacations, and bidden them Godspeed when they returned. Missionaries? Professional globe-trotters and correspondents speak of them as a bloodless, sexless, inefficient order of beings, living on charity, and never getting at the facts of foreign politics or the real temper of foreign peoples. But we know better. There is scarcely a town in New England where foreign missionaries are not as well known as the village postmaster. We raise missionaries!

The writer never saw a missionary at work in the foreign field, but he has fished, and shot, and sailed, and tramped, and forgathered with dozens of them here. William S., you of the West Coast mission now, do you remember pulling No. 2 in that heart-breaking race so long ago? Billy M., of Asia Minor, you have forgotten how you surreptitiously gave me your blanket, that freezing night on Greylock, but I have not. Taciturn J. H., the Arabs of the desert have tried to murder you more than once, but you have never been nearer death than on that squally day off Rockland (it was Sunday, too!), when you were knocked over board by the boom. Stanley P., the river fever of Siam took your life all too soon, but how gayly you went out there, with your favorite tennis racket strapped up with your Bible! Harry G., of South China, we have some good tackles nowadays, but never a man built as you were, or so quick in breaking through. And we missed you at centre, last fall, big Bob G., you who carried a rifle at the siege of Tien-tsin, and took care of the babies when off duty. And you, scholarly, book-loving S., who with your wife and child are holding your solitary post at the far end of Alaska, where the steamer touches but once a year, — Mark Twain may think your heart is better than your head, but I should be satisfied if I had either.

As for the missionary women, I have frankly lost my heart to more than one of them. Bright-eyed, brave, soft-voiced little strategists, I have heard you tell the story of Armenian massacres, when you cared, single-handed, for hundreds of refugees; the story of famines in India, when you were quartermasters-general. Only the other day I had the pleasure of lunching with one of you, who toiled side by side with the Rev. Mr. Ament through the siege of Pekin, and know him as only those who have faced death together can know each other. If you or he were more bent upon procuring food and shelter for your homeless converts than you were upon getting favorable press notices, it was the sort of error in judgment that does you infinite honor.

Dear Mark Twain, was not your hasty condemnation of such men and women as these a little like the conduct of your own delightful sea captain, who insisted, you remember, on hanging the nigger first and trying him afterwards? That course of procedure has a certain fascination for some of our fellow citizens to this day; but having yourself satirized the practice once, you cannot expect us to applaud when you range yourself with the lynchers.

My Friend Copperfield.

Unless the large new editions of Dickens are all bought for the sitting rooms of the vulgar, time has already proved his critics a little smug. That he is no realist has not for our romantic day the import of thirty years ago. And indeed, to insist that Dickens has no inkling of realism is to blink quite too many studies of his in that rendering of life which is the preoccupation of Mr. Hardy. The thirteenth chapter of David Copperfield, for example, has a scene in the very manner: —

"'What do you mean,' said the tinker, 'by wearing my brother's silk handker-

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cher? Give it over here!' And he had mine off my neck in a moment, and tossed it to the woman.

"The woman burst into a fit of laughter, as if she thought this a joke, and tossed it back to me, nodded once, as slightly as before, and made the word 'Go!' with her lips. Before I could obey, however, the tinker seized the handkerchief out of my hand with a roughness that threw me away like a feather, and putting it loosely round his own neck, turned upon the woman with an oath and knocked her down. I never shall forget seeing her fall backward on the hard road, and lie there with her bonnet tumbled off, and her hair all whitened in the dust; nor, when I looked back from a distance, seeing her sitting on the pathway, which was a bank by the roadside, wiping the blood from her face with the corner of her shawl, while he went on ahead."

But that dust and blood are demonstrably of the accident of Dickens, not of the substance. Blunderstone is said to be in Suffolk; it might be in Yorkshire, where the Squeers set, for all their jargon, are not at home. The Yarmouth fisher folk are stage properties. Barring a few pieces of amazing verity, Dickens has no local truth. His London is a city of dreams. The glamour on his descriptions — are any more effective? — is what Ruskin, with a nice perversion of language, calls the pathetic fallacy. As the very watch of Uriah Heep has a "pale, inexpressive face," so in the haunting melancholy of the many broodings over Thames every physical detail is warped to the preconceived harmony.

In most of his characters, again, Dickens is even farther from realism. Yet it is uncritical to label them all grotesques. The truth of his best characterization seems none the less secure for not being truth of realism. That gallery of vague and vulgar heroines has yet the distinct and noble sketch of Agnes Wickfield. And not to insist on Betsey Trotwood, Micawber is what we agree to call a creation. Few men of fiction are more essentially human than that spring of hopeful grandiloquence. If the exposure of Heep is melodrama, what comedy is nearer humanity than Micawber's thrusting of the fork into his shirt front, when the untimely arrival of Littimer chilled the feast in David's chambers? That, indeed, is a scene of half-domestic conviviality, — and in the presentation of domestic happiness, as a bourgeois appanage including good cheer, the truth of Dickens has never been much contested; but to say that the Christmas stories are greater, therefore, than the novels is to proceed upon a false assumption. The stories are not superior in accuracy, in truth of detail. That kind of truth may be found here and there, in the novels as often as in the stories; but in either it is so far from being typical that it is obviously exceptional. What animates the Christmas stories is the feeling for good cheer, the feeling for homely joys, the feeling for homely pathos. And always the truth of Dickens is a sentimental truth. When, at his best, he realizes character, it is through imaginative grasp of feeling; when, in his inferior studies, he fails in character, it is through falsity of feeling. Mr. Peggotty's wandering search for his niece is a situation common enough on the provincial stage. In detail, in fact, it is false; but Dickens makes it pathetically true. The truth of Dickens, maintained with inalienable affection by the people that read novels, is truth of emotion.

This is bringing Dickens into great company: the company of Victor Hugo, the company — may her other friends be for a moment civil to the cockney intruder — of Charlotte Brontë. Find in Notre Dame a single piece of actuality. Yet the heart answers. And the two English novelists, essentially different in quality of emotion, are yet essen-

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tially alike in that emotion defines the range of their powers. Beyond that they are both at fault. Dickens, indeed, had singular opportunities to know the facts of a certain limited range of life; but his presentation of facts even within that limited range is highly, sometimes falsely colored, and always devoted, as has been said often enough, to the extraordinary and the picturesque rather than to any consistent rendering of the normal. Charlotte Brontë knew the facts of life as little as any novelist that ever lived. No doubt she had common sense, and could conduct a household; none the less for that, her ignorance of the actual life of men and women is even ludicrous. Thus, far more than Dickens, but in the same manner, she prevails by imaginative grasp of emotion, as Victor Hugo prevails. Far more than Dickens; for she had not only less knowledge, but higher imagination. As if to point the distinction, she has no humor, whereas it is commonplace that Dickens is among the great humorists. It is in his humorous situations, eminently, that Dickens brings to bear such experience as he has; it is in her lack of humor, eminently, that Charlotte Brontë reveals the slightness of her hold on real life. There is the contrast; but it is a difference between geniuses essentially akin. The power of both is a poetic power. Charlotte Brontë's is a higher and especially purer poetry; but Charles Dickens, cockney or not, had his poetry, too.

Harvard College and the Atlantic.

Readers of this magazine have already had their attention called to Professor Barrett Wendell's noteworthy History of Literature in America. The book contains an entire chapter devoted to the Atlantic Monthly, and from another chapter, The Decline of New England, we quote a suggestive passage commenting upon the intimate relation which once existed between Harvard College and the magazine: —

"The men who started the North American Review, the later men who for a while expressed themselves in the Dial, and later still the men whose work was finally concentrated in the Atlantic Monthly had one point in common, which they shared with the orators, the scholars, and the Unitarians who flourished along with them. Almost all these men either had been educated at Harvard College, or else had early come under the influences of that oldest seat of American learning. How deeply coherent the Harvard spirit has always been may be felt by whoever will read that long series of occasional poems in which Dr. Holmes celebrated the history of the college and of the class of '29. Until Mr. Fields became editor of the Atlantic Monthly, then, the chief vehicles of literary expression in New England were controlled by men in whom this Harvard tradition was inbred. Though not a college man, Mr. Fields was in close and intimate sympathy with the college men of his day. The gentlemen who succeeded him in control of the Atlantic Monthly are still living, are eminent in contemporary letters, and are worthily respected and admired by whoever knows them, either personally or as authors. Neither of them, however, had chanced to have much to do with Harvard, nor had either, during his days of editorship, instinctive sympathy with Harvard character. For years, then, the New England youth who came to Harvard with literary aspiration found themselves at odds with the conscientious and admirable men of letters who controlled the chief organ of New England literature. The Atlantic Monthly ceased to understand the constituency from which its older contributors had been drawn; and Harvard College ceased perceptibly to affect the literature of New England."

Mr. Howells, who succeeded Mr. Fields in the editorship of the Atlantic, has reviewed Professor Wendell's book

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in the April number of the North American Review. Our readers will be interested in his version of the familiar story of the founding of the Atlantic, and his impressions as to its relations with Harvard: —

"That periodical was imagined by Francis Underwood, the professional literary adviser of a successful publishing house, who had no conception of it as the avenue of Harvardized genius to the American public, or even as an outlet to the culture of New England, but who had an abiding faith in Lowell as the fittest man in the world to direct such a periodical. Lowell, as the first editor, divined that Holmes could do more than any man living to 'float the Atlantic,' and at his strong entreaty the Autocrat papers were written, and the Atlantic was floated. Lowell, if any one, characterized the magazine. He gave it literary conscience and human responsibility, and the best that his successive successors could do was to keep it true to his conception of its mission. Fields, whose generous love of letters and wide intelligence Professor Wendell does not overrate, could do no more than this, and he did no more. He left the Atlantic what he found it, and what it has since remained with marvelous constancy to the original impulse from Lowell's great nature and liberal mind. It is ludicrously mistaken to suppose that after Fields left the magazine it ceased to be in sympathy with Harvard. Fields had no special affinity with Harvard, and the young Harvard men — it is sufficient to name Mr. John Fiske alone — began writing for his successor in greater number than before, in proportion to their fitness or their willingness; if there was any change, it was because Harvard was becoming less literary, and the country at large more literary. The good things began to come from the West and the South and the middle states, and the editors took the good things wherever they came from."

Over a Copy of Keats.

I HAVE a Keats, — a thin book, whose flexible, dead leaf covers hold a slender stock of creamy, irregular pages sewn between; an alluring book, wherein the margins are of incredible width; a confidential book, whose leaves open to the heart, and stay open, you breakers-in after literature bound to the letter line, and held in hopeless durance within obdurate, Bastile walls of backs!

Furthermore, there are blank pages before and blank pages behind to the soul's content. I have sometimes endeavored to analyze the sense of pleasure afforded by the blank pages, prefacing and epilogizing the jewels between, but without success. Yet who so unappreciative as to deny that they do give pleasure, — yea, almost as much as the jewels, in some cases! Not in this instance, however, to return to the Keats which has been the companion of so many indolent strolls and inconsequential idlings in autumnal ways.

Sometimes it has but served to illustrate the half of an Emersonian quatrain, which runs in this wise: —

> "In my coat I bore a book:
> But seldom therein could I look,
> For I had so much to think —
> Heaven and earth to eat and drink."

True, the "coat" was apt to be an all-encompassing wrap, like to the falling leaves in hue, and the book scarcely remained unopened from superabundance of thought on my part; but in the main the quotation is applicable. There was the book, and therein I did not look. But there were days when I did, — days as dear, and spent none the less delightfully because dreamed away in company with the idlest brother that ever cast care to the four winds on the 21st of every June.

If one is artistic, and takes September walks with the reprehensible brother mentioned above, it gives a certain degree of satisfaction to know that he has hazel eyes to match the late sunlight, and

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brown hair to match the late leaves; to observe that the smoke from his cigar seems an estray from the heliotrope wreaths of mist that float slowly above the circling hills; to feel that his tennis coat, with its bars of brown and tan, may be included in the same glance with the daffodil-lettered brown covers of the Keats. There! we are come to the Keats once more, and I am thinking of one especial day, a late September day. We had wandered up the slope into the cedars, and that day the slope slipped from sight as we descended the cedar hollow sleeping in the heart of the hill. Certain volumes were written to be read at certain seasons, under certain conditions. The poems of Keats were written to be read in the autumn, under cedars old as thought, — to be read where the yellow sunlight creeps and crouches in antique shifting shapes at the feet, where one remembers what one never could have known, and the memory obliterates the present tenses of life. Only then can one read with understanding. Was it reading, that day, or divination?

"Here," said the lounger at my side, his brown fingers turning a page to the Lamia, "we will rest under these trees, and you shall read this. I love to hear you read poetry."

One can be flattered into anything. Also, one can imagine anything — under the cedars.

"Ah, happy Lycius! — for she was a maid
More beautiful than ever twisted braid,
Or sigh'd, or blush'd, or on spring-flowered lea
Spread a green kirtle to the minstrelsy:
A virgin purest lipp'd, yet in the lore
Of love deep learned to the red heart's core:
. . . . . .
As though in Cupid's college she had spent
Sweet days a lovely graduate, still unshent,
And kept his rosy terms in idle languishment."

Here, looking up from the book, I perceived that the audience of one was not thinking of Lamia.

"Let a fellow be," said the audience, pulling his cap over his eyes, and blushing, though I had but looked. "There! turn to the evocation of the banquet room."

Do you who read remember the elfin magic of this passage? We are so used to attributing effects of this nature to Poe and Coleridge that we sometimes think them attained by no other poets. Lamia, after imploring Lycius to desist from his design of publicly proclaiming their union, makes ready the hall for the guests whose invitation prefaced her doom: —

"She set herself, high-thoughted, how to dress
The misery in fit magnificence.
She did so, but 't is doubtful how and whence
Came, and who were her subtle servitors.
About the halls, and to and from the doors,
There was a noise of wings, till in short space
The glowing banquet-room shone with wide-arched grace.
A haunting music, sole perhaps and lone
Supportress of the faery-roof, made moan
Throughout, as fearful the whole charm might fade."

"What a brute old Apollonius was, and is!" murmured the listener presently. . . . Our aimless hands met in turning the leaves. "The Odes?" . . . "The Sonnets?" "No, not yet. . . . Read this." We were suddenly sadder beneath the cedars, lingering long over the Isabella, content to softly echo the poet's subtilely mournful invocation: —

"O Melancholy, linger here awhile!
O Music, Music, breathe despondingly!
O Echo, Echo, from some sombre isle,
Unknown, Lethean, sigh to us — O sigh!"

"One could dream over that a year. . . . What comes next? Ah, Madeline asleep in lap of legends old. How Leigh Hunt raved about her! I did n't fall in love with her until I had utterly forgotten Leigh Hunt. And what next? The Odes."

We mused for the hundredth time over these poems, whose beauty not even popularity can mar, whose unspeakable charm not even that fatality can destroy, whose perfection no time can touch, whose exquisite sadness no joy can gainsay.

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"Who shall say there is no genius, when a boy once lived who could write these!" cried my brother. "I have always thought how fortunate it was that Keats died young. Since the rhymes rung about his ears in youth, he had no need of longer life. How much better we love him than we love the poets who lived to become old! It is for what he leaves unsaid. 'It is not in mere death that men die most.' There are deaths and deaths. . . . How still it is!"

The pages fluttered once more. The violet mists, impalpable and encroaching, had come upon us as we loitered, softly blotting out the dim sunlight, lying like a shadow upon the leaf as we read aloud from the sonnet whose atmosphere of absolute quietude closed us in: —

"And calmest thoughts come round us; as, of leaves
Budding, — fruit ripening in stillness, — Autumn suns
Smiling at eve upon the quiet sheaves, —
Sweet Sappho's cheek, — a smiling infant's breath, —
The gradual sand that through an hour-glass runs, —
A woodland rivulet, — a Poet's death."

The last faint yellow rays from the mist-obscured sun distantly irradiated the beginnings of innumerable cedar colonnades up which a vague and unutterably saddening fragrance, as of burial flowers, floated finely to our senses.

We thought of the young poet face saved from the dead by the artist hand. We remembered the exquisite gentleness of the eternally closed lips; the womanish length of the dark lashes etched forever against the cheeks; the delicate, vexed brows drawn together for the last time over the intricate problem of life. . . . We bent above the shadowy page in silence.

A Breton Survival.

THERE is an element of pleasure in ignorance that it is sometimes an unkindness to attempt to take away. With the loss of ignorance goes the loss of satisfaction in making one's discovery for one's self. It would be difficult indeed, after experiencing it, to forget the exquisite surprise of coming suddenly upon one of the familiar customs of Brittany, and having its meaning and its historical association gradually dawn upon the mind. Brittany is full of an atmosphere of hoariness. Dolmens and menhirs, "lines" and tumuli, mark, of course, the far-off culminating point of her antiquity. But the rocks and even the vegetation seem here more rusted and time-worn than they do in other old provinces. The very broom that mingles everywhere its yellow blossoms with the pink of the heather smacks, to the imagination, of the centuries when it gave its name to the Plantagenets of England. Yet in spite of the vast age and awesomeness of the prehistoric remains, the attractiveness and interest of the architecture of the towns and churches, and the beauty of the scenery, there is nothing that fascinates the eye more at the time, or that fastens itself more tenderly in the memory afterwards, than the bit of battered shrub that hangs by a nail in the wall over the front door of every wayside inn or tavern.

It is true that the prevalence everywhere of this primitive signboard eloquently contradicts the proverb commonly attributed to our own greatest poet, who is quoted as saying that "good wine needs no bush." But it is with the axiom of the poet, and not with the custom of the country, that one finds one's self ready to fall out in rustic Brittany. It is impossible not to feel that the local advertisement of a host's good cheer is the most apposite that could be found. To realize its complete appropriateness, one must come upon a tavern where the bush over the doorway has been freshly renewed. Then it is easy to see what in the dried and shriveled state of the bunch may have escaped notice, namely, that it is of mistletoe. But the mistletoe in Brittany grows upon the *pommiers*, or apple trees; the pommiers give the fruit

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for cider; cider is the drink of the country; it is to a cup of good, homely, home-made, familiar cider that the thirsty wayfarer is bidden to come and sit down. Could the chain of logic, even with the logical French disposition, be better sustained? And is it any wonder that, as one bowls along the hard, white, boardlike Breton roads, one is tempted, in passing an orchard, to keep an open eye for the curious green of the leaves of the shy parasite that feeds on the substance of the oldest of the gnarly, aged Breton apple trees?

Once in a while, though this is rare, there is to be seen swinging in the breeze, beside the ubiquitous tuft of *gui*, or mistletoe, still another bait hung out for the enticement of dry throats. This is, in shape and color, something like an old battered straw hat, though it has not the remotest kinship to the fascinating felt or muslin head covering of the Breton man or woman. Possibly an ingenious tourist may at once penetrate its identity and its significance. But there have been those who have been able to discover only by dint of questioning that the strange *affiche* is a beehive, and that its announcement is that a drink concocted of honey is sold on the premises. When the interpretation has been learned, the mead of our own Saxon forefathers flashes into recollection, and once more one enjoys the rare sensation of coming face to face with something that is part and parcel of a remote past.

The Breton peasant is not, even in modern France, the sole survivor in the old custom of advertising his wine by a bush. On turning a corner within a stone's throw of the stately Cathedral of St. Gatien, at Tours, one comes suddenly upon a large sapling of evergreen, which projects from over a barkeeper's front door halfway across the narrow street. It is by no means the only one of its kind in the elegant modernized little capital. By looking carefully along the vista of any of the narrower streets one is almost sure to catch a glimpse of a *bouchon de cabaret*, as it is technically called, though *bouchon* short and simple is its familiar designation. Sometimes the bouchon is a mere dried stick, sometimes it is a lively fresh evergreen; but always, in Tours, whatever its state of preservation, it is a bush of a goodly size, and of the fir species. The vintner who hangs it out does, unconsciously, more than offer to slake the thirst of a customer: he helps to appease the desire for the picturesque which, in a more or less insistent form, is chronic with the sightseer from overseas.

The choice of the bough of *sapin* by the publicans of Tours is not made from lack of a supply of mistletoe. Mistletoe in Touraine is as thick as blackberry bushes in New England. It has a more airy lodgment, in the branches of the tall poplar, and is always tantalizingly out of reach of the would-be possessor of a bit fresh from the limb. But there is not a poplar grove in the valleys of the Cher and the Loire that is not richly ornamented with the yellowish tufts of this mystic plant. Nor were its waxen berries lacking in England in the days when Rosalind was made to declare that "to good wine they do put good bushes." To Shakespeare, however, it was the "baleful mistletoe," which grew, not on the social, liberal apple tree, but in lonely solitudes, upon trees "forlorn and lean," a companion to the "nightly owl or fatal raven." Why the ivy should have seemed to his contemporaries a growth of genial omen is a point not clear to the uninstructed. But if scholarship and tradition are not at fault, it was a clump of this last-named evergreen that composed the bush at the vintner's door in Elizabethan England. It no doubt served its purpose excellently in catching the willing eye of the passer-by. To one traveler's mind, at least, they have made, nevertheless, a more poetical and more suggestive choice of a bush in the picturesque corner of

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France that has been a fountain of so much happy inspiration to the painter and the novelist.

A Lady of the Past.

Times change, and so, apparently, do even such well-regulated objects as the heavenly bodies themselves.

There was a time — it was the day of our grandmothers — when the moon, regardless of the condition of the clouds or the season of the month, never failed "to turn night into day;" when lovers strolled abroad, or took seats upon balconies. It was then that harpstrings, swept by jeweled fingers, sounded "silver sweet" upon the jasmine-scented air; when voices, melting into melody, quivered and trembled through verses of Byron and Moore; when ladies, possessing necks "whose whiteness outrivaled their gowns," wore roses and jasmine in curls or braid; when gentlemen, existing but to play the part of suitors, stood ever ready, at the frown or smile of a lady, to put bullets through their own brains or through those of their rivals, with indiscriminate but always romantic devotion.

It was then that the Belle, a lady set apart from her sisters "by beauty and much admiration," played the game of hearts in city and town. Many are the traditions concerning her.

There was "the Magnolia Flower of the South," that lovely Alabama lady of whom Irving declared that such a woman exists but once in the course of an empire; there was the bewitchful E. M., pride of Gotham, about whose carriage thronged crowds, curious to catch but a glimpse of her loveliness; there was the ever famous "belle of Jackson's administration;" there was that Philadelphia matron, renowned as the Magnificent; there was the stately and radiant S. W., as illustrious among Kentucky's women as Clay among her men.

About the traditions of the Belle, about her very existence, there has ever lingered a glamour, a witchery, as subtile, as alluring, as the scent of her own favored jasmine.

There were her songs. We can see her now, seated in some dimly lighted parlor, her fingers lightly touching the strings of her harp, her bosom rising and falling in sentimental demand to her music. We wonder at the fullness of her skirts, at the languid grace of her movements, at her curls, "dark as the wing of the raven," "black as the robe of Night." And seeing her thus in her loveliness, we too, with the admiring gentlemen of the satin waistcoats and chin-touching stocks, lend attentive ear to the words of the song which, quivering in its struggle with emotion, trembles forth from the lovely throat of the singer: —

"We met, 't was in a crowd, and I thought he would shun me.
He came, I could not breathe, for his eye was upon me.
He spoke, his words were cold, and his smile was unaltered,
I knew how much he felt, for his deep-toned voice faltered.
I wore my bridal robe, and I rivalled its whiteness;
Bright gems were in my hair, — how I hated their brightness!
He called me by my name as the bride of another.
Oh, thou hast been the cause of this anguish, my mother!"

To-day the Belle has passed into oblivion. She is distinctly a lady of the past, and, as with Hamlet's father, we shall not look upon her like again. The moon, too, has become obedient to time, and is obliged, occasionally, to turn a dark face upon lovers. The harp is silent in other halls than in that of Tara, and the songs are remembered only by old ladies.

Meditating upon this lady of the past, reflecting upon her former autocracy, we are moved to speculate concerning the curious law which calls into existence distinct types of humanity only to banish them to the shades of oblivion with the changing of the conditions of society:

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"the irksome brawling Scold;" "the light Coquette who sports and flutters in the fields of air;" that "man of dress," the Beau; the Euphuist; the famous French Précieuse; the Æsthete; and to-day, the Progressive Woman. Why, we ask, are a certain number of individuals so impressed by the spirit of an age as to be forced into bold relief as exponents of its abnormal tendencies, while, on the other hand, a much greater number pursue the eventless tenor of normal existence, unagitated by fads, unstirred by changing conditions?

Not long since, in a list of autograph letters advertised for sale in a New York newspaper, appeared mention of a note from "S. W., a noted Southern belle, requesting the editor of Harper's Bazar to deny the report of her marriage to the wealthy Mr. N." The price set upon this letter was one equal in value to that placed upon the autographs of the minor men of letters, and yet its sole source of value lay in the writer's one-time existence as a typical figure of a bygone society.

Wherein, we ask ourselves, lay the magic charm of this captivating Belle, and why, in spite of her once social power, has she become so distinctly a personage of the past?

It was not beauty alone which set apart the Belle. Nor, in all cases, was it birth, since local tradition hath more than one tale to tell of the elevation of some lovely Beggar Maid by an adoring King Cophetua. Nor was it alone charm, but haply a divine combination of many things, — beauty and tact and tolerance, with a flavor of assurance at times approaching the insolent, and that supremest of social gifts, graciousness, a possession too often denied a far higher type of woman. And the Belle understood the art of flattery. Of S. W. it was said that no man left her presence without being as much in love with himself as with her. Above all, the aim of the Belle was single.

Once it fell to my lot to share with one of these much-adored ladies — then past her grand climacteric — the rereading of the letters of her youth. From their pages it was not difficult to discern that the life of the lady had been governed by one motive. Books on her head, board at her back, sunbonnet, veil, dancing master, harp practice, — all were but agents in a preparation for the future subjugation of man and a possibility of bellehood. In proof of their success there were the letters, each of their lines bespeaking his homage.

The energies of the Belle wasted themselves in no side issues, but concentrated in the inclination to enchant, to subdue. All her bewitchments, all her genius, all her aspirations, bent in a single direction, and divided not, as do those of her modern sister, upon clubs and colleges, reforms and rights.

When the ante-bellum civilization bowed its head, and the sun of those halcyon days "befo' de wahr" set forever, this all-powerful lady, this Queen of Yesterday, laid down her sceptre and vanished with the past. Is it not strange that so distinct a type, so regal a lady, has played no part in American fiction? She was a rare exotic of the social soil, nourished by romance, cherished by chivalry, in the mere conditions of her existence making an appeal to fiction.

We have met her, it is true, in those mild old stories of the once popular Sartain and Union magazines, those stories whose heroines were invariably belles, and always surpassingly lovely; but as a living, bewitchful, enrapturing woman, a very American Beatrix Esmond, the Belle yet has to appear in the pages of our novel.

Those who would consider her but a creature of the harp and jasmine should betake themselves to the Letters of Elizabeth Patterson, and there make discovery that beneath the personal attraction of at least one Belle there existed a power far more compelling than charm of fea-

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ture or grace of manner. Madame Jerome Bonaparte, it will be found, possessed the social intellect, and so, perchance, did her sisters, the Belles.

To-day, woman, wearying of shadows in the glass, turns her eyes to Camelot. And there, apparently, she discovereth objects of interest other than Sir Lancelot. So the New Woman has become possible, the Belle is no more. Not the least interesting phase of the affair is that, through all the changes of the social horizon, the every-day woman lives peacefully and marries naturally, reigning in her home, and seeking but the homage of her household; existing in an even fashion, undisturbed by the vagaries of her more impressionable sisters, unaffected by conditions, unchanged by environment, never at any time an exponent of aught but the normal conditions of every-day existence. Truly, as Madame Bonaparte assured her father, "in mediocrity alone can be found happiness."

Pausing for a moment, may we not ask ourselves if, when all is said, it is not this same every-day woman who, after all, achieves most permanently the object of her less stable sister, the unswerving and ever willing homage of the individual called man?

Booker Washington and Benjamin Franklin.

HAS any one pointed out the singular parallel between the recently published autobiography of Booker Washington and the famous autobiography of Franklin? Some one commented the other day, it is true, upon the similarity between Mr. Washington's first arrival in Richmond, when he slept under a board sidewalk, and Franklin's walking the streets of Philadelphia with his rolls of bread under his arm. But the likeness of these two life records of great and useful Americans goes much further than such accidental coincidences.

Both men were born poor and had to make their way against social barriers, though the task of the tallow chandler's son was as nothing compared with that struggle against race antagonism which has always been the lot of the American negro. Both had boundless patience, tact, self-mastery. Both were shrewd and practical, with feet planted firmly on the ground. Each has magnified the humble virtues of health, prudence, thrift; and Booker Washington's homely gospel of the bath and the toothbrush has already reached more millions of people than ever endeavored, in our colonial days, to follow the maxims of "Poor Richard." Both men have exhibited a rare public spirit, and each has been recognized, in his day and generation, as one of his country's most distinguished citizens.

Their autobiographies are admirably written: Franklin's with superior ease, fluency, unction; Washington's with more *naïveté*, candor, warmth. Franklin's has long been a classic. We think it not unlikely that the story of Booker Washington's life will also become a classic; but whether it does or not, it has already proved itself something better than another classic, namely, an inspiration to an unfortunate race, — a book that by an irresistible compulsion teaches youth to live cleanly, to work honestly, to love one's neighbor, and to have that long patience which is another name for faith.

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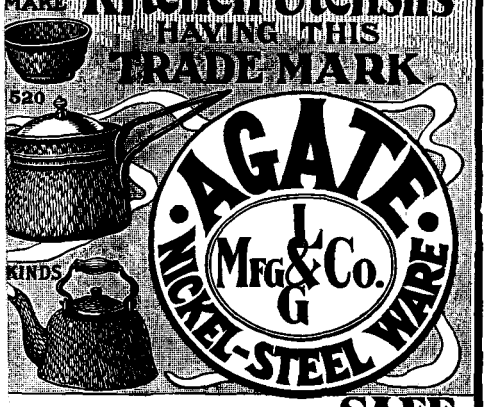

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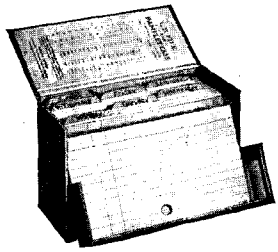

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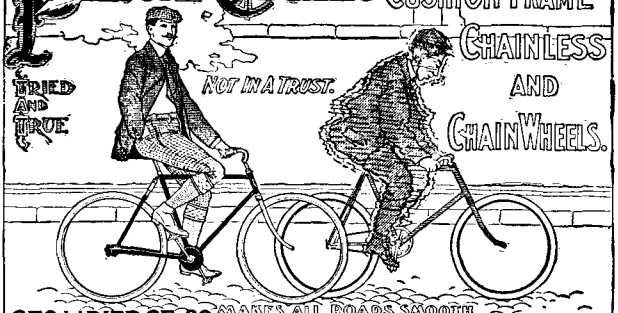

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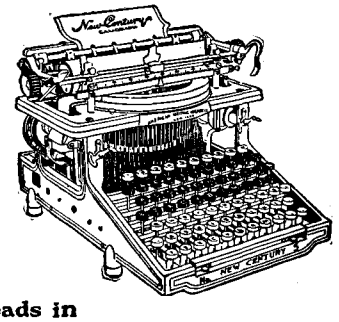

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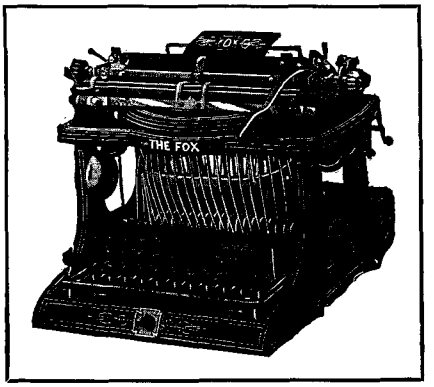

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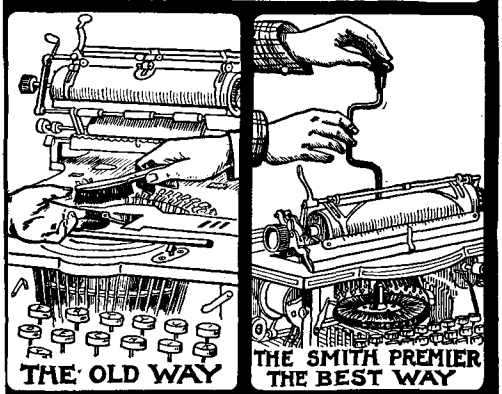

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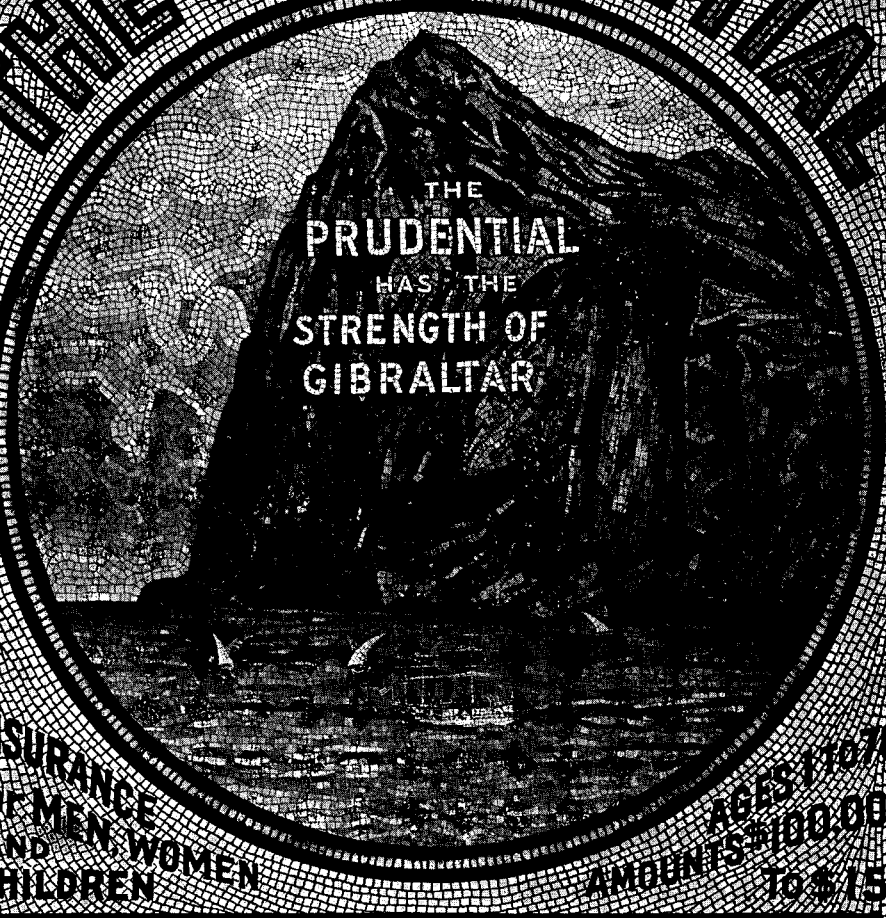

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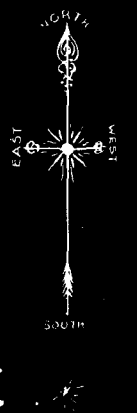

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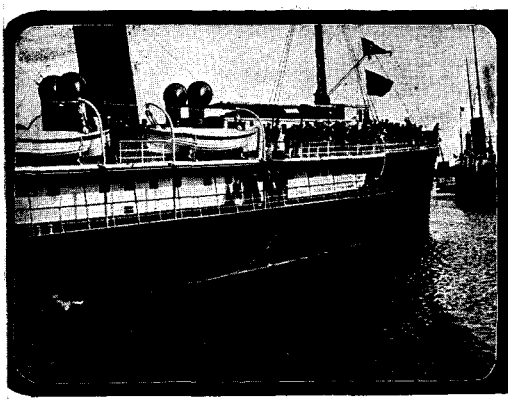

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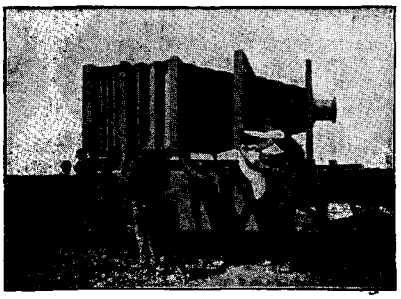

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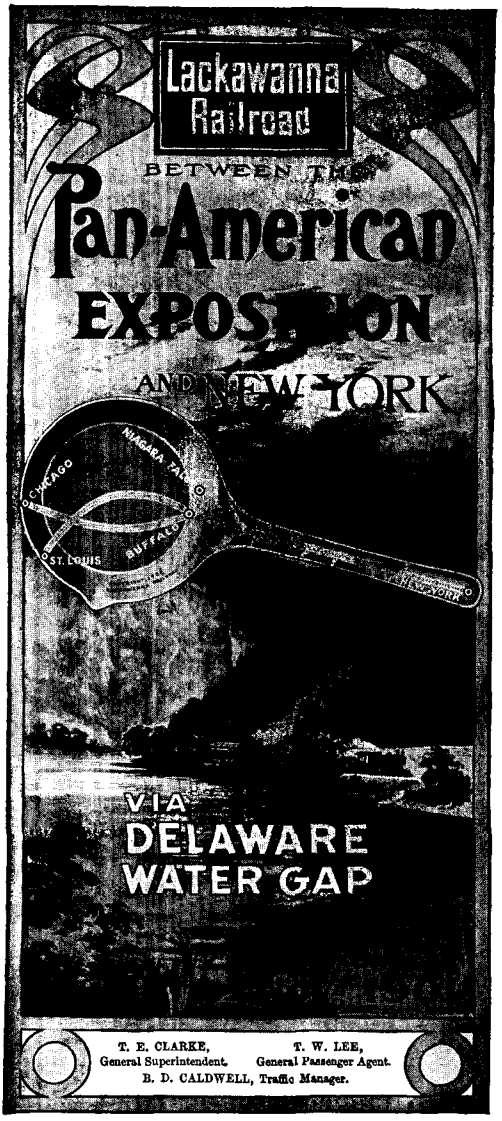

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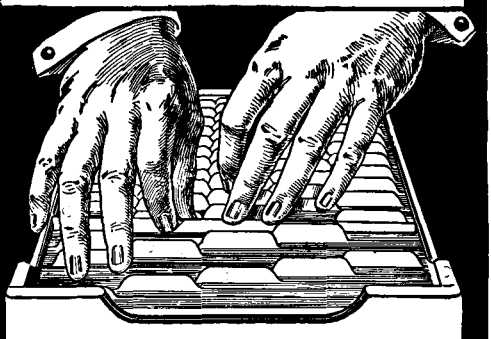

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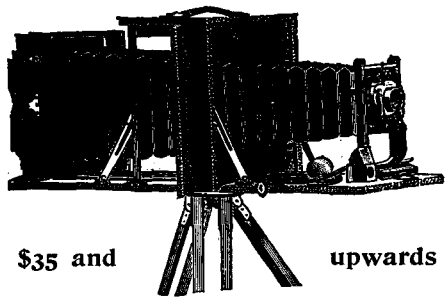

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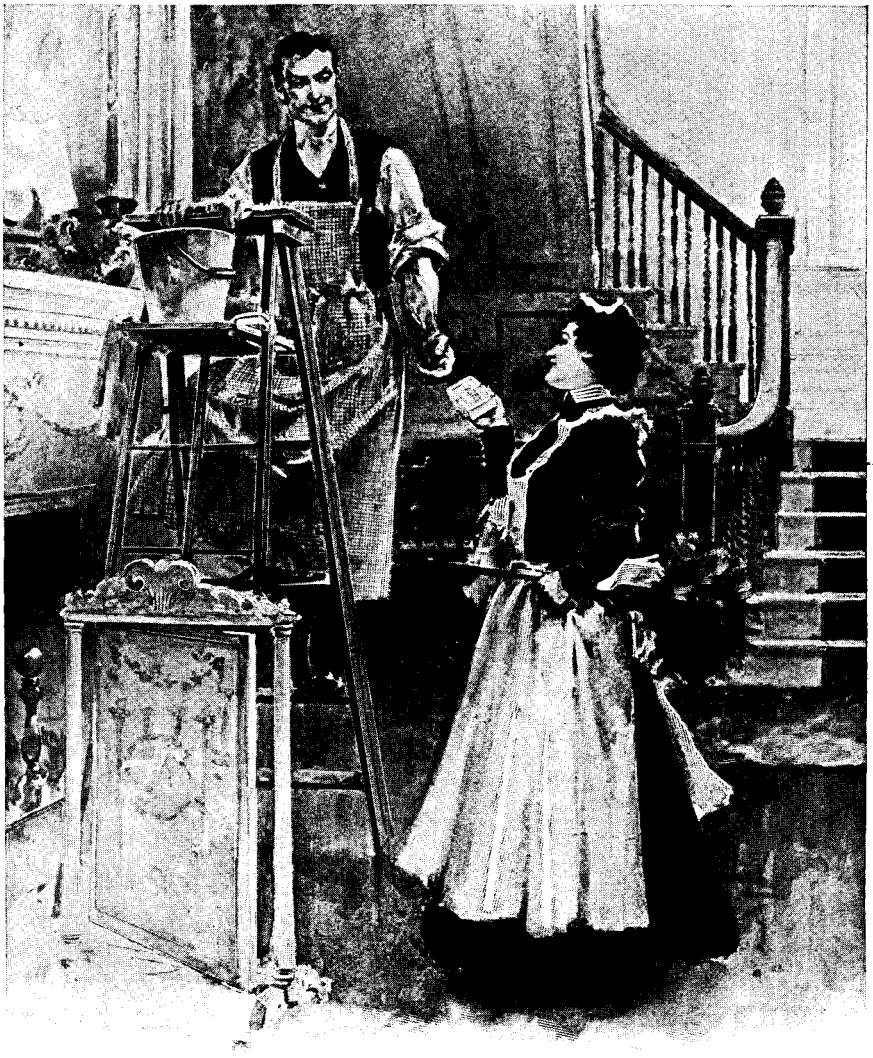

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